

## Skyclad

### "Mr. Malapropé & Co"

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Poor Mr Malapropé never really had a hope  
Sitting in the corner with his raps'n'ale,  
He never knew a lot about the things he used to shout  
about  
Sometimes what he said just went beyond the pale.  
On science his theory was that, "They're all barking  
mad".  
On politics he argued they're all equally as bad.  
Religiously he would observe high days and holidays,  
'Divine Intervention' couldn't make him change his  
ways

Then came Sir Spoutalot, straight out of Camelot,  
Tilting at the windmills all along the mile.  
No 'paragon of virtue' this was true,  
Putting damsels in distress was more his style.  
Their passions he would recount in intimate detail,  
With odes and songs and oratory to all he would unveil.  
This self-styled ballad monger then left us all to  
ponder,  
Why abstinence or reticence couldn't make the heart  
grow fonder?

Dear Dr Pennywise not slow to realise,  
You shouldn't "spoil the vessel for a ha'porth of tar".  
Sixpence the poorer like Mr Micawber,  
His grand designs just didn't get far.  
Aguilar, Guy and Dancer were men he could admire,  
But unlike them he had no pile on which he might retire.  
In consequence he paid no heed to bills and fines and  
fees,  
And he ended up down 'Queer Street' with 'Lady  
Poverty'.

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