

Arthur, the Drip

Arthur was a little drip
Who drifted all around
And watched the world from three miles up
In a fluffy cloud
 Arthur's girl was Judy
 A pretty little drip
 Together they sailed the deep blue sky
 In their fluffy ship.
One day Art's cloud darkened
And spit out lightening balls
And Art condensed and Judy cried
As he began to fall.
 Art felt the wind whip by him
 And forced a look around
 And saw millions of fellow drops
 Falling to the ground.
Arthur fell for two miles
And landed on hard dirt
It broke his nose and sprained his brain
And make his ankles hurt
 Art pulled himself together
 To be swept down a drain
 In a flowing raging current
 Of fellow drops of rain.
Art floated in the sewer
And down a drainage pipe
He bobbed and swirled and pitched and rolled
Well into the night
 When the sun bought morning
 Art emptied in a stream
 That emptied to a river
 That emptied in the sea.
Art was a drip no longer
But part of a big sea
He hated to be crowded
With no identity
 He thought of preey Judy
 And the good times that they had
 And knew he loved and missed that girl
 It made him feel real bad.
Arthur bobbed and floated
From mid July to May
When a miracle happened to Arthur Drip
One balmy summer day.
 While floating on the surface
 Of the motionless sea
 Art evaporated
 And drifted skywardly.

(continued)

Up and up and upward
Shot Arthur in the air
Away from hussle bussle
Away from crowds and cares.
 He floated high and mighty
 In the freedom he'd forgot
 He breathed in deep and then gave thanks
 For summers, warm and hot.

Art floated to a cloud
To see if Judy was there
He looked and asked and searched but cried
Cause nobody knew where
 As Arthur got depressed
 He heard a little voice
 His head shot up, he saw his girl
 So pretty, round and moist.

Arthur's lips met Judy's
And two drips became one
Their surface tention merged their minds
And their new life had begun
 Now Art and Judy have love
 In every type of weather
 Knowing that if the storm comes back
 They'll rain to earth together.

Arthur is a little drip
Who drifts all around
And watches the world from three miles up
In a fluffy cloud

Opus 65 (1973)

ARTHUR (THE DRIP)

by Bob Marks

(65)

ART

ARTHUR WAS A LITTLE DRIP THAT DRIFTED ALL AROUND AND
 FLOATED IN A SEWER AND DOWN A DRAINAGE PIPE, HE
 UP AND UP AND UPWARD, SHOT ARTHUR IN THE AIR, A-
 ARTHUR'S LIPS MET JUDY'S AND TWO DRIPS BECAME ONE, THEIR

WATCHED THE WORLD FROM TWO MILES UP IN A FLUFFY CLOUD
 BOBBED AND SWIRLED & PITCHED & ROLLED WELL INTO THE NIGHT
 WAY FROM HUSTLE BUSTLE AND A WAY FROM CROWDS & CARES HE
 SURFACE TENSION MERGED THEIR MINDS A NEW LIFE BE-GUN NOW

ART AND JUDY HAVE LOVE IN

ARTHUR'S GIRL WAS JUDY A PRETTY LITTLE DRIP TO-
 WHEN THE SUN BROUGHT MORNING ART EMPTIED IN A STREAM THAT
 FLOATED HIGH AND MIGHTY IN THE FREEDOM HE'D FOR-GOT HE
 ART AND JUDY HAVE LOVE IN EV-RY TYPE OF WEATHER, KNOW-

-GETHER THEY SAILED THE DEEP BLUE SKY IN THEIR FLUFFY SHIP TO-
 EMPTIED IN A RIVER THAT EMPTIED IN THE SEA
 BREATHED IN DEEP AND THEN GAVE THANKS FOR SUMMERS CALM AND HOT
 ING THAT IF THE STORM COMES BACK THEY'LL RAIN TO EARTH TO-GETHER

to Coda (4th verse)

ART WAS A DRIP NO LONGER AND
 ART FLOATED TO A CLOUD BUT TO

SPIT OUT LIGHT-NING BALLS AND ART CONDENSED & JUDY CRIED AS
 PART OF A BIG SEA HE HATED TO BE CROWDED WITH
 SEE IF JUDY WAS THERE HE LOOKED & ASKED & SEARCHED BUT CRIED CAUSE

E A G D

HE BEGAN TO FALL. ART FELT THE WIND WHIP BY HIM, AND
 NO IDENTI- TY. HE THOUGHT OF PRETTY JUDY AND THE
 NO- BODY KNEW WHERE. AS ARTHUR GOT DEPRESSED HE

G D G D

WHEN HE LOOKED AROUND, HE SAW MILLIONS OF FELLOW DROPS
 GOOD TIMES THEY HAD HAD AND KNEW HE LOVED & MISSED THAT GIRL & IT
 HEARD A LITTLE VOICE HIS HEAD SHOT UP, HE SAW HIS GIRL SO

