

Puppet Song

The Incredible String Band

Now you may have observed if you walk into a wall
You get a certain sensation of reality
When you take a look through your memory book
You may perceive a certain rhythmic regularity
The crazy things your mind gets up to when you're away
Throwing clouds of rain over brightest day

There was once a little man
He worked all day and slept all night
He looked at the sun
It didn't seem bright, it didn't seem right
He wondered did the world go rolling along on it's own
Or did some spirit move it with a black cat bone
And he set out to find the causes behind
The events in the world
And the seasons of the mind

So he asked his wife about it, and his wife said yes
Come back and see me if it's time to know less
You do too much questioning of the world at large
Everybody knows the politician's in charge

So he went to the Kinghouse just the next day
To see that politician with his hair dyed grey
Jump down turn around blow you up or kiss the ground
Trying to be the president of the land so gay
He had false pretendies, I had to love his style
Bound to make some havoc with that violin smile
Hey, Salvador Dali, make a walking talking something
You paint some freaky pictures, make a likeness of that man
Muchos dollars if you can

So the little man asked the politician who makes the plan
Who makes the plan, what happens to me
And who has the key

Now you are asking me who makes the scene
His highness King Gold and Madam Silver his queen
They keep it all arustling with the dollars and pounds
And everyone knows that money makes the world go round

So the little man asked King Gold and Madam Silver
Come tell me what you can
And King Gold said, lifting his golden voice from his golden bed

Now money is something, it's a basic flow
And me I am the archetype of jewels and dough
I do a lot of talking both slow and fast
But me make decisions, no of course it's the past
For the past is something, we all have some
And universal history is a bundle of fun
Now I'm getting sleepy, starting to nod
If you want to check the picture, want to check the picture
Want to check it, check it with God

So the little man climbed up on a rickety ladder, to the heavenly lands
And he she'd a tear, 'it's all so queer and it doesn't seem clear'

Now God was sitting easy in a heavenly chair
Breathing deep and lazy on the heavenly air
The little man got near him just to get right from wrong
Said 'God are you responsible for all that goes on'
God looked up from having a heavenly think
He gave that little questioner a heavenly wink, saying

'men have coloured me with the colours of their minds
So I find
They used me as an excuse for all kinds of goofs
And for crimes of all kinds
All your so hard facts painted thinly on the void
Why were you not more pleasantly employed
Anything you want to do, I'm happy if you make it go right
And it's true if it makes you happy you know it makes the
World more bright
And you shall have liberty
It always was yours anyway
You're one of my kind, you're an infinite mind
You make each new day
There's nothing more I can say'