

The Move, Kilroy Was Here

There's a fellow roaming round the street
I think most of all I'd like to meet
I must consider him a clever lad
Making like a young sir galahad
Everywhere I go I think he's been
He autographs the walls around the scene
If you look hard enough you'll find him there
In rooms of public places everywhere

Kilroy was here
Left his name around the place
Kilroy was here
Thought I've never seen his face
On a short vacation with my friends
I found I had time on my hands to spare
Surveyed my telescope around the land
And saw his name imprinted in the sand

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I wonder could he be a cavalier
Or a roving musketeer
Or just a dustman who's insane
Everyplace regardless where or when
... strikes again and again and again

If I ever meet that man at all
I'll hang a plague upon my bedroom wall
A monument erected in his name
Would help to contribute his name

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