

Trip to heave and ho, up down, to and fro'  
you have no word  
trip, trip to a dream dragon  
hide your wings in a ghost tower  
sails cackling at every plate we break  
cracked by scattered needles  
the little minute gong  
coughs and clears his throat  
madam you see before you stand  
hey ho, never be still  
the old original favorite grand  
grasshoppers green Herbarian band  
and the tune they play is "In Us Confide"  
so trip to heave and ho, up down, to and fro'  
you have no word  
Please leave us here  
close our eyes to the octopus ride!  
Isn't it good to be lost in the wood  
isn't it bad so quiet there, in the wood  
meant even less to me than I thought  
with a honey plough of yellow prickly seeds  
clover honey pots and mystic shining feed...  
well, the madcap laughed at the man on the border  
hey ho, huff the Talbot  
"Cheat" he cried shouting kangaroo  
it's true in their tree they cried  
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The madcap laughed at the man on the border  
hey ho, huff the Talbot  
the winds they blew and the leaves did wag  
and they'll never put me in their bag  
the aging seas will reach and always seep  
so high you go, so low you creep  
the wind it blows in tropical heat  
the drones they throng on mossy seats  
the squeaking door will always squeak  
two up, two down we'll never meet  
so merrily trip good my side

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