

# Slapp Happy, Mr. Rainbow

Casauette de moire,  
Ququette d'ivoire,  
Toilette trs noire,  
Paul guette l'armoire,  
Projetete languette sur poire,  
S'apprte baguette et foire.  
His silhouette rancid with diamonds  
Splinters like cone in the balm of your hand;  
He's rigged with a nebulae's sine qua non  
A festival of gas on a table of sand;  
He's jerking like an angel on the ladder of crime;  
Diluting syrup ditties at the peak of their prime;  
He's spun like a ghost in the radio cool;  
He's everybodys child but nobodies fool;  
He's cook like the breast of a radio ghost;  
His name is Mr. Rainbow etc. etc. ...