

Porpoise Song

The Monkees

My, my, the clock in the sky is pounding away
And there's so much to say,
A face, a voice, an overdub has no choice,
An image cannot rejoice.

Wanting to be,
To hear and to see,
Crying to the sky.
But the porpoise is laughing, goodbye, goodbye,
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.

Clicks, clacks, riding the backs of giraffes for laughs
S'alright for a while,
The ego sings of castles and kings and things that go
With a life of style.

Wanting to feel,
To know what is real,
Living is a, is a lie,
The porpoise is waiting, goodbye, goodbye,
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye,
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye,
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.