Arthur, the Drip

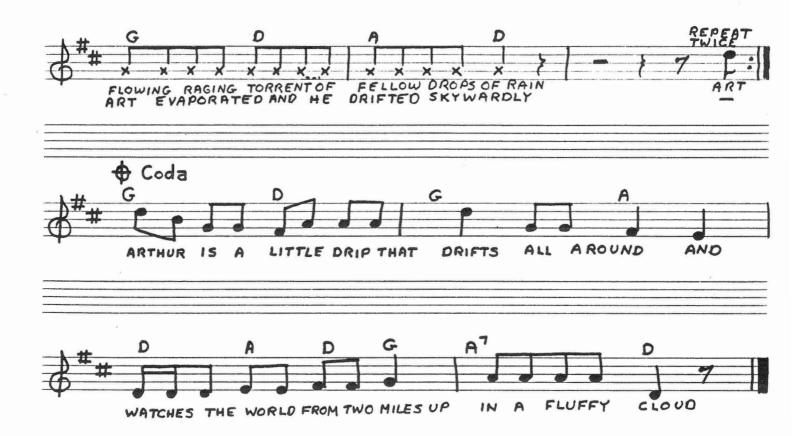
Arthur was a little drip Who drifted all around And watched the world from three miles up In a fluffy cloud Arthur's girl was Judy A pretty little drip Together they sailed the deep blue sky In their fluffy ship. One day Art's cloud darkened And spit out lightening balls And Art condensed and Judy cried 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.

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

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ARTHUR (THE DRIP)" ROBERT J. MARKS IE (OPUS 65) .8. (SLOW) LITTLE DRIP THAT DRIFTED ALL A - ROUND AND WAS A ARTHUR FLOATED IN A SEWER (LIGHT) (ART) AND DOWN A DRAINAGE PIPE, HE ARTHUR IN THE AIR (HARD)(-) UP AND UP AND UPWARD SHOT (SLOW) (WELL ARTHUR'S LIPS MET JUDY'S AND TWO ORIPS BECAME ONE THEIR D FLUFFY TO THE CLOUD WATCHED THE WOPLD FROM TWO MILES UP BOBELD AND SWIRLED & PITCHED & ROLLED -WAY FROM HUSSLE BUSSEL - A IN NIGHT TO WELL IN-- A- WAY FROM CROWDS AND CARES HE SURFACE TENSION MERGED THEIR MINDS & NEW LIFE GUN BE Now (FAST PARTHUR'S GIRL WAS JUDY TO-PRETTY LITTLE DRIP A WHEN THE SUN BROUGHT MOPNING --ART EMTIED IN A STREAM WHICH HE'D FOR FLOATED HT AND MIGHTY THE FREEDOM GOT HE WEATHER IN HAVE LOVE ART AND JUDY TN EV-RY TYPE OF KNOW TO, CODA IN THEIR FLUFFY SHIP (HARD) WELL EM-TIED IN THE SEA (LIGHTY) RT SUMMERS CALM AND HOT ART -GETHER THEY SAILED THE DEEP BLUESKY RIVER THAT THEN GAVE THANK BREATHED IN RIVER. TIED IN DEEP NO -ING THAT IF THE STORM COMES BACK THEY'LL RAIN TO EARTH TOGETHER WELL ONE DAY ARTS 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 TO SEE IF JUDY WAS THEFE HE LOOKED JASKED & SEARCHED BUT CRIED CAUSE FLOATED TO A CLOUD E ART FELT THE WIND WHIP BY HIM-AND FORCED & LOOK A POUND HE. BE-GAN TO FALL. TO 10-EN.TI-TY HE THOUGHT OF PRETTY JUDY AND THE GOOD TIMES THEY HAD HAD NO AND NO BO - DY KNEW WHERE AS ARTHUR GOT DEPRESSED - HE HEARDA TINY VOICE HIS

G D D SEE MILLIONS OF FALLING TO THE GROUND FEL LOW DROPS (LIGHTER) KNEW HE LOVED AND MISSED THAT GIRL, IT HEAD SHOT UP, HE SAW HIS GIRL SO MADE ART FEEL SO BAD (HARDER) WELL PRETTY ROUND AND WELL MOIST al CODA G D ARTHUR FELL FOR TWO MILES AND SPATTED ON HARD DIRT BROKE HIS NOSE ESRAINED HIS BRAINE IT FROM MIDJULY TO MAY WHEN & MIRACLE HAPPENED TO ARTHUR DRIPONE ARTHUR BOBBED & FLOATED PULLED HIM-SELF TO-GETHER BE 70 MADE HIS ANKLE'S HURT ART OF FLOATING ON THE SURFACE -CALM HOT SUMMER DAY WHILE 1 DOWN A DRAIN IN A FLOWING RAGING TORRENT OF FELLOW DROPS OF RAIN SWEPT ART THE MOTIONLESS SEA, WELL, ART EVAPORATED AND HE DRIFTED SKYWARDLY (-----CODA G (FAST) ARTHUR IS A LIT-TLE DRIP THAT DRIFTS ALL A -ROUND AND 7 WATCHES THE WORLD FROM TWO MILES UP IN A FLUFFY CLOUD