

Madness, Mr Speaker Gets The World

Humble thyself humble thyself and ye shall be exalted
lars porsena of crucium by the nine gods he swore
humble thyself and ye shall be exalted
you have all the members of the body use them wisely
that the great house of Tarquin should suffer wrong no more
by the nine gods he swore it and named the trysting day
bade his messengers ride forth east and west and south and north
to summon his array you have all the members of the body use them wisely
into the valley of death rode the six hundred

Wiggles from his captors arms
Mr.Speaker gets the word
running now from the alarms
speak his mind free as a bird

Free now to roam around
stand up straight when he quotes
spread the word that he has found
books of verse and scribbled notes

Mr.Speaker gets the word
to tell the secrets he has heard
speaks so fast his words are slurred
Mr.Speaker gets the word

Stands up straight outside my door
I bring you now the words Ive learned
whom it may concern senor
tell my friends I have returned

Mr.Speaker gets the word
to tell the secrets he has heard
speaks so fast his words are slurred
Mr. Speaker gets the word

Excitement rages through his brain
stirred and stirred throughout the years
not enough time to explain
eyes of madness eyes of fear

Making space from Colney Hatch Lane
just some poetry my friend
scuttles pass my window frame
vanishes right round the bend

Mr.Speaker gets the word
to tell the secrets he has heard
speaks so fast his words are slurred
Mr.Speaker gets the word