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

Wriggles 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