

Sheik Duncan**"Mr. Chess"**

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So good to meet you, Mr. Chess
I've always heard that you're the best
At housing knights and castles high up in the air
so I beseech you, Mr. Chess
To let me sleep inside your bed
And would you sleep too, would you sleep too in the
chair?

You see, I dream of many things
Of floating, solitary kings
Of pawns and people with blue sequins through their
hair

The jesters sings, the bishop brings
The queen a hollow following
And all the pawns and people stop and people stare

So, I too stop
At three o'clock
I stumble to your door
And knock

And ask to see you, ask to be you, Mr. Chess
O, Mr. Chess
Now, I beseech you, Mr. Chess
To let me sleep, to let me rest
To let me dream, to let me sing without a care

And I will dream you things so fair
I'll sing you castles in the air
And I will sleep too
I will sleep too
I will rest
O Mr. Chess, my Mr. Chess

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