

Fall

"ATHLETE CURED"

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Look under
Look under
From the hot bed of creation
In dream state

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 stars upstairs
bedroom

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

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

From certain facts you have to go on and further
And often it is better to go around or look under
The window sill

Window sill
The window sill
Window sill
Look under

Window sill
Window sill
The cure was in no pill
Look under

Window sill
Window sill
Window sill

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