

The Beatles, I Am The Walrus

I am he as you are he as you are me and we are all together
See how they run like pigs from a gun, see how they fly
I'm crying

Sitting on a cornflake, waiting for the van to come
Corporation T-shirt, stupid bloody Tuesday
Man, you've been a naughty boy, you let your face grow long

I am the Eggman
They are the Eggmen
I am the Walrus
Goo goo g'joob

Mister city, policeman sitting, pretty little policemen in a row
See how they fly like Lucy in the Sky, see how they run
I'm crying
I'm crying
I'm crying
I'm crying

Yellow matter custard dripping from a dead dog's eye
Crab locker fishwife, pornographic priestess
Boy, you've been a naughty girl, you let your knickers down

I am the Eggman
They are the Eggmen
I am the Walrus
Goo goo g'joob

Sitting in an English garden, waiting for the sun
If the sun don't come you get a tan from standing in the English rain

I am the Eggman
They are the Eggmen
I am the Walrus
Goo goo g'joob goo goo g'joob

Expert texpert, choking smokers
Don't you think the Joker laughs at you?
Ho-ho-ho-hee-hee-hee-ha-ha-ha
See how they smile like pigs in a sty, see how they snide
I'm crying

Semolina pilchard climbing up the Eiffel Tower
Elementary penguin singing Hare Krishna
Man, you should've seen them kicking Edgar Allan Poe

I am the Eggman
They are the Eggmen
I am the Walrus
Goo goo g'joob goo goo g'joob
Goo goo g'joob goo goo g'joob
Goo goo g'joob goo goo g'joob
Juba, juba, juba
Juba, juba
Juba, juba
Juba, juba, stick it up your jumper
Oompah, oompah, stick it up your jumper
Oompah, oompah, stick it up your jumper
Everyone's got one
Oompah, oompah, stick it up your jumper
Everyone's got one
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Everyone's got one
Oompah, oompah, stick it up your jumper
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Slave, thou hast slain me. Villain, take my purse.
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body
And give the letters which you find'st about me
To Edmund, Earl of Gloucester. Seek him out
Upon the English party. O, untimely death!
Death! (He dies)

I know thee well: a serviceable villain,
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress As badness would desire.

What, is he dead?

Sit you down, father. Rest you.