

The Bee Gees

"Craise Finton Kirk Royal Academy of Arts"

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He smiled and rubbed the stubble on his chin

He sure shall find the weariness and dreariness of life
that's growing thin

Yet he didn't have so very far to go

With a pencil in his hand he will travel on as planned

With a mere step in the mountain to a light

Craise Finton Kirk, see him go, on his way

Oh they don't know where he is

Very very nice, very very nice

Even in the morning when he slept

Something odd is missing

There's nothing very much to talk about

And nothing very much to see

Craise Finton Kirk, see him go, on his way

oh they don't know where he is

Very very nice, very very nice

Talks about the place he'd like to go

And you never see the worrying and hurrying and that
makes a person slow

Yet you wouldn't think he'd be so hard to find

Yet he looks so very busy but there's nothing on his
mind

And his wavy hair continues not to grow

Craise Finton Kirk, see him go, on his way

oh they don't know where he is

Very very nice, very very nice

Craise Finton Kirk, see him go, on his way

Oh they don't know where he is

Very very nice, very very nice

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