

# Lord Chancellor's Nightmare Song

Todd Rundgren

Love unrequited, robs me of me rest  
Love, hopeless love, my ardent soul encumbers  
Love, nightmare like, lies heavy on me chest  
And weaves itself into my midnight slumbers When you're lying awake with a dismal headache  
And repose is taboo'd by anxiety  
I conceive you may use any language  
You choose to indulge in, without impropriety For your brain is on fire, the bed-clothes conspire  
Of usual slumber to plunder you  
First your counter pane goes and uncovers your toes  
And your sheet slips demurely from under you Then the blanketing tickles, you feel like mixed  
Pickles, so terribly sharp is the pricking  
And you're hot and you're cross and you tumble and  
Toss 'til there's nothing 'twixt you and the ticking Then the bed clothes all creep to the ground in a heap  
And you pick 'em all up in a tangle  
Next your pillow resigns and politely declines  
To remain at its usual angle Well, you get some repose in the form of a dose  
With hot eye balls and head ever aching  
But your slumbering teems with such horrible dreams  
That you'd very much better be waking For you dream you are crossing the Channel  
And tossing about in a steamer from Harwich  
Which is something between a large bathing machine  
And a very small second class carriage And you're giving a treat penny ice and cold meat  
To a party of friends and relations  
They're a ravenous horde and they all come on board  
At Sloane Square and South Kensington Stations And bound on that journey you find your attorney  
Who started this morning from Devon  
He's a bit undersiz'd and you don't feel surprised  
When he tells you he's only eleven Well you're driving like mad with this singular lad  
By the bye the ship's now a four wheeler  
And you're playing round games, and he calls you bad names  
When you tell him that, ties pay the dealer But this you can't stand so you throw up your hand  
And you find you're as cold as an icicle  
In your shirt and your socks the black silk with gold clocks  
Crossing Sal'sbury Plain on a bicycle And he and the crew are on bicycles too  
Which they've somehow or other invested in  
And he's telling the tars all the particulars  
Of a company he's interested in It's a scheme of devices, to get at low prices  
All good from cough mixtures to cables  
Which tickled the sailors, by treating retailers as

Though they were all vegetables You get a good spades man to plant a small tradesman  
First take off his boots with a boot tree  
And his legs will take root, and his fingers will shoot  
And they'll blossom and bud like a fruit tree From the green grocer tree you get grapes  
And green pea, cauliflower, pine apple and cranberries  
While the pastry cook plant cherry brandy will grant  
Apple puffs and three corners and banburys The shares are a penny and ever so many  
Are taken by Rothschild and Baring  
And just as a few are allotted to you  
You awake and with a shudder despairing You're a regular wreck, with a crick in your neck  
And no wonder you snore, for your head's on the floor  
And you've needles and pins from your soles to your shins  
And your flesh is acreep, for your left leg's asleep And you've cramp in your toes and a fly on your nose  
And some fluff in your lung and a feverish tongue  
And a thirst that's intense  
And a general sense that you haven't been sleeping in clover But the darkness has pass'd, and it's daylight at last  
And the night has been long, ditto, ditto my song  
And thank goodness they're both of them over

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