

Sir Bodsworth Rugglesby III

Klaatu

Act I Well do you get the itching to
Trek about the latitudes?
You do?
Well, likely you're a chip off old Sir Rugglesby
Oh, he was quite the sporting sort
Behind his cup of tea he'd snort,
"I'll wager on the line
Ten thousand pounds of fine
I'm the only man who'll ever get to hell and come back alive." Act II Now in the fall of '49
He skipped across the seven brine
This time looking for a berth in naval history
"Twas never heard nor seen again
Officially presumed as dead
But the words he left behind
Still echo through my mind:
"I'm the only man who'll ever get to hell and come back alive."
He's the only man who'd ever get to hell and come back alive. So off he went around the
world... Intermission Act III Then one night while tripping down the English coast
The moon was whiter than a ghost almost
When I heard a voice yell through a megaphone
And thereupon the midnight sea
A signal lamp signaled me
I could feel my blood run cold
As the message did decode:
"I'm the only man who'll ever get to hell and come back alive."
Well who else could it be
But good old Rugglesby?
He's the only man who'd ever get to hell and come back alive.
Yes he's the only man (he's the only one)
Who's ever gone and been (who's been and gone)
To hell and come back
Hell and come
To hell and come back alive The End

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