

Grizzly Bear, Marla

I've looked everywhere Mr. Forbes,
but I can't find the cello or yet the french horn,
and I can't find the harp,
I don't know where it's gone,
and of course you can't go without that.
I've looked everywhere Mr. Forbes,
but I can't find your clamshells,
your file or your drill,
and your sheepskin-lined coat is eluding me still,
and of course you can't go without that.
I've looked in the attic,
the cellar and hall.
I've looked in the studio,
study and all.
I've looked in the chest where I thought it should be.
I've looked in the greenhouses,
one, two and three.
I've looked everywhere Mr. Forbes,
but I can't find the (?) and oh why oh why,
can't I think what I did with that ol' skill and die,
and of course you can't go without that.
You can't possibly go without that.