

Alexander The Great

Strawbs

They called him Alexander
With the best band in the land
He'd topped the bill in Paris
But in Venice it was banned
A pile of dusty gold discs
Were among his claims to fame
There was no-one over sixty
Who didn't know his name.

Alexander you were great
The man the critics loved to hate
You could have been as big as the Beatles or the Stones
Alexander you became
The lonely housewife's favourite name
You could have been the greatest of them all.

The gig was held in honour
Of his golden jubilee
He did not need the money
So he said he'd play for free
He got the band together
Who'd been with him through the years
They rehearsed the Alexander songs
And shed nostalgic tears.

The crowd rose to their feet
When Alexander hit the stage
His face had been rebuilt
So that you could not tell his age
He played all of the old songs
And the crowd sang every word
He danced like Margot Fonteyn
And whistled like a bird.

He came on for the encore
But collapsed against the stand
The crowd was hushed, the doctor came
There was panic in the band
He diagnosed a broken heart
The critics had been fed
Their reviews became
Obituary notices instead