Admiral Twin "Eustice Isadore"

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A dull and dreary day What else can you say? "Eustice, you're always such a bore" Why, thank you, Isadore"

They say a door is nothing on its own It must lead somewhere I'd like to go somewhere

We could go for a look-about in the attics and the closed rooms
Find diaries and letters of long-dead distant lovers
It'd be just like when we were children sneaking all around

We wouldn't make a sound They'd beat us black and blue if we were found But they can't touch us now

"Izzy, don't mean to be a bore but really Isadore You know these gray days make me blue I don't know what to do No, there's nothing I want to do"

The dull and dreary day becomes a dark and stormy night

Eustice, we could go outside and bottle fireflies
Fairy lamps burn bright in the face of stormy night
And the old black umbrella could keep us from all harm

We could go to the lichyard and see what there's to see Maybe a cabal meets underneath the banyan trees It'd be just like when we were children sneaking all around

We wouldn't make a sound We thought they'd reach out from their graves And drag us down but they don't scare us now

"Izzy, don't mean to be a drag But I'll do no such thing, I'm staying in this chair. I'd probably break my neck falling in an open grave Or catch some horrid, fatal ache"

"Oh Eustice, come with me, come outside It'll be all right"

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