

A Fitting Song

They're fitting the King, which is fitting indeed
For a king should be fit as a fiddle.
The sleeves must be long enough, trousers without a cuff
And leave some room for his middle.

The King is in changing; his clothes rearranging
To change to a style much more suitable.
He found a new fashion which now is his passion
A truth that we find irrefutable.

They say that only the wise can see, for the magic suit is invisible.
I hope that I have the wisdom in me; if I don't, I know I'll be miserable.

And so it begins at a quarter past ten, a parade of the King and his notables.
The new clothes he's wearing are beyond all comparing.
That's what I've been told and it's quotable!
The new clothes he's wearing are beyond all comparing.
That's what I've been told and it's quotable!