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

(Verse 1)

Arthur was a little drip that drifted all around and up and up and upward shot Arthur in the air; Arthur's lips met Judy's and two drips became one, their

WATCHED THE WORLD FROM TWO MILES UP IN A FLUFFY CLOUD WELT INTO THE NIGHT BOBBED AND SWIRLED & PITCHED & ROLLED WAY FROM MUSCLE BUSTLE AND A WAY FROM CROWDS & CARES. SURFACE TENSION MERGED THEIR MINDS; A NEW LIFE BE-GON NOW

ARTHUR'S GIRL WAS JUDY WHEN THE SUN BROUGHT MORNING A PRETTY LITTLE Drip TO- FLOATED HIGH AND MIGHTY IN THE FREEDOM HE'D FOR-GOT MARY AND JUDY HAVE LOVE IN EV'RY TYPE OF WEATHER, NOW.

GETHER THEY SAILED THE DEEP BLUE SKY IN THEIR FLUFFY SHIP EMBRACED IN A RIVER THAT EMBRACED 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

(Chorus)

coda (Verse)  G  D  ONE DAY ART'S CLOUD DARKENED AND ART WAS A Drip NO LONGER BUT ART FLOATED TO A CLOUD TO

G  D  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
He began to fall, Art felt the wind whip by him, and no identity. He thought of Pretty Judy and the nobody knew where. As Arthur got depressed he

When he looked around, he saw millions of fellow drops. He knew he loved & missed that girl & it heard a little voice his head shot up, he saw his girl so

Falling to the ground made Art feel so bad. Pretty round and moist.

Arthur fell for two miles, and splattered on hard dirt. It Arthur bobbed floated from mid July to May when a

Broke his nose and sprained his brains. Made his ankles hurt. But Art miracle happened to Arthur drip one calm hot summer day while

Pulled himself together to be floating on the surface of the motionless sea —
FLOWING RAGING TORRENT OF FELLOW DROPS OF RAIN
ART EVAPORATED AND HE DRIFTED SKYWARDLY

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)"
(COPUS 65)

Robert J. Marks II

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

WATCHE THE WORLD FROM TWO MILES UP IN A FLUFFY CLOUD -
-ooked and swirled like a pitched rolled well in - to the night -
-WAY FROM MUSSLE BREEZE - A WAY FROM CROWDS AND CARES HE
-SURFACE TENSION MERGED THEIR MINDS A NEW LIFE BEGAN NOW

(FAST) - ARTHUR'S GIRL WAS JUDY - A PRETTY LITTLE DRIP TO-
-WHEN THE SUN BROUGHT MORNING - ART ENTERED IN A STREAM WHICH
-FLOATED HE AND MIGHTY IN THE FREEDOM HE' D FORGOT HE
-ART AND JUDY HAVE LOVE IN EVERY 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)
-BREATHE IN DEEP AND THEN GAVE THANKS FOR SUMMER CALM AND HOT
-ING THAT IF THE STORM COMES BACK THEY'LL PAIN 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 SHAKED SEARCHED BUT CRIED COUSE

HE BEGAN TO FALL. ART FELT THE WIND WHIPE BY HIM - AND FORCED A LOOK AROUND TO
-NO 10 - EN TIT - Ty - HE THOUGHT OF PRETTY JUDY AND THE GOOD TIMES THEY HAD HAD
-NO BOY KNEW WHERE AS ARTHUR GOT DEPRESSED - HE HEARD A TINY VOICE HIS
SEE MILLIONS OF FELLOW DROPS KNEW HE LOVED AND MISSED THAT GIRL, IT MADE ART FEEL SO BAD (LIGHTER) FALLING TO THE GROUND (HARDER) WELL HEAD SHOT UP, HE SAW HIS GIRL'S PRETTY ROUND AND MOIST

ARThUR FELL FOR TWO MILES AND SPATTED ON HARD DIRT IT BROKE HIS NOSE & STRAINED HIS BRAIN ARThUR BOBBED & FLOATED FROM MID-JULY TO MAY WHEN A MIRACLE HAPPENED TO ANDRTo OPION

MADE HIS ANKLE'S HURT CALM HOT SUMMER DAY ART PULLED HIMSELF TOGETHER TO BE

Swept down a drain in a flowing raging torrent of fellow drops of rain the motionless sea, well, art evaporated and he drifted skywardly

(CODA)

(Fast) Arthur is a little drip that drifts all around and

WATCHES THE WORLD FROM TWO MILES UP IN A FLUFFY CLOUD