

Genie on a Table Top

Al Stewart

I went floating down the street one day
With a song playing in my mind
Hopping and bopping like a ricochet
Bad news was hard to find
There was a hint of syncopation
Coming from the sidewalk and the street
There was a glint of scintillation
Hanging over everyone you'd meet
And it makes me feel okay
Like a big yellow tractor going mowing through a field of hay
Like a genie on a table top surfing through the month of May

I saw a world in the window of a knick-knack shop
And I tossed it in the air
A girl went by with a forget-me-not
And she wore it in her hair
There was a peak of pixillation
And I never noticed it before
There was a jump of jubilation
And it seemed to promise more and more
And it makes me feel okay
Like a big yellow tractor going mowing through a field of hay
Like a genie on a table top surfing through the month of May

Oh she loves me and she loves me
Better than I've ever loved myself
She knows me and she loves me
Better, now I want nobody else
Oh she loves me and she loves me
Better than I've ever loved myself
She knows me and she loves me
Better, now I want nobody else

Percolating through the noonday sun
With wings upon my shoes
I was jumping about in front of everyone
No dignity to lose
There was a rush of animation
Bubbling about inside my soul
There was a rin-tin-tabulation coming
It was so hard to control
And it makes me feel okay
Like a pig with a bucket full of truffles in a French cafe
Like Louis Armstrong playing trumpet on the judgment day
Like a flying boat captain with an amethyst lake below
Like a winner of a marathon rolling in a field of snow
Like a figure skating gigolo looking for a heart to steal
Like a simulated orgasm suddenly becoming real
Like a big yellow tractor going bowling through a field of hay
Like a genie on a table top surfing through the month of May