

I've looked everywhere, Mr. Forbes  
But I can't find the cello or yet the french horn  
And I can't find the harp  
I don't know where it's gone  
And of course, you can't go without that

I've looked everywhere, Mr. Forbes  
But I can't find your clamshells  
Your file or your drill  
And your sheepskin-lined coat is eluding me still  
And of course, you can't go without that

I've looked in the attic, the cellar and hall  
I've looked in the studio, study and all  
I've looked in the chest where I thought it should be  
I've looked in the greenhouses, one, two and three

I've looked everywhere, Mr. Forbes  
But I can't find the dagger and oh why oh why  
Can't I think what I did with that ol' skill and dye  
And of course, you can't go without that  
You can't possibly go without that