

## While My Catarrh Gently Weeps

TISM

A cold hard September day, dogs barking across the lake  
Rocky Raccoon was heard to say "That other Rocky - he's a fake"  
In the tavern the patrons paused, softly emptied their lagers  
And waited for what's in store. Here is Rocky's embittered saga

"Paul wrote the lyrics first, then the chords  
Royalties had been settled, it was to be in all the stores  
Fame, it seemed, all but nestled in my lap  
I even met John, but only once and briefly  
Still, there I was in a song all about me, well, chiefly  
I came back home not two miles from here, told my folks  
Even the mayor of the town bought my beer  
Well, you remember. What a day, oh, what a day  
What excitement when we learnt  
That Rocky Raccoon was to be on the Double White Album  
It meant that this town fell into a swoon of self-congratulation  
But then... you know, do I have to go on?

Days after the release,  
days when we were all just beginning to know the wrong done us  
It was in those days that I knew what hatred meant

Yes, a false Rocky Raccoon, I says, an imposter Rocky  
Diabolical, hell-  
sent had pinched my spot, and with it fame and glory  
And forever more on the Double White, the imposter raccoon with  
my name,  
Was to reap the rewards, mine by right"

The barmaid flicked the tap, out flowed the lager  
Meanwhile, back at the ranch -  
Poncho, disguised as door has had his knob shot off  
Rocky was nevermore to be seen again 'round those parts  
And the townsfolk? Well... never forget,  
Always be the one to hand out the Kool-Aid