

Rasputina, Small Boy Jumps

"Hey little boy with the bowties to spare
Perched on the rooftop, the wind in your hair
We tell you jump and you do it on cue
You fly alone but you know we love you
Flying, jumped he did not fall he's smiling
laughing at it all he is
Flying, tripped he did not fall
he is smiling
laughing at it all
Don't call him midget and say he's a dream
He doesn't listen, his conscience is clean
ask him a question, for he wrote the map
This time you saw him he sat in your lap

He's flying now, he'll show you how high

He always asked, 'Oh, do clowns die, Daddy?'
Usually they die mysteriously
Nannies and barbers all cried at his death
It really wasn't his christening dress

Flying, jumped he did not fall,
smiling laughing at it all he is
flying tripped he did not fall, he is smiling
laughing at it all"