

## *Arthur, the Drip*

Arthur was a little drip  
Who drifted all around  
And watched the world from three miles up  
In a fluffy cloud  
    Arthur's girl was Judy  
    A pretty little drip  
    Together they sailed the deep blue sky  
    In their fluffy ship.  
One day Art's cloud darkened  
And spit out lightening balls  
And Art condensed and Judy cried  
As he began to fall.  
    Art felt the wind whip by him  
    And forced a look around  
    And saw millions of fellow drops  
    Falling to the ground.  
Arthur fell for two miles  
And landed on hard dirt  
It broke his nose and sprained his brain  
And made his ankles hurt  
    Art pulled himself together  
    To be swept down a drain  
    In a flowing raging current  
    Of fellow drops of rain.  
Art floated in the sewer  
And down a drainage pipe  
He bobbed and swirled and pitched and rolled  
Well into the night  
    When the sun brought morning  
    Art emptied in a stream  
    That emptied to a river  
    That emptied in the sea.  
Art was a drip no longer  
But part of a big sea  
He hated to be crowded  
With no identity  
    He thought of preey Judy  
    And the good times that they had  
    And knew he loved and missed that girl  
    It made him feel real bad.  
Arthur bobbed and floated  
From mid July to May  
When a miracle happened to Arthur Drip  
One balmy summer day.  
    While floating on the surface  
    Of the motionless sea  
    Art evaporated  
    And drifted skywardly.

(continued)

Up and up and upward  
Shot Arthur in the air  
Away from hussle bussle  
Away from crowds and cares.  
    He floated high and mighty  
    In the freedom he'd forgot  
    He breathed in deep and then gave thanks  
    For summers, warm and hot.

Art floated to a cloud  
To see if Judy was there  
He looked and asked and searched but cried  
Cause nobody knew where  
    As Arthur got depressed  
    He heard a little voice  
    His head shot up, he saw his girl  
    So pretty, round and moist.

Arthur's lips met Judy's  
And two drips became one  
Their surface tention merged their minds  
And their new life had begun  
    Now Art and Judy have love  
    In every type of weather  
    Knowing that if the storm comes back  
    They'll rain to earth together.

Arthur is a little drip  
Who drifts all around  
And watches the world from three miles up  
In a fluffy cloud

*Opus 65 (1973)*

# ARTHUR (THE DRIP)

by Bob Marks

(65)

ART

ARTHUR WAS A LITTLE DRIP THAT DRIFTED ALL AROUND AND  
 FLOATED IN A SEWER AND DOWN A DRAINAGE PIPE, HE  
 UP AND UP AND UPWARD, SHOT ARTHUR IN THE AIR, A-  
 ARTHUR'S LIPS MET JUDY'S AND TWO DRIPS BECAME ONE, THEIR

WATCHED THE WORLD FROM TWO MILES UP IN A FLUFFY CLOUD  
 BOBBED AND SWIRLED & PITCHED & ROLLED WELL INTO THE NIGHT  
 - WAY FROM HUSTLE BUSTLE AND A WAY FROM CROWDS & CARES HE  
 SURFACE TENSION MERGED THEIR MINDS A NEW LIFE BE-GUN NOW

ARTHUR'S GIRL WAS JUDY A PRETTY LITTLE DRIP TO-  
 WHEN THE SUN BROUGHT MORNING ART EMPTIED IN A STREAM THAT  
 FLOATED HIGH AND MIGHTY IN THE FREEDOM HE'D FOR-GOT HE  
 ART AND JUDY HAVE LOVE IN EV-RY TYPE OF WEATHER, KNOW-

-GETHER THEY SAILED THE DEEP BLUE SKY IN THEIR FLUFFY SHIP -  
 EMPTIED IN A RIVER THAT EMPTIED IN THE SEA -  
 BREATHED IN DEEP AND THEN GAVE THANKS FOR SUMMERS CALM AND HOT -  
 ING THAT IF THE STORM COMES BACK THEY'LL RAIN TO EARTH TO-GETHER

to  
 Coda  
 (4th verse)

ART WAS A DRIP NO LONGER AND  
 ART FLOATED TO A CLOUD BUT  
 TO

SPIT OUT LIGHT-NING BALLS AND  
 PART OF A BIG SEA HE  
 SEE IF JUDY WAS THERE HE  
 ART CONDENSED & JUDY CRIED AS  
 HATED TO BE CROWDED WITH  
 LOOKED & ASKED & SEARCHED BUT CRIED CAUSE

E A G D

HE BEGAN TO FALL. ART FELT THE WIND WHIP BY HIM, AND  
 NO IDENTI- TY. HE THOUGHT OF PRETTY JUDY AND THE  
 NO- BODY KNEW WHERE. AS ARTHUR GOT DEPRESSED HE

G D G D

WHEN HE LOOKED AROUND, HE SAW MILLIONS OF FELLOW DROPS  
 GOOD TIMES THEY HAD HAD AND KNEW HE LOVED & MISSED THAT GIRL & IT  
 HEARD A LITTLE VOICE HIS HEAD SHOT UP, HE SAW HIS GIRL SO

