

King Crimson "Happy Family"

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Happy family, one hand clap, four went
by and none came 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 cirkus clothes

Cousin Silas grew a beard,
drew another flask of weird

Nasty Jonah grew a wife,
Judas grew 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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