

I've looked everywhere, Mr. Forbes
But I can't find the cello or yet the french horn
And I can't find the harp
I don't know where it's gone
And of course, you can't go without that

I've looked everywhere, Mr. Forbes
But I can't find your clamshells
Your file or your drill
And your sheepskin-lined coat is eluding me still
And of course, you can't go without that

I've looked in the attic, the cellar and hall
I've looked in the studio, study and all
I've looked in the chest where I thought it should be
I've looked in the greenhouses, one, two and three

I've looked everywhere, Mr. Forbes
But I can't find the dagger and oh why oh why
Can't I think what I did with that ol' skill and dye
And of course, you can't go without that
You can't possibly go without that