

Pete Townshend

"Iron Man Recitative"

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The iron man came to the top of the cliff
How far had he walked nobody knows
Where had he come from nobody knows
How was he made, nobody knows
Taller than a house, the iron man stood
At the top of the cliff in the darkness

The wind sang through his iron fingers
And his great iron head, shaped like a dustbin
But as big as a bedroom
Slowly turned to the right, slowly turned to the left
He was hearing the sea

His eyes like headlamps, glowed white then red
Then infra-red, searching the sea
Never before had the iron man seen the sea

He swayed in the strong wind that pressed against his
back
He swayed forward on the brink of the high cliff
And his right foot, his enormous iron right foot
Lifted-up out into space

And the iron man stepped forward, off the cliff into
nothingness
Crash
Down the cliff, the iron man came toppling head over
heels
Crash, crash, crash

From rock to rock, tumbling slowly
And as he crashed and crashed, his iron legs fell off
His iron arms broke off
And the hands broke off the arms

His great iron ears fell off
And his eyes fell out
His great iron head fell off

All the separate pieces tumbled scattered crashing
Bumping clanging down, on to the rocky beach far
below

Then silence

Nobody knew the iron man had fallen
Nobody knew the iron man had fallen

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