He went to Paris, looking for answers
to questions that bothered him so.
He was impressive, young and aggressive
saving the world on his own.
But the warm summer breezes, the French wine
and cheeses, put his ambition at bay...
Summers and Winters, scattered like splinters
and four or five years, slipped away.
Then he went to England, played the piano
and married an actress named Kim.
They had a fine life, she was a good wife
and bore him a young son named Jim.
All of the answers and all of the questions
he locked in his attic one day....
'Cuz he liked the quiet, clean country living
and twenty more years, slipped away.
Well the war took his baby, bombs killed
his lady and left him with only one eye.
His body was battered, his whole world was
shattered and all he could do was just cry.
While the tears were a fallin' he was recallin'
answers he never found.
So he hopped on a freighter, skidded the
ocean and left England without a sound.
Now he lives in the islands, fishes the pilin's and
drinks his Green Label each day.
(Writing his memoirs, losing his hearing,
but he don't care what most people say.
Through 86 years of perpetual motion
if he likes you he'll smile and he'll say...
"Some of it's magic, some of it's tragic,
but I had a good life all the way."
And he went to Paris, looking for answers
to questions that bothered him so.