

King Crimson, Happy Family

Happy family, one hand clap, four went by and none come back.
Brother Judas, ash and sack, swallowed aphrodisiac.
Rufus, Silas, Jonah too sang, "We'll blow our own canoes,"
Poked a finger in the zoo, punctured all the ballyhoo

Whipped the world and beat the clock, wound up with their share of stock.
Silver Rolls from golden rock, shaken by a knock, knock, knock.
Happy family, wave that grin, what goes round must surely spin;
Cheesecake, mousetrap, Grip-Pipe-Thynne cried out, "We're not Rin Tin Tin."

Uncle Rufus grew his nose, threw away his circus clothes
Cousin Silas grew a beard, drew another flask of weird
Nasty Jonah grew a wife, Judas drew his pruning knife.
Happy family one hand clap, four went on but none came back

Happy family, pale applause, each to his revolving doors.
Silas searching, Rufus neat, Jonah caustic, Jude so sweet.
Let their sergeant mirror spin if we lose the barbers win;
Happy family one hand clap, four went on but none came back