

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...