

## **Crimson King**

### **"Happy Family"**

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Happy family, one hand clap, four went by and none  
come back.

Brother Judas, ash and sack, swallowed aphrodisiac.

Rufus, Silas, Jonah too sang, "We'll blow our own  
canoes,"

Poked a finger in the zoo, punctured all the ballyhoo

Whipped the world and beat the clock, wound up with  
their share of stock.

Silver Rolls from golden rock, shaken by a knock,  
knock, knock.

Happy family, wave that grin, what goes round must  
surely spin;

Cheesecake, mousetrap, Grip-Pipe-Thynne cried out,  
"We're not Rin Tin Tin."

Uncle Rufus grew his nose, threw away his circus  
clothes

Cousin Silas grew a beard, drew another flask of weird

Nasty Jonah grew a wife, Judas drew his pruning knife.

Happy family one hand clap, four went on but none  
came back

Happy family, pale applause, each to his revolving  
doors.

Silas searching, Rufus neat, Jonah caustic, Jude so  
sweet.

Let their sergeant mirror spin if we lose the barbers  
win;

Happy family one hand clap, four went on but none  
came back

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