

Tism

"While My Catarrh Gently Weeps"

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A cold, hard September day -
Dogs barking across the lake -
Rocky Raccoon was heard to say,
"That other Rocky, he's a fake."
In the town the patrons paused,
Swiftly emptied their lagers
And waited for what's in store.
Here is Rocky's embittered saga:
"Paul wrote the lyrics first, then the chords;
Royalties had been settled;
It was in all the stores;
Fame, it seemed, had all but nestled
In my lap. I even met John,
Though only once, and briefly.
Still - there I was, in a song
All about me - well, chiefly.
I came back home, not two miles from here,
Told my folks; even the mayor
Of the town bought my beer.
Well, you remember - what a day - ah -
What a day, what excitement
When we learnt that Rocky Raccoon
Was to be on the Double White Album - it meant
That this town fell into a swoon
Of self-congratulation. But then -
You know! Do I have to go on?
Days after the release, days when
We all were just beginning to know the wrong
Done us, it was in those days
That I knew what hatred meant.
Yes - a false Rocky Raccoon, I says,
An imposter Rocky, diabolical, hell-sent,
Had pinched my spot, and with it fame
And glory. And for evermore on the Double White
The imposter Raccoon, with my name,
Was to reap the rewards, mine by right."

The barmaid flicked the tap, out flowed the larger.
Back at the ranch, Poncho,
Disguised as a door, had his knob shot off.
Rocky was never to be seen again round those parts.

And the townsfolk? Well - never forget,
Always be the one to hand out the Kool-Aid.

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