

# Andy Partridge, Wonder Annual

Hustle, fustle.  
Push shove bustle.  
So goes the dance of the milling mass.  
Work, rent, mortgage.  
Magic shortage.  
Why queue for milk from their golden ass.

Open up your Wonder Annual.  
Turn on the leaves of your private book.  
Open up your Wonder Annual  
and, if I may, can I lay and look?  
At the gold and the silver  
that will fly from your hands.

Hands of Ripper pours paint stripper.  
Toasting the worms in their shallow graves  
Draw your blinds down.  
Sketch an unfrown.  
Show me the door through which all are saved.

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Turn on the leaves of your private book.  
Open up your Wonder Annual  
and, if I may, can I lay and look?  
At the shells full of pearl  
that will float from your gate.  
And if lust equals knowledge  
then I side with the snake.

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Open up your Wonder Annual  
and, if I may, can I lay and look?

Open up your Wonder Annual.  
Turn on the leaves of your private book.  
Open up your Wonder Annual  
and, if I may . . .