

# The Fall, Athlete Cured

Look under  
Look under

From the hotbed of creation  
in dreamstate.  
The cure, bulletin, zeitung  
Was in no pill.  
Look under.  
The cure was in no pill.

The German athletic star was continually ill.  
For months doctors were puzzled.  
The star would complain of the smell in his room.  
On visiting him this was found to be true.  
An odor resembling hot-dogs permeated the whole bedroom.

A solution was only discovered by my closely  
watching his brother Gert.  
Gert was handsome, well-meaning, but slightly a careless type.  
Not malicious, I hope you understand and grasp.  
No chance.

But on returning from his clerical job, Gert  
would park his Volkswagen at the end of the day  
willy-nilly in the driveway, usually the wrong way round,  
so that the exhaust fumes would flow upwards right through  
the open windows of the athletic star's upstairs bedroom.  
(carburettor)

I also discovered that Gert would turn his engine  
over for up to an hour. I don't know why.  
Citizens in my street are also  
partial to this.

Look under.  
The cure was in no pill.

Obtaining a new parking space for Gert's motor-car, athletic star soon  
recovered.  
Unfortunately, this being East Germany,  
Gert patriotically volunteered to be sent on a labor  
beautification course of the countryside north-west of Dresden.  
And never seen again.  
And never seen again.

Look under.  
The cure was in no pill.  
Had to look under the window sill.  
The window sill.

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From certain facts you have to go on and further  
and often it is better to go around or look under.  
the windowsill

etc..  
etc..