

## Down the stairs

Katzenjammer Kabarett

He found an old fat woman  
Waiting down his stairs  
She moved a broken white fan  
That could blow no air

Since he looked so very tired  
She gave him a wheelchair  
It was made of matchsticks burnt  
And could his weight not bear

“ What an awful choice to make  
Take that seat or go to bed  
My body's all so weary  
I'm not too sure I could  
Climb these stairs”

And gathering all drunken strength  
He made his way up there  
But tripped down on the first step  
And broke his neck par terre

“What a wrong choice you did make  
You should have taken my chair  
Your body's all so bloody now and you'll  
Never climb up anywhere ...”

Then she stood and walked with care  
Pulled the body by the hair  
Put that dead meat on the chair  
And she vanished, leaving him there.