

## Mr Price

Katzenjammer Kabarett

Elegant, blond and thin  
He came right from the streets  
To an old cinnamon boutique  
Where a dad a his son  
Kept arguing about opium  
"Many are displaced here  
Where life flows upstream"

What curious eyes this man has!  
Like the shade of something passed  
He looks like a dolphin  
Out of a giant intestine

No living soul he has seen  
For several months, several years  
Cats and men for him are the same  
So as the man and his son  
Who are arguing about opium  
"You may just be spectres  
Or a gloom from my mind"

"What is the name he's been given?  
Maybe Lord something or Earl of else?  
He has not a name yet!  
But we sure shall guess!"

Some said he was a free man  
Or a someone from past times  
Who was the unknown  
If not Mr Price  
But who was Mr Price  
If not a mad man