Savage

Scarlet's Well

In a steamy, rotten greenwood
There's a stinking little shack
With a barrel 'round the back

And I fly overhead
As my luggage goes a-tumbling through the air
From a tear in the hold; my pyjamas unfold
And they dance down the clouds and bow at the feet of a
Savage!

There's a knock-kneed, glaucous conga
Led by a savage in the swamp
As he wears my pink tuxedo
With a fly-blown brutish pomp

And I fly overhead
As my old school ties hang like creepers in the trees
And my monocles all tinkle like a wind chime in the breeze
And my handkerchief collection is jumping with the fleas of
Savage!

In the mist, my shirts are shrinking
As my after-shave, he's drinking
And my gold cuff-links are clinking
On a rat-tail round his neck

And I fly overhead
Somewhere in the forest
There's a man with a hat, and he's wearing it all wrong
And he's singing a song, out of time and key
Savage!

Lyrics submitted by co.

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