

Sparks, Fletcher Honorama

(Ron Mael)

Fletcher Honorama won't you rally 'round
the man who's on a limb?
Sing the songs that please him very softly
while we jolt him with a hymn

Please, go easy now with him
Because this is his final whim
So be sure that the boy don't die before the morn

Fletcher Honorama shall we justify the eighty Junes you've seen?
Since that might be stretching things
we'll merely sing the songs that made you scream

Please, go easy now with him
Because this is his final whim
So be sure that the boy don't die before the morn

Intakes and mistakes and lunch pails
and headaches were willed to your one living twin
I think that maybe you should have kept half
of them, after all you worked for them
After all you worked for them

Telecast in fifty states and brought to you
by Anti-Wrinkle Dew
That's Fletcher Honorama see the world
now from a different point of view

You, go easy now with him
Because this is his final whim
So be sure that the boy don't die before the morn
So be sure that the boy don't die before the morn