

Wonnerful, Wonnerful

Tarot cards and moonbeams
Coursing thru the rye

Wilber Mills and strippers
would rather drink than cry

Beagle dogs and burgers
deftly baked into a pie

I wonder where the yellow went
and even Louie Nye.

I lie among the dampened ferns
as my friends, the mourners,
dance on by

It's Hell to be an Artist
but for the blessing of the eye

You see the skuzz and greatness
with a chastened little sigh

and squiggly lines and shadows
mark our passing, bye and bye.

So you see ole Toots, I love you
an' Welshmen never tell a lie.

