

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