

## **Jet Set Roger**

### **"A Passion Play"**

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[The Story Of The Hare Who Lost His Spectacles]

[Words by Jeffrey Hammond]

[Spoken:]

This is the story of the hare who lost his spectacles.

Owl loved to rest quietly whilst no one was watching.  
Sitting on a fence one day,  
He was surprised when suddenly a kangaroo ran close  
by. Now this may not  
Seem strange, but when Owl overheard Kangaroo  
whisper to no one in  
Particular, "The hare has lost his spectacles," well, he  
began to wonder.  
Presently, the moon appeared from behind a cloud and  
there, lying on the grass  
Was hare. In the stream that flowed by the grass a  
newt. And sitting astride a  
Twig of a bush a bee. Ostensibly motionless, the hare  
was trembling with  
Excitement, for without his spectacles he was  
completely helpless. Where were  
His spectacles? Could someone have stolen them? Had  
he mislaid them? What  
Was he to do? Bee wanted to help, and thinking he had  
the answer began:  
"You probably ate them thinking they were a carrot."  
"No!" interrupted Owl,  
Who was wise. "I have good eye-sight, insight, and  
foresight. How could an  
Intelligent hare make such a silly mistake?" But all this  
time, Owl had been  
Sitting on the fence, scowling! Kangaroo were hopping  
mad at this sort of talk.  
She thought herself far superior in intelligence to the  
others. She was their leader,  
Their guru. She had the answer: "Hare, you must go in  
search of the optician."  
But then she realized that Hare was completely  
helpless without his spectacles.

And so, Kangaroo loudly proclaimed, "I can't send  
Hare in search of anything!"  
"You can guru, you can!" shouted Newt. "You can send  
him with Owl." But Owl  
Had gone to sleep. Newt knew too much to be stopped  
by so small a problem  
"You can take him in your pouch." But alas, Hare was  
much too big to fit into  
Kangaroo's pouch. All this time, it had been quite plain  
to hare that the others  
Knew nothing about spectacles.  
[Sung:] As for all their tempting ideas, well Hare didn't  
care. The lost spectacles were  
His own affair. And after all, Hare did have a spare a-  
pair. A-pair.

[Forest Dance #2 (Instrumental)]

[The Foot Of Our Stairs]

We sleep by the ever-bright hole in the door,  
Eat in the corner, talk to the floor,  
Cheating the spiders who come to say "Please",  
(politely). They bend at the knees.  
Well, I'll go to the foot of our stairs.  
Old gentlemen talk of when they were young  
Of ladies lost and erring sons.  
Lace-covered dandies revel (with friends)  
Pure as the truth, tied at both ends.  
Well I'll go to the foot of our stairs.  
Scented cathedral spire pointed down.  
We pray for souls in Kentish Town.  
A delicate hush the gods, floating by  
Wishing us well, pie in the sky.  
God of ages, Lord of Time, mine is the right to be  
wrong.  
Well I'll go to the foot of our stairs.  
Jack rabbit mister spawn a new breed  
Of love-hungry pilgrims (no bodies to feed).  
Show me a good man and I'll show you the door.  
The last hymn is sung and the devil cries "More."

Well, I'm all for leaving and that being done,  
I've put in a request to take up my turn  
In that forsaken paradise that calls itself "Hell"  
Where no-one has nothing and nothing is well meaning  
fool,  
Pick up thy bed and rise up from your gloom smiling.  
Give me your hate and do as the loving heathen do.

[Overseer Overture]

Colours I've none, dark or light, red, white or blue.  
Cold is my touch (freezing).

Summoned by name - I am the overseer over you.  
Given this command to watch o'er our miserable  
sphere.  
Fallen from grace, called on to bring sun or rain.  
Occasional corn from my oversight grew.  
Fell with mine angels from a far better place,  
Offering services for the saving of face.  
Now you're here, you may as well admire  
All whom living has retired from the benign  
reconciliation.  
Legends were born surrounding mysterious lights  
Seen in the sky (flashing).  
I just lit a fag then took my leave in the blink of an eye.  
Passionate play join round the maypole in dance  
(primitive rite) (wrongly).  
Summoned by name I am the overseer over you.

[Flight From Lucifer]

Flee the icy Lucifer. Oh he's an awful fellow!  
What a mistake! I didn't take a feather from his pillow.  
Here's the everlasting rub... neither am I good or bad.  
I'd give up my halo for a horn and the horn for the hat I  
once had.  
I'm only breathing. There's life on my ceiling.  
The flies there are sleeping quietly.  
Twist my right arm in the dark.  
I would give two or three for  
One of those days that never made  
Impressions on the old score.  
I would gladly be a dog barking up the wrong tree.  
Everyone's saved we're in the grave.  
See you there for afternoon tea.  
Time for awaking the tea lady's making  
A brew-up and baking new bread.  
Pick me up at half past none  
There's not a moment to lose.  
There is the train on which I came.  
On the platform are my old shoes.  
Station master rings his bell.  
Whistles blow and flags wave.  
A little of what you fancy does you good (Or so it  
should).  
I thank everybody  
For making me welcome.  
I'd stay but my wings have just dropped off.

[10.08 To Paddington (Instrumental)]

[Magus Perde]

Hail! Son of kings make the ever-dying sign  
Cross your fingers in the sky for those about to BE.  
There am I waiting along the sand.  
Cast your sweet spell upon the land and sea.  
Magus Perde, take your hand from off the chain.  
Loose a wish to still, the rain, the storm about to BE.  
Here am I (voyager into life).  
Tough are the soles that tread the knife's edge.  
Break the circle, stretch the line, call upon the devil.  
Bring the gods, the gods' own fire  
In the conflict revel.  
The passengers upon the ferry crossing, waiting to be  
born,  
Renew the pledge of life's long song rise to the reveille  
horn.  
Animals queueing at the gate that stands upon the  
shore  
Breathe the ever-burning fire that guards the ever-  
door.

Man - son of man - buy the flame of ever-life  
(yours to breathe and breath the pain of living)... living  
BE!  
Here am I! Roll the stone away  
From the dark into ever-day.

[Epilogue]

There was a rush along the Fulham Road  
Into the Ever-passion Play.

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