

# 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.