

Dr Garfield Snixon's Flea Circus

words: Simon Nicholson

music: Gary Carpenter

Prelude

1) March

DR GARFIELD SNIXON

Have you seen my flea collection?
I've got quite a sight for you
Oh, I've got fleas from New York City
I've got fleas from Timbuctoo
There's been fleas throughout all history
But no, never fleas like these
You're absolutely certain to be fascinated
By my fleas!

CHORUS

Fat ones from Morocco
Skinny ones from Berlin
Jumping ones from Bylo-russia
Where do we begin?
What a flea collection!
No one disagrees
We are absolutely fascinated
By his fleas!

FLEAS

Buzz bite, nibble, sting
Buzz bite, nibble, sting,

DR GARFIELD SNIXON

Have you seen my flea collection?
You might learn a thing or two
About fleas and their devices
And the clever things they do!

They are nimble, they are speedy
They can jump a mile high
You will never see them 'cos they're
faster than the
Human eye!

CHORUS

Spotty ones from Athens
Crimson ones from Algiers

FLEAS [cont.]

Buzz bite, nibble, sting
Buzz bite, nibble, sting,
Buzz bite, nibble, sting
What's happening?[etc. sim]

CHOIR

We are absolutely
fascinated
by his fleas
by his fleas!

Yellow ones in fancy costumes
 Straight from Blackpool pier
 What a flea collection!
 Show it us, if you please!
 We are absolutely fascinated
 By his fleas!

FLEAS

Buzz bite
Nibble sting
Buzz bite
Nibble sting [etc. sim]

CHOIRS

Buzz, nibble, bite nibble
 Buzz, buzz sting.
 Buzz, nibble, nibble,
 What's happening?
 We're gonna make you shout and sing,
 The Fleas are here!

Buzz, nibble, bite nibble,
 Buzz, buzz nip,
 Bites on your toe,
 Your knee, your hip;
 What can it be?
 Well, here's a tip:
 The Fleas are here!
 The Fleas are here!

EVERYBODY

The Fleas are here,
 Prepare to shed a tear,
 Prepare to feel them nibble
 In your armpit, in your ear.
 Prepare to feel them munching
 On a portion of your rear!
 The Fleas are here!
 The Fleas are here!

THE FLEAS

ARE

HERE!!!

Dr Garfield Snixon is suddenly serious

2) Dr Snixon's Blues

DR GARFIELD SNIXON

I have travelled far and wide
 I have sailed the seven seas
 For a decade maybe more
 I've been searching for my fleas
 I have gathered them like flowers
 I've collected them like sand

Held them in between my fingers
 Held them tightly in my hand
 I have travelled far and wide
 'Pulex irritans' by my side:
 I have travelled far and wide,
 Yes, I've sailed all seven seas,
 For a decade, even more,
 I've been searching for my fleas...

3) A Wandering Travelling Flea

CHORUS

Come hear the story of this flea!
 A tale of grim mortality!
 Of travel, romance at its best
 Of trousers! Dresses! And a vest!

She travels here, she travels there
 She's always going off somewhere
 But not to strange or distant lands
 Nor jungles, mountains, desert sands
 To Timbuctoo she doesn't roam
 She travels much more close to home
 In wardrobes, cupboards, there she roves
 She likes to visit people's clothes...

FLEA

A wandering travelling flea am I
 No item of clothing I will not try
 From socks to frocks! Let nothing pass me by!
 A wandering travelling flea am I!

Wool jumpers, silk dresses, Armani suits
 Pants, trousers, and somebody's football boots

From skirts to shirts! Let nothing pass me by!
 A wandering travelling flea am I!

CHORUS

There's not a garment she ain't seen
 No sock, no frock where she ain't been
 From shirts and ties of different sorts
 To dressing gowns and tennis shorts
 From pairs of tights to pairs of briefs
 To silk embroidered handkerchiefs
 Through sweaters, leggings, off she roves
 She likes to visit people's clothes!

