

# Slapp Happy/Henry Cow, Apes In Capes

Harken child by life beguiled,  
it's said that some come unsung,  
sorry, no song for some,  
sing-song's ham-strung.  
Seasoned with lies, hardboiled  
but still calling all of the tunes  
he's donned his garb,  
the costume of a buffoon - we rise  
to applaud his disguise.

Tho miles of smiles will greet  
your wiles, it's said that  
some come unsung, sorry,  
no song for some,  
sing sad song sung.  
If lady luck remain unstruck  
or run amok aah!  
What can he do? Shunned,  
he's sure to come unstuck

Wrapped in white silk,  
antelope's milk for soothing  
his eyes. Apes traipse in capes,  
it is unfortunate to see them  
rise to applaud one's disguise.