

Al Stewart, Mr. Lear

How pleasant to know Mr. Lear
How pleasant to know at the end of the day he's near
With a portfolio that daily features diverse creatures

You open the book and it's true
The world is a lot more mysterious than we knew
Round every corner unusual things are prone to wander

When I was a young man I was oft-times at the zoo
To trace the visages and forms of parrots and cockatoos

It's over the hill now he goes
Pausing a while with the Pobble who has no toes
For your perusal, Victorian days are so unusual

Oh my aged Uncle Arly, sitting on a heap of barley
On his nose his faithful cricket
In his hat a railway ticket
But his shoes were far too tight
How pleasant to know Mr. Lear

In Egypt, the first day of spring
You're painting a watercolor, hoping the light will bring
Guided by pens and inks, the pyramids and palms and sphinx

When I was an old man, I had a cat named Foss
Now he's gone I wander on
With this unbearable sense of loss

How pleasant to know Mr. Lear
How pleasant to know at the end of the day he's near
And if you should find him
His world is dancing close behind him