TAM The Walrus by The Beatles

I'm crying

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



1. your

- 2. policemen
- 3. matter
- 4. dead
- 5. standing
- 6. stick
- 7. stick
- 8. Lear

Fill in the gaps