

# Henry Cow, Nine Funerals Of The Citizen King

Down beneath the spectacle of free  
No one ever let you see  
The Citizen King  
Ruling the fantastic architecture of all the burning cities  
Where we buy and sell  
La la la la la la la la la la  
That the Snark was a Boojum all can tell  
But a rose is a rose is a rose  
Said the Mama of Dada as long ago as 1919

You make arrangements with the guard  
Halfway round the exercise yard  
To sugar the pill  
Disguising the enormous double-time the king pays to Wordsworth  
More than you or I could reasonably forfeit to buy...  
Double-time the king pays to Wordsworth  
More than you or I could reasonably buy...  
If we live (we live) to tread on dead kings  
Or else we'll work to live to buy the things we multiply  
Until they fill the ordered universe

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