

THE HYPERTENSION KID

LYRIC BY CLIVE JAMES / MUSIC BY PETE ATKIN

Fm

1. LAST NIGHT I MET THE HYP-ER-TENSION

Db7

KID GRIM-LY CHAS-ING SHORTS WITH HALVES OF BITT-ER IN A

CM **Bb**

MAYFAIR CLUB THEY CALL THE EARL-Y QUITT-ER ME

G7 **Eb** **Db**

MET MY EYES AND HIT ME FOR A QUID 2. "I SPEND

Fm

FOR-TUNES IN THIS RAT-TRAP" SMO THE KID "BUT THE PLUSH AND FLOCK SOAK

Db7 **CM**

UP THE BRAIN'S KER-FUFF-LE AND I LIKE TO SEE A SERV-ILE BAR-MAN

Bb **G7** **Eb**

SHUFF-LE IF SYM-PATH-Y'S YOUR NEED LET'S HEAR YOUR

Db **1-8** **9** **Fm**

BID "IT'S MY

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3. "It's my lousy memory" I told the Kid
"What other men forget I still remember
The flies are still alive inside the amber
It's a garbage can with rubbish for a lid"
4. "Your metaphors are murder" said the Kid
"I know the mood - give in to it a little
The man who shatters is the man who's brittle
Lay off the brakes and steer into the skid"
5. "Strained virtue warps the soul" announced the Kid
"Those forced attempts at cleanliness that linger
Like soap between your wedding ring and finger
They're residues of which you're better rid"
6. "For evil" said the Hypertension Kid
"Is better contemplated in the deeds of others
Mass-murderers and men who knife their mothers
Be glad that what you've done is all you did"
7. "With me the problem's women" said the Kid
"Befuddled, fondled under separate covers
And one and all they've gone to other lovers
As I powered down to zero from the grid"
8. "But I love the little darlings" sighed the Kid
"The slide from grace is really more like gliding
And I've found the trick is not to stop the sliding
But to find a graceful way of staying slid"
9. "As for the dreadful memories" said the Kid
"The waste and poison in the spirit's river
Relax your hands and let the bastards quiver
They tremble more the more you keep it hid"
10. We turned to leave the bar, me and the Kid
I with lightened head and lessened terror
Toward the street, and he into the mirror
My second self, the Hypertension Kid