

P.F.M. (Premiata Forneria Marconi) "Promenade The Puzzle"

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Lady dancing on a Tulip
Pirouetteing in the sunset
Let me be your next cigarette.
Church bells, played by a penguin
Bearded priest who walks like chaplin,
I must fly like a swallow tonight.

Chinese rice paper poet
Dips his paintbrush in the silence
Of the lake which mirrors the sky.

Milkmaids waltz around the haystack
when the maestro blows his trumpet.
Bandsmen hammer at the cafe
for the gypsy's drawbridge bottle.
Choir boys pull on the zig-zag
Of the monkey's dream piano.
Fish eat stolen keys in rivers
Where the wooden legs go sailing.
Clocks join hands to dance the polka.
Sweep the carpet under the carpet
Promenade the Puzzle.

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