

Mountain eyes, peeping out of his head ah
Sipping tea, composing in his bed ah
A hundred hands working on a musical of old
Debussy and mendelsshon handel and dvorak of old

Child star, protegee of mister gormez
Who said you'd go far
Child star, they do not see just what a precious
Gem you'd be
Sad to them watching you
Fade into in-ah in-ah-visibility

Twelve yeas old, your elvish fingers kiss your
Beethoven hair, the awesome people stare they're
Unaware of all the angel sounds they see and hear
Debussy and mendelsshon handel and dvorak they hear

Child star, protegee of mister gormez
Who said you'd go far
Child star, and when you died at just thirteen they wept and
Rung their hair
Sad to them mourning you
When you are there within the flowers and the trees