

Chapin Harry, The Rock

Chapin Harry
Portrait Gallery
The Rock

The rock is gonna fall on us, he woke with a start
And he ran to his mother, the fear dark in his heart
And he told her of the vision that he was sure he'd seen
She said: "Go back to sleep son, you're having a bad dream!"

Silly child--

Everybody knows the rock leans over the town
Everybody knows that it won't tumble to the ground
Remember Chicken Little said the sky was falling down
Well nothing ever came of that, the world still whirls around

"The rock is gonna fall on us," he stood and told the class
The professor put his chalk down and peered out through his glasses
But he went on and said: "I've seen it, high up on the hill
If it doesn't fall this year then very soon it will!"

Crazy boy--

Everybody knows the rock leans over the town
Everybody knows that it won't tumble to the ground
We've more important studies than your fantasies and fears
You know that rock's been perched up there for a hundred thousand years

"The rock is gonna fall on us." He told the magistrates
"I believe that we can stop it but the time is getting late
You see I've done all the research my plans are all complete."
He was showing them contingencies when they showed him to the street

Just a madman--

Everybody knows the rock leans over the town
Everybody knows that it won't tumble to the ground
Everybody knows of those who say the end is near
Everybody knows that life goes on as usual round here

He went up on the mountain beside the giant stone
They knew he was insane so they left him alone
He'd given up enlisting help for there was no one else
He spent his days devising ways to stop the rock himself
One night while he was working building braces on the ledge
The ground began to rumble the rock trembled on the edge

"The rock is gonna fall on us! Run or you'll all be crushed!"
And indeed the rock was moving, crumbling all to dust
He ran under it with one last hope that he could add a prop
And as he disappeared the rock came to a stop

The people ran into the street but by then all was still
The rock seemed where it always was or where it always will be
When someone asked where he had gone they said: "Oh he was daft.
Who cares about that crazy fool." And then they'd start to laugh

But high up on the mountain
When the wind is hitting it
If you're watching very closely
The rock slips a little bit