

# Al Stewart, Genie On A Table Top

I went floating down the street one day  
With a song playing in my mind  
Hopping and bopping like a ricochet  
Bad news was hard to find  
There was a hint of syncopation  
Coming from the sidewalk and the street  
There was a glint of scintillation  
Hanging over everyone you'd meet  
And it makes me feel okay  
Like a big yellow tractor going mowing through a field of hay  
Like a genie on a table top surfing through the month of May

I saw a world in the window of a knick-knack shop  
And I tossed it in the air  
A girl went by with a forget-me-not  
And she wore it in her hair  
There was a peak of pixillation  
And I never noticed it before  
There was a jump of jubilation  
And it seemed to promise more and more  
And it makes me feel okay  
Like a big yellow tractor going mowing through a field of hay  
Like a genie on a table top surfing through the month of May

Oh she loves me and she loves me  
Better than I've ever loved myself  
She knows me and she loves me  
Better, now I want nobody else  
Oh she loves me and she loves me  
Better than I've ever loved myself  
She knows me and she loves me  
Better, now I want nobody else

Percolating through the noonday sun  
With wings upon my shoes  
I was jumping about in front of everyone  
No dignity to lose  
There was a rush of animation  
Bubbling about inside my soul  
There was a rin-tin-tabulation coming  
It was so hard to control  
And it makes me feel okay  
Like a pig with a bucket full of truffles in a French cafe  
Like Louis Armstrong playing trumpet on the judgment day  
Like a flying boat captain with an amethyst lake below  
Like a winner of a marathon rolling in a field of snow  
Like a figure skating gigolo looking for a heart to steal  
Like a simulated orgasm suddenly becoming real  
Like a big yellow tractor going bowling through a field of hay  
Like a genie on a table top surfing through the month of May