FLEA

CHORUS

*Jumpers, dresses, Armani suits
 Pants, trousers, and somebody's football
 boots
 From skirts...to shirts...
 Wandering travelling flea am I!*

CHORUS

*A wandering travelling flea
 There's no item of clothing she won't try
 Wandering travelling flea am I
 There's no item of clothing she won't try
 Wandering travelling flea am I!
 There's no item of clothing I will not try
 Hello!
 Goodbye!*

A wandering travelling flea am I
 No item of clothing I will not try
 There's no need to sail off to distant shores
 Come see the world in a chest of drawers

A wandering travelling flea am I
 No item of clothing I will not try
 Socks, pants and shirts! Let nothing pass me by!
 A wandering travelling flea am I!

CHORUS

Sniff! Sniff! Sniff! Sniff!
 What's that smell? What's over there?
 Grotesquely dangling off that chair
 What luck! Good fortune at its best!
 A gruesome, nasty, smelly vest!
 It's dirty, filthy, rank and foul
 It's bad enough to make you howl
 It's stained with something worse than sweat...

FLEA

The finest garment I've found yet!
 Ha ha ha ha ha ha
 Ha ha ha ha ha ha
 Ha ha ha
 It's me again!
 ... am I!
 No item of clothing I will not try
 Shirts, socks and pants
 Hello!
 Goodbye!
 A wandering travelling flea a(aaaa)m...!!!!

CHORUS

*Exquisite, exotic, it's oh so nice
 An underwear version of paradise*

*Just look at that mark! At that hole, that stain!
 I'm certainly visiting here again!
 A wandering travelling flea
 A wandering travelling flea
 There's no item of clothing she won't want to try
 Hello!
 Goodbye!
 A wandering travelling flea...*

CHORUS

Someone's grabbed the smelly vest
 And our friendly little pest
 With a splash! A great ker-splish!
 Someone has put them in the wash!

A dreadful deadly place to be
 As water, fleas, do not agree
 Washed and rinsed and tumble-dried
 Much faster than a fairground ride
 She struggled, whimpered, choked and died

DR GARFIELD SNIXON

Oh hear her whimper, hear her wail
 Learn the lesson of this tale
 It's a cruel morality
 The story of this flea

FLEA

A wandering travelling flea am I
 No item of clothing I will not try
 let nothing pass me by...

Jump in jumpers, if you must
 Climb up trousers, I'm not fussed
 Smelly vests, they're quite alright
 Yes they're fine, sure they're OK
 Mmm, they're certainly OK

Socks, pants and shirts,
 First 'hello', then 'goodbye'...

But *not* on washing day...

4) Washington Whitesocks

FLEAS (chorus)

Washington Whitesocks, lazy cat
 He's slow and dopey, large and fat
 He sleeps all day and sleeps all night
 So easy for a flea to bite!

Washington Whitesocks, lazy thing
 He never feels our nibbling
 We bite, he just keeps snoring on,
 The perfect cat to dine upon

Hooray hooray
 Oh, we like to play
 With Washington Whitesocks
 Every day
 He's so warm and gentle
 So soft and kind
 We drink his blood
 He doesn't mind!

Washington Whitesocks, never wakes
 He never scratches, never shakes
 We bite, he doesn't move an inch
 He makes our lives a breeze, a cinch!

Washington Whitesocks, you're our friend
 These happy days will never end
 You're such a pal, you're very sweet
 And by the way, you're good to eat!

Hooray hooray
 Oh we like to play
 With Washington Whitesocks
 Every day
 He's so warm and gentle,
 So soft and kind
 We drink his blood
 He doesn't mind

SUDDENLY, A (HUMAN) VOICE, FURIOUS

HUMAN VOICE

Someone do something about that disgusting flea-bag of a cat!

The fleas watch, horrified.

FLEAS

All at once
A hand above!
Reaches for
The cat we love
Our hopes and dreams
Are left a wreck
It puts a flea collar
Round his neck!

The fleas scream, most of them die horribly, a few survive

FLEAS

AAGH!
A bitter truth!
So sad to swaller!
AAGH!
Behold it there!
The dreadful collar!

Washington Whitesocks, fare you well
We think you're grand, we think you're swell
It makes us sad to say goodbye
But if we stay we'll surely die

Washington Whitesocks, you were fun
But don't think you're the only one
We're off to find some pastures new
Another cat as dumb as you

Hooray hooray
Oh, we're off to play
Another fat cat
Will come our way
He'll be just as gentle and soft and kind
We'll drink his blood and he won't mind!

