

## Al Stewart

### "Mr. Lear"

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How pleasant to know Mr. Lear  
How pleasant to know at the end of the day he's near  
With a portfolio that daily features diverse creatures

You open the book and it's true  
The world is a lot more mysterious than we knew  
Round every corner unusual things are prone to  
wander

When I was a young man I was oft-times at the zoo  
To trace the visages and forms of parrots and  
cockatoos

It's over the hill now he goes  
Pausing a while with the Pobble who has no toes  
For your perusal, Victorian days are so unusual

Oh my aged Uncle Arly, sitting on a heap of barley  
On his nose his faithful cricket  
In his hat a railway ticket  
But his shoes were far too tight  
How pleasant to know Mr. Lear

In Egypt, the first day of spring  
You're painting a watercolor, hoping the light will bring  
Guided by pens and inks, the pyramids and palms and  
sphinx

When I was an old man, I had a cat named Foss  
Now he's gone I wander on  
With this unbearable sense of loss

How pleasant to know Mr. Lear  
How pleasant to know at the end of the day he's near  
And if you should find him  
His world is dancing close behind him

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