

# Alex Lifeson, Victor

Victor was a little baby  
Into this world he came:  
His father took him  
On his knee and said  
"Don't dishonour the family name."

Victor looked up at his father  
Looked up with big round eyes  
His father said  
"Victor, my only son  
Don't you ever tell lies."

It was a frosty December  
It wasn't the time for fruits  
His father fell dead  
Of heart disease  
While lacing up his boots.

It was a frosty December  
When into his grave he sank  
His uncle found Victor  
A post at the  
Midland Counties Bank

It was a frosty december  
Victor was only eighteen  
But his figures were neat  
And his margins straight  
And his cuffs were always clean

He took a room at the Peveril  
A respectable boarding-house  
And Time watched Victor  
Day after day  
As a cat will watch a mouse.

Victor went up to his bedroom  
Set the alarm bell  
Climbed into his bed  
Took his Bible and read  
Of what happened to Jezebel.

It was the First of April  
Anna to the Peveril came  
Her eyes, her lips, her breasts  
Her hips and her smile  
Set men aflame.

It was the Second of April  
She was wearing a coat of fur  
Victor met her upon the stairs  
And fell in love with her.

The first time  
He made his proposal  
She laughed, said  
"I'll never wed";  
The second time  
There was a pause  
Then she smiled  
And shook her head.

Anna looked into the mirror  
Pouted and gave a frown

Said  
"Victor's as dull  
As a wet afternoon  
But I've got to settle down."

The third time  
He made his proposal  
As they walked by the Reservoir  
She gave him a kiss  
Like a blow on the head  
Said  
"You are my heart's desire."

They were married early in August  
She said  
"Kiss me, you funny boy"  
Victor took her in his arms  
And said  
"Oh, my Helen of Troy."

The clerks were talking of Anna  
The door was just ajar  
One said  
"Poor old Victor  
But where ignorance is bliss  
etcetera."

Victor looked up at the sunset  
As he stood there all alone  
Cried:  
"Are you in heaven, Father?"  
But the sky said  
"Address not known."

Victor looked up at the mountains  
The mountains all covered with snow  
Cried:  
"Are you pleased with me, Father?"  
And the answer came back  
No.

Victor came to the forest, cried  
"Father  
Will she ever be true?"  
And the oaks and the beeches  
Shook their heads  
And they answered  
"Not to you."

Victor came to the meadow  
Where the wind went sweeping by  
Cried:"O Father I love her so"  
but the wind said  
"She must die."

Victor came to the river  
Running so deep and so still  
Crying  
"O Father, what shall I do?"  
And the river answered  
"Kill."

Anna was sitting at table  
Drawing cards from a pack  
Anna was sitting at table

Waiting for her husband  
To come back.  
Victor stood in the doorway  
He didn't utter a word;  
She said  
"What's the matter darling?"  
He behaved  
As if he hadn't heard.

There was a voice  
In his left ear  
There was a voice  
In his right  
There was a voice  
At the base of his skull saying  
"She must die tonight."

Victor picked up a carving-knife  
His features were set and drawn.  
Said  
"Anna, it would have been  
Better for you  
If you had not been born."

Anna jumped up from the table  
Anna started to scream  
But Victor came  
Slowly after her  
Like a horror in a dream

She dodged behind the sofa  
She tore down the curtain rod  
But Victor came slowly after her  
Said  
"Prepare to meet Thy God."

He stood there above the body  
He stood there holding the knife  
And the blood ran down  
The stairs and sang  
"I am the Resurrection  
And the Life."

They tapped Victor  
On the shoulder  
They took him away in a van  
He sat quiet  
As a lump of moss saying  
"I am the Son of Man."

Victor sat in a corner  
Making a woman of clay.  
Saying  
"I am the Alpha and Omega  
I shall come to judge  
The earth one day."