

Clutch, Gone Unsung

If knee-deep in catnip
At the old icebox
I recommend you whistle
And give the box three knocks
Should you be so lucky
To hear whisperin'
It is an invitation
For you to join in
Let us go leaping
In 3-measure time
Dressed up as asses
And drunk to the nines
Swing from the branches, shouting those songs
Gone unsung for far too long
If surrounded by toadstools
In the old green glen
I'm afraid there is little
That I can recommend
Save all of your courage
And the sincere prayer
And where you go a-treadin'
Take the utmost care
Let us go leaping
In 3-measure time
Dressed up as asses
And drunk to the nines
Swing from the rafters, shouting those songs
Gone unsung for far too long
Let us go leaping
In 3-measure time
Dressed up as asses
And drunk to the nines
Swing from the branches, shouting those songs
Gone unsung for far too long
Sound of rushing water yon...
Nine Men's Morris in the sand
But the player's gone
Drink to the dead
All you still alive
We shall join them in good time
Should you go crossing that silvery brook
It's best to leap before you look