

Tyrannosaurus Rex, Child Star

Mountain eyes, peeping out of his head (-ah)
Sipping tea, composing in his bed (-ah)
A hundred hands working on a musical of old
Debussy and Mendelssohn Handel and Dvorak of old

Child star, protegee of Mister Gormez who said you'd go far
Child star, they do not see just what a precious gem you'd be

(slightly slower)

Sad to see them watching you fade into in (-ah) invisibility

Twelve years old, your elvish fingers kiss your
Beethoven hair the awesome people stare
They're un-aware of all the angel sounds they see and hear

Debussy and Mendelssohn Handel and Dvorak they hear

Child star, protegee of Mister Gomez who said you'd go far
Child star, and when you died at just thirteen they wept and wrung their hair

(slightly slower)

Sad to see them mourning you and you are there within the flowers and the trees
Child star, protegee of Mister Gomez who said you'd go far