Flea-knees-up

Dr Garfield Snixon steps forward:

DR GARFIELD SNIXON

And the moral of this story is...

CHORUS

To lose a friend
Can leave you sad and glum
Can leave you sad and empty
And with nothing in your tum

But don't be weak and hungry
 Get a life! Shape up! Get real!
 Find another buddy
 Find another meal...

5) The Battle of the Flea (part 1)

FLEAS [*sung twice*]

The Battle Of The Flea
 The Battle Of The Flea
 Somewhere in Arabia
 In 1463
 The Battle Of The Flea
 The Battle Of The Flea
 Glorious, magnificent
 A noble victory
 The Battle Of The Flea
 The Battle Of The Flea.

6) Black Rats

FLEAS [chorus]

From the grass of Central Asia
 Through the burning desert sands
 To the ports of Eastern China
 Off to strange and distant lands
 Over wild and angry mountains
 And the frozen Russian plain
 We will fall on fields and cities
 Like a thousand drops of rain

Quickly, so quickly
 So nimble, so light
 We race through the darkness
 Through day and through night
 Faster than horses
 And swifter than bats
 We ride over hills
 On the backs
 Of black rats.

So we ride them through the forests
 To the marshes of the West
 Over ocean waves to Europe
 Venice, Naples, and Trieste
 Through the Alps, we travel quickly
 Clinging tightly to our steeds
 Reaching Paris, reaching London
 Like a deadly spreading weed.

Quickly, so quickly
 From rich man to poor
 Silk clothes, rags and stitches
 We mark every door

Do not blame us as you perish
 From this terrible disease
 We were not sent by the Devil
 We are only hungry fleas!
 Can you blame us if we bite you?
 We must drink or we will die!
 As the tiny germs inside us
 Never cease to multiply

Small creatures, great creatures
 Dogs, horses, cats
 To London from France
 On the backs

Quickly, so quickly
 When nothing remains
 We leap on our rats
 We go riding again;
 Faster than horses
 Much swifter than bats
 We ride on for ever,
 For ever and ever

Over wild and angry mountains,
 And the frozen Russian plain,
 From the grass of Central Asia,

 Throught the burning desert sands,

 To the ports of Eastern China

 Off to strange and distant lands
 On Black Rats

We ride on forever & ever & ever
 We ride on forever & ever & ever,
 So quickly, so quickly
 So nimble, so light
 We race through the darkness
 Through day and through night
 Faster than horses
 And swifter than bats
 We ride over hills
 On the backs of black rats.

7) The Battle of the Flea (part 2)

FLEAS *[sungin canon]*

The Battle Of The Flea
 The Battle Of The Flea
 Somewhere in Arabia
 In 1463
 The Battle Of The Flea
 The Battle Of The Flea
 Glorious, magnificent
 A noble victory
 The Battle Of The Flea
 The Battle Of The Flea.

Dr Garfield Snixon sprays the fleas with an insecticide aerosol. The plague fleas choke and die.

DR GARFIELD SNIXON *[speaking]*

Silence! Silence! Enough of this insanity! You are peaceful fleas! Return to your innocent practices of drinking blood and grazing on human fleah!

[singing]

Oh the uses of a flea
Are as many as can be
And to prove it, I'll regale
An amusing moral tale
Of a certain man I knew

[puts on a bowler hat]

Who found out a thing or two
About what fleas can do...

8) The Perfect Specimen

Dr Snixon, now 'The Perfect Specimen', looks at his watch...

MAN

I am The Perfect Specimen of what a man should be
I rise at half past six and drink my morning cup of tea
Select my favourite tie and knot it tight as a garotte
Attend to my toilette at half past seven on the dot
I catch the train that gets in at precisely eight o'clock
And march into my office high up in a tower block
Exactly what my job is I'm not sure I couldn't say
What matters is how promptly I appear there every day

I am...
The Perfect Specimen of a man
There's no way nobody nowhere can
Be more fantastically finer than
Homo sapien's masterplan
The best example since time began
The Perfect Specimen of a man!

