

Oskar Tennis Champion

Momus

Uncle Oskar, an intensely idealistic tennis star
Goes to see a guru at an architecture seminar
It seems the radiant city will soon be ushered in
Where all things will be modular and rational and clean
Green space, tennis, pleasures all planned
And nothing, says the man, to fear or fail to
understand
The world will be 'Ein Lichtspiel Schwartz-Weiss-Grau'
As predicted by the experts at the Bauhaus, Dessau

Oh, Oskar Tennis Champion, we're sorry for your frau
Now Moholy Nagy is your holy cow

My uncle is inspired to start his dream home right away
He steps out of the hall, but in his hurry, to his
great dismay
He fails to see the rake, it bangs him in the face
Causing him to trip and, to his horror and disgrace
A barrel of molasses hanging dangling in the sky
Falls upon my uncle and it hits him in the eye
It trickles down his back, my uncle's quickly stuck
To the sleepers of the nearby monorail track

Oh, Oskar Tennis Champion, uh-oh wow
Who but Le Corbusier could save you now?

Next time we see our hero two experimental trains
Are hurtling down the monorail towards my uncle's balls
and brains
Then comes a bolt of lightning, a sudden cut in power
My uncle sees the whole façade of a residential tower
Crashing down towards him, he doesn't worry though
His survival is assured by the position of the window

Oh, Oskar Tennis Champion, what's up doc?
Help, he goes, send Adolf Loos or the Keystone Cops!

Oh, Oskar Tennis Champion, it's all gone wrong
Who knew you'd see Utopia but you'd be King Kong?

Oskar Tennis Champion, uh-oh wow
Can pompous Walter Gropius save you now?

Ultra-modernism it's a drag
When Jacques Tati and Buster Keaton write your gags