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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