

Neil Innes

"The Worm and the Angel"

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The Worm and the Angel

Sorry, your browser doesn't support Java. One night I
dreamed that I was dead
A butterfly flew into my head
"How do ya do" she said
"I'm an angel"
She said no more, she said no less
I said "can you get me out of this mess
If you can well then I guess you must be an angel"

But then a worm crawled up my nose
And said to the butterfly "I suppose
You think because of your beautiful clothes
You're an angel"

Well the butterfly smm-iled a knowing smile
And said "a miss is as good as a mile
Nothing on earth can cramp the style of an angel"

Then the worm said "I'm not satisfied
And if you'll kindly step outside
In a civilised way we can soon decide who's an angel"
Well I was turnin' in my grave
The worm began to rant and rave
And the butterfly did not behave like an angel

Then I awoke and found them gone
I looked at the trees and the morning sun
and wondered if the worm had won or the angel
It's not every day you see the light
But after such a restless night
I knew that only a worm could fight an angel

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