

*the flexor of the hip**2. mylohyoid groove**lotta (Bm F# G A)*

chew on this: your bones are hollow  
once you lose your marrow... once your lifeblood's gone.  
chew on this before you swallow:  
the trials that follow just go on and on.

alas, poor fellow, not yet chopfallen:  
the pipes are callin' – oh, danny boys.  
and in the castle, something's rotten...  
have you forgotten? all is but toys.

all the mirth and all the manna  
and all the moments – these too shall pass.  
a thousand years, a thousand philistines,  
one longhaired hippie, and the jawbone of an ass.