

THE GODS AREN'T CRAZY

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Look out your window and what do you spy
Rain falling out of a sunshiny sky
It's changing to hailstones that weigh half a ton
With seven live frogs hopping out of each one
It's not the last judgement, stop wailing of sin
It's only the gods at wine tasting again

And it's...

Chorus: Drink, drink to Charlie Fort's memory
Marvelous doings and marvelous sights
Drink, drink, we may as well join them
The gods are not crazy, they're higher than kites

When strange objects tumble from out of the clouds
Stay under cover for Thor's gotten plowed
Those strange man-like creatures are not saucer men
But shape shifting Mercury's plastered again
It's not Armageddon, it's only a sign
That this season's ambrosia really is fine
So...

Weird cloven hoofprints dance all up and down
To glow on the streets and the walls of your town
Made by a creature that runs on two legs
Plus the sheep are all pregnant and the rooster's laid eggs
Don't blame the devil or run to the hills
It's only old Pan and he's crocked to the gills
So...

Eerie light blossom all over the sky
Put on your sunscreen, Apollo is high
The boulders have moved and the animals talk
And a tiddly great goddess is out for a walk
Don't wail of U-FOs, there's nothing to fear
Just be thankful the drink's not this good every year
And it's...