I Am The Walrus by The Beatles

Fill in the gaps

I am he as you are he as you are me and we are all together	Semolina pilchard climbing up the Eiffel Tower
See how they run like pigs from a gun, see how they fly	Elementary penguin singing Hare Krishna
I'm crying	Man, you should've seen (4) kicking
Sitting on a cornflake, waiting for the van to come	(5) Allan Poe
Corporation T-shirt, stupid bloody Tuesday	I am the Eggman
Man, you've been a naughty boy, you let your face grow long	They are the Eggmen
I am the Eggman	I am the Walrus
They are the Eggmen	Goo-goo-ga-joob-goo-goo-ga-joob
I am the Walrus	Goo-goo-ga-joob-goo-goo-ga-joob
Goo-goo-ga-joob	Goo-goo-ga-joob-goo-goo-ga-joob
Mister city, policeman sitting, pretty little policemen in a row	Juba, juba, juba
See how they fly like Lucy in the Sky, see how they run	Juba, juba
I'm crying	Juba, juba
I'm crying	Juba, juba, stick it up your joompah
I'm crying	Oompah, oompah, stick it up your joompah
I'm crying	Oompah, oompah, stick it up your joompah
Yellow matter custard dripping from a dead dog's eye	Everyone's got one
Crabalocker fishwife, pornographic priestess	Oompah, oompah, stick it up your joompah
Boy, you've been a (1) girl, you let your	Everyone's got one
knickers down	Everyone's got one
I am the Eggman	Everyone's got one
They are the Eggmen	Oompah, oompah, (6) it up your joompah
I am the Walrus	Oompah, oompah, (7) it up your joompah
Goo-goo-ga-joob	[Here's the Shakespeare that occurs at the end of 'I Am The
Sitting in an English garden, (2) for the sun	Walrus.'
If the sun don't come you get a tan from standing in the	King Lear Act Four, Scene 6, lines 249-259:]
English rain	Oswald: Slave, (8) hast slain me. Villain, take my
I am the Eggman	purse.
They are the Eggmen	If ever thou (9) thrive, bury my body
I am the Walrus	And give the (10) which you find'st about
Goo-goo-ga-joob-goo-goo-goo-ga-joob	me
Expert texpert, choking smokers	To Edmund, Earl of Gloucester. Seek him out
Don't you think the Joker (3) at you?	Upon the English party. O, untimely death!
Ho-ho-hee-hee-ha-ha-ha	Death! [He dies]
See how they smile like pigs in a sty, see how they snide	Edgar: I know thee well: a serviceable villain, As duteous to
I'm crying	the vices of thy mistress As badness would desire.
	Gloucester: What, is he dead?
	Edgar: Sit you down, father. Rest you. [Gloucester sits.]



- 1. naughty
- 2. waiting
- 3. laughs
- 4. them
- 5. Edgar
- 6. stick
- 7. stick
- 8. thou
- 9. wilt
- 10. letters

Fill in the gaps