

# King Crimson, Indoor Games

Indoor fireworks amuse your kitchen staff  
Dusting plastic garlic plants  
They snigger in the draft  
When you ride through the parlour  
Wearing nothing but your armour  
Playing Indoor Games.

One string puppet shows amuse  
Your sycophantic friends  
Who cheer your rancid recipes  
In fear they might offend,  
Whilst you loaf on your sofa  
Sporting falsies and a toga  
Playing Indoor Games, Indoor Games.

Your mean teetotum spins arouse your seventh wife  
Who pats her sixty little skins  
And reinsures your life,  
Whilst you sulk in your sauna  
'Cos you lost your jigsaw corner  
Playing Indoor Games, Indoor Games.

Each afternoon you train baboons to sing  
Or swim in purple perspex water wings.  
Come Saturday jump hopper, chelsea brigade,  
High bender-trender it's all Indoor Games.

No ball bagatelle incites  
Your children to conspire,  
They slide across your frying pan  
And fertilize your fire;  
Still you and Jones go madder  
Broken bones broken ladder  
Hey Ho...