

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