

# As Long As He Lies Perfectly Still

## Soft Machine

Here's a song for 'clean machine Kevin Majorca'  
He's found his own way of 'live in Majorca'  
Don't walk, don't drink  
Don't talk, just think  
Heaven on Earth he'll get there soonKevin's highly unlikely to get ill  
At least as long as he lies perfectly still  
He eats brown rice and fish - how nice  
Heaven on Earth, he'll get there soonGood and bad go so well together in his tunes  
He wrote a song and called it the weather - or not  
He's Lucky or Pozzo, Estragon and Vladimir  
Waiting for something that's already there  
Heaven on Earth or is it the moon?Why, why, why is he sleeping?  
Why is the trumpeter weeping?  
Kevin maybe asking to get back into my dreams  
His voice is so weak now and the customers are screaming  
Heavens above, we can't hear what you're sayingWe've got something to tell you  
Hold on we wanted to thrill you  
Reckons it's so nice and it will make you feel better  
Something in the nature of a Lullabye LetterKevin on Earth there'll be one  
Kevin on Earth make room for one  
Kevin himself he'll be in  
Kevin on Earth, be here  
Or you could be now  
Or is he found, in Herne Bay...

Songwriters

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