

# Craise Finton Kirk Royal Academy of Arts

Bee Gees

He smiled and rubbed the stubble on his chin  
He sure shall find the weariness and dreariness of life that's  
growing thin  
Yet, he didn't have so very far to go  
With a pencil in his hand he will travel on as planned  
With a mere step in the mountain to a light

Craise Finton Kirk, see him go, on his way  
Oh, they don't know where he is  
Very very nice, very very nice

Even in the morning when he slept  
Something odd is missing  
There's nothing very much to talk about  
And nothing very much to see

Craise Finton Kirk, see him go, on his way  
Oh, they don't know where he is  
Very very nice, very very nice

Talks about the place he'd like to go  
And you never see the worrying and hurrying that makes a person  
slow  
Yet, you wouldn't think he'd be so hard to find  
Yet, he looks so very busy but there's nothing on his mind  
And his wavy hair continues not to grow

Craise Finton Kirk, see him go, on his way  
Oh, they don't know where he is  
Very very nice, very very nice

Craise Finton Kirk, see him go, on his way  
Oh, they don't know where he is  
Very very nice, very very nice