

Mountain eyes, peeping out of his head
Sipping tea composing in his bed
A hundred hands working on a musical of old
Debussy and Mendlessohn
Handel and Dvorak of old
Child star protege of Mister Gormez
Who said you'd go far
Child star, they do not see just what a precious gem
you'd be
Sad to see them watching you fade into invisibility

Twelve years old, your elvish fingers kiss your Beethoven
hair
The awesome people stare
They're unaware of all the angel sounds they see and hear
Debussy and Mendlessohn
Handel and Dvorak of old
Child star protege of Mister Gormez
Who said you'd go far
Child star and when you died at just thirteen they wept
and wrung their hair
Sad to see them mourning you when you are there
Within the flowers and the trees