

## Fall, The "Athlete Cured"

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Look under  
Look under  
From the hot bed of creation  
In dream state

The cure, bulletin, zeitung  
Was in no pill  
Look under  
The cure was in no pill

The German athletic star was continually ill  
For months doctors were puzzled  
The star would complain of the smell in his room  
On visiting him this was found to be true  
An odor resembling hot-dogs permeated the whole  
bedroom

A solution was only discovered by my closely  
Watching his brother Gert  
Gert was handsome, well-meaning, but slightly a  
careless type  
Not malicious, I hope you understand and grasp  
No chance

But on returning from his clerical job, Gert  
Would park his Volkswagen at the end of the day  
Willy-nilly in the driveway, usually the wrong way 'round  
So that the exhaust fumes would flow upwards right  
through  
The open windows of the athletic stars upstairs  
bedroom

I also discovered that Gert would turn his engine  
Over for up to an hour, I don't know why  
Citizens in my street are also partial to this  
Look under  
The cure was in no pill

Obtaining a new parking space for Gert's motor-car  
Athletic star soon recovered  
Unfortunately, this being east Germany

Gert patriotically volunteered to be sent on a labor  
Beautification course of the countryside north-west of  
Dresden

And never seen again  
And never seen again

Look under  
The cure was in no pill  
Had to look under the window sill  
The window sill

Look under  
The cure was in no pill  
Had to look under the window sill  
The window sill

From certain facts you have to go on and further  
And often it is better to go around or look under  
The window sill

Window sill  
The window sill  
Window sill  
Look under

Window sill  
Window sill  
The cure was in no pill  
Look under

Window sill  
Window sill  
Window sill

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