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



## 1. pretty

- 2. dead
- 3. Hare
- 4. your
- 5. stick
- 6. slain
- 7. ever
- 8. letters
- 9. which
- 10. know

## Fill in the gaps