A⁷ D

FALLING TO THE GROUND
 MADE ART FEEL SO BAD
 PRETTY ROUND AND MOIST

ON THIRD
 VERSE
 al Coda

G D G D

ARTHUR FELL FOR TWO MILES, AND SPLATTED ON HARD DIRT IT
 ARTHUR BOBBED FLOATED FROM MID JULY TO MAY WHEN A

G D E A

BROKE HIS NOSE AND SPRAINED HIS BRAIN? MADE HIS ANKLES HURT BUT ART
 MIRACLE HAPPENED TO ARTHUR DRIP ONE CALM HOT SUMMER DAY WHILE

G D G D

PULLED HIMSELF TO GETHER TO BE SWEEPED DOWN A DRAIN IN A
 FLOATING ON THE SURFACE OF THE MOTIONLESS SEA

G D A D REPEAT TWICE

FLOWING RAGING TORRENT OF FELLOW DROPS OF RAIN
ART EVAPORATED AND HE DRIFTED SKYWARDLY

ART

Coda

ARTHUR IS A LITTLE DRIP THAT DRIFTS ALL AROUND AND

WATCHES THE WORLD FROM TWO MILES UP IN A FLUFFY CLOUD

"ARTHUR (THE DRIP)"

(OPUS 65)

by
ROBERT J.
MARKS II

(SLOW) - ARTHUR WAS A LITTLE DRIP THAT DRIFTED ALL A-ROUND AND
(LIGHT)(ART) FLOATED IN A SEWER AND DOWN A DRAINAGE PIPE, HE
(HARD)(-) UP AND UP AND UPWARD SHOT ARTHUR IN THE AIR A -
(SLOW)(WELL) ARTHUR'S LIPS MET JUDY'S AND TWO DRIPS BECAME ONE, THEIR

WATCHED THE WORLD FROM TWO MILES UP IN A FLUFFY CLOUD -
BOBBED AND SWIRLED & PITCHED & ROLLED WELL IN- TO THE NIGHT -
-WAY FROM HUSSLE BUSSEL - A-WAY FROM CROWDS AND CARES HE
SURFACE TENSION MERGED THEIR MINDS & A NEW LIFE BE-GUN NOW

(FAST: A) ARTHUR'S GIRL WAS JUDY - A PRETTY LITTLE DRIP TO -
WHEN THE SUN BROUGHT MORNING - ART EM-TIED IN A STREAM WHICH
FLOATED HI AND MIGHTY IN THE FREEDOM HE'D FOR - GOT HE
ART AND JUDY HAVE LOVE IN EV-RY TYPE OF WEATHER KNOW

-GETHER THEY SAILED THE DEEP BLUE SKY - IN THEIR FLUFFY SHIP (HARD) WELL
EM-TIED IN A RIVER THAT - EM-TIED IN THE SEA (LIGHT) ART
BREA-THE-D IN DEEP AND THEN GAVE THANKS FOR SUMMERS CALM AND HOT ART
-ING THAT IF THE STORM COMES BACK THEY'LL RAIN TO EARTH TOGETHER WELL

ONE DAY ART'S CLOUD DARKENED AND SPIT OUT LIGHTNING BALLS AND ART CONDENSED & JUDY CRIED AS
WAS A DRIP NO LONGER BUT PART OF A BIG SEA HE HATED TO BE CROWDED - WITH
FLOATED TO A CLOUD TO SEE IF JUDY WAS THERE HE LOOKED & ASKED & SEARCHED BUT CRIED CAUSE

HE BE-CAN TO FALL, ART FELT THE WIND WHIP BY HIM - AND FORCED A LOOK AROUND TO
NO ID-EN-TI-TY HE THOUGHT OF PRETTY JUDY AND THE GOOD TIMES THEY HAD HAD AND
NO-BO-DY KNEW WHERE AS ARTHUR GOT DEPRESSED - HE HEARD A TINY VOICE HIS

G D A7 D

SEE MILLIONS OF FELLOW DROPS FALLING TO THE GROUND (LIGHTER) —
 KNEW HE LOVED AND MISSED THAT GIRL, IT MADE ART FEEL SO BAD (HARDER) WELL
 HEAD SHOT UP, HE SAW HIS GIRL SO PRETTY 'ROUND AND MOIST WELL

TO B.
 of CODA

D G D G D

ARTHUR FELL FOR TWO MILES AND SPATTED ON HARD DIRT IT BROKE HIS NOSE & STRAINED HIS BRAINE
 ARTHUR BOBBED & FLOATED FROM MID JULY TO MAY WHEN A MIRACLE HAPPENED TO ARTHUR DRIPONE

E A D

MADE HIS ANKLE'S HURT ART PULLED HIM-SELF TO-GETHER TO BE
 CALM HOT SUMMER DAY WHILE FLOATING ON THE SURFACE — OF

G D G D A D

SWEPT DOWN A DRAIN IN A FLOWING RAGING TORRENT OF FELLOW DROPS OF RAIN ART
 THE MOTIONLESS SEA, WELL, ART EVAPORATED AND HE DRIFTED SKYWARDLY (—)

⊕ CODA

G D G D A

(FAST) ARTHUR IS A LIT-TLE DRIP THAT DRIFTS ALL A - ROUND AND

D A D G A A7 D

WATCHES THE WORLD FROM TWO MILES UP IN A FLUFFY CLOUD