

Pete Townshend, Iron Man Recitative

The Iron Man came to the top of the cliff
How far had he walked? Nobody knows
Where had he come from? Nobody knows
How was he made? Nobody knows
Taller than a house, the Iron Man stood at the top of the cliff, in the darkness.

The wind sang through his iron fingers
And his great iron head, shaped like a dustbin but as big as a bedroom,
Slowly turned to the right
Slowly turned to the left
He was hearing the sea.

His eyes like headlamps, glowed white then red
Then infa-red, searching the sea
Never before had the Iron Man seen the sea.

He swayed in the strong wind that pressed against his back
He swayed forward, on the brink of the high cliff
And his right foot, his enormous iron right foot, lifted-up, out,
Into space,
And the Iron Man stepped forward, off the cliff, into nothingness
CRASH.

Down the cliff the Iron Man came toppling head over heels
CRASH!
CRASH!
CRASH!

From rock to rock, tumbling slowly,
And as he crashed and crashed his iron legs fell off,
His iron arms broke off, and the hands broke off the arms
His great iron ears fell off
And his eyes fell out
His great iron head fell off.

All the separate pieces tumbled scattered crashing
Bumping clanging down, on to the rocky beach below
Then silence.

Nobody knew the Iron Man had fallen
Nobody knew the Iron Man had fallen.