

Parsifal is a private and public figure just waiting to be born,

Like growing up from childhood to an adult for strip and pawn;

But really he's got common sense or money just enough to get him by,

Because he's on this quest and journey for Godly pie up in the sky.

If he was written and right and writing he wants to try and fly,

But really he's only in the mind of the writer like a theologian in his eye;

For he really has to manage himself and nearly everybody else,

But he's a one man bound on his own two feet for the quest of himself.

Now people want him public but he is privately concerned with himself,

As privately he wanders in the mind from book to book on the shelf;

So if he's at home with you now you had better understand yourself,

For he only recognises people he reads and those who read himself.

So now I guess the keys to the house and car go far too far,

As he's always walking aimlessly from park to park and mind of star;

And the book that he is writing or leading from his own mind,

Is questionably privately at home or publicly in a book shop to find.

And it doesn't seem to matter what time of day or night he works,

For people are reading and leading his astray for their won very words;

As to be a private person you must keep everything into yourself,

And Parsifal as public a person as a hotel publican publishing himself.

Well I guess the punishment doesn't matter or fit to suit the crime,

As he's poor and lonely and broken but there's money in a nick of time;

But he's been through hell on earth in the privacy of his prime,

And the treasure and reward is paradise in the heavenly mind of rhyme.

Signed,

Better to be himself