

Chad Mitchell Trio, Super Skier

Well, they called him Super Skier
As he sat around the sundeck
For he swore that he would never take a spill
When they finally brought him down
They had to use three toboggans
To carry all the pieces down the hill

He was comin' down that slope
Doin' ninety miles an hour
When he caught an edge of his ski
Well, his clothes, they were fast
But the slopes, they were faster
That's the last of Super Skier we shall see

Well, he hollered, "What the hell!"
As he lined them parallel
He figured there was nothing more to learn
(Oh, no...)
And as he started on his way
He shouted, "Andele!"
Assuming that he'd never have to turn

Well, he was slippin' down that slope
Doin' ninety miles an hour
When a mogul flipped him in the air
His jumping form was fine
Until he ran into that pine
And two one-legged skiers left from there

When he left that tree at last
He was moving twice as fast
Both halves were skimming moguls like a feather
He said, "If I must be
A split personality
How can I ever keep my knees together?"

One ski was headed north
And the other headed west
'Cause both of them, you see, were running freer
And folks up on Little Nell
Looked up, scared as hell
Said, "It's a bird." "No, it's a plane." "It's Super Skier!"
(No, uh, it's a bird)

Now the moral of my story
Though my story's kinda gory
For all you sundeck Charlies, there's still hope
You buy the fastest clothes you can
Then talk skiing like a man
But don't let people catch you on the slope

And let's get Charlie off the M.T.A.