

Friends Friends Friend

Audience

I had a friend who had a friend that knew a man
Who didn't look unlike Toulouse Lautrec
And every chance he'd get this man would play his Pipes of Pan
Invoking scenes that no-one could forget

The one dreary day the man began to play
And the greyness of the day just blew away

And as he stood there in a trance
The people all around began to dance
And as they listened every trace
Of lines of care were gone from every face

Then came something strange the piper's tune began to change
And broke the spell that held the village folk
Al lof those who saw declared there was a man no more
As all around him grew a misted cloak

Though the music played the man was seen to fade
And vanish in a sweetly scented smoke
And vanish in a sweetly scented smoke
And vanish in a sweetly scented smoke