A<sup>7</sup> D

FALLING TO THE GROUND  
 MADE ART FEEL SO BAD  
 PRETTY ROUND AND MOIST

ON THIRD VERSE  
 al Coda

G D G D

ARTHUR FELL FOR TWO MILES, AND SPLATTED ON HARD DIRT IT  
 ARTHUR BOBBED FLOATED FROM MID JULY TO MAY WHEN A

G D E A

BROKE HIS NOSE AND SPRAINED HIS BRAIN? MADE HIS ANKLES HURT BUT ART  
 MIRACLE HAPPENED TO ARTHUR DRIP ONE CALM HOT SUMMER DAY WHILE

G D G D

PULLED HIMSELF TO GETHER TO BE SWEEPED DOWN A DRAIN IN A  
 FLOATING ON THE SURFACE OF THE MOTIONLESS SEA

FLOWING RAGING TORRENT OF FELLOW DROPS OF RAIN  
 ART EVAPORATED AND HE DRIFTED SKYWARDLY

REPEAT TWICE  
ART

Coda  
 ARTHUR IS A LITTLE DRIP THAT DRIFTS ALL AROUND AND

WATCHES THE WORLD FROM TWO MILES UP IN A FLUFFY CLOUD

# "ARTHUR (THE DRIP)"

(OPUS 65)

by  
ROBERT J.  
MARKS II

(SLOW) - ARTHUR WAS A LITTLE DRIP THAT DRIFTED ALL A-ROUND AND  
(LIGHT)(ART) FLOATED IN A SEWER AND DOWN A DRAINAGE PIPE, HE  
(HARD)(-) UP AND UP AND UPWARD SHOT ARTHUR IN THE AIR A -  
(SLOW)(WELL) ARTHUR'S LIPS MET JUDY'S AND TWO DRIPS BECAME ONE, THEIR

WATCHED THE WORLD FROM TWO MILES UP IN A FLUFFY CLOUD -  
BOBBED AND SWIRLED & PITCHED & ROLLED WELL IN- TO THE NIGHT -  
-WAY FROM HUSSLE BUSSEL - A-WAY FROM CROWDS AND CARES HE  
SURFACE TENSION MERGED THEIR MINDS & A NEW LIFE BE-GUN NOW

(FAST: A) ARTHUR'S GIRL WAS JUDY - A PRETTY LITTLE DRIP TO -  
WHEN THE SUN BROUGHT MORNING - ART EM-TIED IN A STREAM WHICH  
FLOATED HI AND MIGHTY IN THE FREEDOM HE'D FOR - GOT HE  
ART AND JUDY HAVE LOVE IN EV-RY TYPE OF WEATHER KNOW

-GETHER THEY SAILED THE DEEP BLUE SKY - IN THEIR FLUFFY SHIP (HARD) WELL  
EM-TIED IN A RIVER THAT - EM-TIED IN THE SEA (LIGHT) ART  
BREA-THE-D IN DEEP AND THEN GAVE THANKS FOR SUMMERS CALM AND HOT ART  
-ING THAT IF THE STORM COMES BACK THEY'LL RAIN TO EARTH TOGETHER WELL

ONE DAY ART'S CLOUD DARKENED AND SPIT OUT LIGHTNING BALLS AND ART CONDENSED & JUDY CRIED AS  
WAS A DRIP NO LONGER BUT PART OF A BIG SEA HE HATED TO BE CROWDED - WITH  
FLOATED TO A CLOUD TO SEE IF JUDY WAS THERE HE LOOKED & ASKED & SEARCHED BUT CRIED CAUSE

HE BE-CAN TO FALL, ART FELT THE WIND WHIP BY HIM - AND FORCED A LOOK AROUND TO  
NO ID-EN-TI-TY HE THOUGHT OF PRETTY JUDY AND THE GOOD TIMES THEY HAD HAD AND  
NO-BO-DY KNEW WHERE AS ARTHUR GOT DEPRESSED - HE HEARD A TINY VOICE HIS

G D A7 D

SEE MILLIONS OF FELLOW DROPS FALLING TO THE GROUND (LIGHTER) —  
 KNEW HE LOVED AND MISSED THAT GIRL, IT MADE ART FEEL SO BAD (HARDER) WELL  
 HEAD SHOT UP, HE SAW HIS GIRL SO PRETTY 'ROUND AND MOIST WELL

TO B.  
 of CODA

D G D G D

ARTHUR FELL FOR TWO MILES AND SPATTED ON HARD DIRT IT BROKE HIS NOSE & STRAINED HIS BRAINE  
 ARTHUR BOBBED & FLOATED FROM MID JULY TO MAY WHEN A MIRACLE HAPPENED TO ARTHUR DRIPONE

E A D

MADE HIS ANKLE'S HURT ART PULLED HIM-SELF TO-GETHER TO BE  
 CALM HOT SUMMER DAY WHILE FLOATING ON THE SURFACE — OF

G D G D A D

SWEPT DOWN A DRAIN IN A FLOWING RAGING TORRENT OF FELLOW DROPS OF RAIN ART  
 THE MOTIONLESS SEA, WELL, ART EVAPORATED AND HE DRIFTED SKYWARDLY (—)

⊕ CODA

G D G D A

(FAST) ARTHUR IS A LIT-TLE DRIP THAT DRIFTS ALL A - ROUND AND

D A D G A A7 D

WATCHES THE WORLD FROM TWO MILES UP IN A FLUFFY CLOUD