

Squonk

Steve Hackett

Like father like son
Not flesh nor fish nor bone
A red rag hangs from an open mouth
Alive at both ends but a little dead in the middle
A tumbling and a bumbling he will go

All the King's horses and all the King's men
Could never put a smile on my face

He's a sly one, he's a shy one, wouldn't you be too?
Scared to be left all on his own
He hasn't a, hasn't a friend to play with the ugly duckling
The pressure on, the bubble will burst before my eyes

All the while in perfect time
His tears are falling on the ground
But if you don't stand up, you don't stand a chance
Ey ey ey yeh-yeh
You don't stand a chance

Go a little faster now
You might get there in time

Mirror mirror on the wall
His heart was broken long before he ever came to you
Stop your tears from falling
The trail they leave is very clear for all to see at night
All to see at night
They come at night

In season, out of season
Oh, what's the difference when you don't know the reason
In one hand bread, the other a stone
The hunter enters the forest

All are not huntsmen who blow the huntsman's horn
And by the look of this one you've not got much to fear

Here I am, I'm very fierce and frightening
I come to match my skill to yours
Now listen here, listen to me, don't you run away now
I am a friend, I'd really like to play with you

Making noises my little furry friend would make
I'll trick him, then I'll kick him into my sack
You better watch out, you better watch out

I've got you, I've got you
You'll never get away

Walking home that night
The sack across my back, the sound of sobbing on my shoulder
When suddenly it stopped
I opened up the sack, all that I had
A pool of bubbles and tears, just a pool of tears, yeh-yeh-yeh-yeh
Just a pool of tears

All in all you are a very dying race
Placing trust upon a cruel world
You never had the things you thought you should've had
And you'll not get them now
And all the while in perfect time
Your tears are falling on the ground