

Harum Procol

"Monsieur R Monde"

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The bell on my door rang this morning
From the kitchen I called who's that there
Through the letter box came a grappling hook
Which grappled me right out of my chair
Stretched out on the floor I lay helpless
Of my limbs I had lost all command
When into my ear in stilling fear
Said a voice "I am Monsieur R. Monde"
Monsieur R. Monde you are not
That's an incredible thing to say
Why I personally attended his funeral
Which was twelve months to this very day
A rat flew down from the ceiling
Alighted upon my right ear
Said if Monsieur R. Monde is safe under the sod
Then why are you shaking with fear
My name is not Scrooge I said faintly
And from ghosts I have nothing to fear
But if you are R. Monde returned from the dead
Then what are you wanting here
From nowhere I heard a mad cackle

From nowhere a voice to me cried

"Stop calling me Monsieur R. Monde, you fool

My name's Jeckyll and you're Mr. Hyde

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