At two o'clock precisely I consume another cup of tea
I blow my nose profusely when we reach the hour of three
I travel home at six and go directly to my bed
And every day I'll do the same until the day I'm dead
I am The Perfect Specimen oh yes it's true indeed
My shoes are polished brightly and my suit is made of tweed
Some people mention pictures, paintings, films I've never seen
But nothing will distract me from my brilliantined routine!

I am...
The Perfect Specimen of a man
There's no way nobody nowhere can
Be more fantastically finer than
Homo sapien's masterplan
The best example since time began
The Perfect Specimen of a man!

Enter Flo', the rogue flea

FLO'

I'm Flo' The Flea!
 I'm Flo'! That's me!
 I'm Flo' The Flea, that's me,
 I'm Flo' The Flea,
 What do I see?
 My very latest victim!
 Oh I might as well have picked 'im
 How delightful, simply ripping
 He's so perfect for a nipping!
 I'm Flo' The Flea
 Yes, Flo' The Flea!
 That's me!
 And I accept my new appointment
 As the flea in this bloke's ointment
 I will stop him being pompous
 And disrupt his '*mentis compos*'
 I'm a flea, I'm Flo'
 I guess you know,
 It's me!!!

Flo' starts to bite the man

MAN

I am the perfect specimen
 Of what a man should be,
 OUCH!
 I rise at half past six
 And drink my morning cup of tea,
 OOH! AAH!
 Tuesdays Wednesdays Thursdays Sundays!
 What's this nibbling on my undies?
 Something nasty nips and itches
 Deep deep down inside my britches
 What's this ailment, strange, obscene
 Rupturing my strict routine
 OUCH!
 With no heed to my regalia
 Chewing on my 'inter alia'
 OOH! AAH! CRIPES!
 Please no more! Pray cease, no stop!
 Excuse me while my brains go pop
 YAARGH!!!

FLO'

You see
 The uses of a flea
 Exposing foul pomposity
 Beware all those of stolid cast of mind
 All haughty and tight-lipped
 There's no-one who can't be a snack
 None who can't be nipped

MAN

Boo, hoo, boo, hoo,
 A Perfect Specimen of a *boo, hoo, hoo,*
 There's no way nobody nowhere *boo, hoo, hoo,*
 Fantastically *boo,*
 My brains resemble quiche or flan, *boo hoo,* I'm

splendid...

The Perfect Specimen of a...
boo, hoo, hoo, boo, hoo, hoo
boo, hoo, hoo, waah!

FLO'

I'm Flo' The Flea,
 I'm Flo' The Flea,
 That's me,
 I'm Flo' The Flea,
 His brains resemble quiche or flan,
 There's no example more
 ...**tragic** than

The Perfect Specimen of a
 man

exit the Perfect Specimen, weeping

9) The Gallant Little Flea

FLEAS

Oh, 1863!
 A year of many thrilling deeds
 The soldiers of the cavalry
 Sat high upon their steeds

The sabres and the cutlasses
 A-sparkled in the sun
 The soldiers in the cavalry
 Said "Come on, let's have fun!"

But when they pricked their spurs
 And heard the bugle give a call
 The horses that they sat on
 Refused to move at all!

They spurred them and they whacked them
 But they wouldn't budge a bit
 They said "We are not moving, pal,
 And that's the end of it!"

But nearby in the grass there was
 A gallant little flea
 He said "The course of history's
 Clearly up to me!"

He leaps up on a horse
 And then from one to one he jumps!
 And as he goes he bites them
 On their plump, well-fed and stubborn rumps

It was magnificent! miraculous!

A true heroic deed;
So off they went to battle,
A magnificent stampede!

And that is why in memory
Of 1863
We drink to horses' bottoms
And the gallant little flea!

10) Flea-nale

DR GARFIELD SNIXON

Now you've heard these stories
Giggled and had your fun
Now it's time to meet the fleas
Every delightful one.

My retirement beckons
I'll live a life of ease
But I will release my flock
Of fascinating fleas:

DR SNIXON/FLO' THE FLEA

Go forth and find an artery,
Travel and find a vein,
Go drink blood until you pop
And drink, drink, drink again

Puncture any person
Suck any skin you please
Now go forth and multiply:
Enjoy your freedom fleas!

CHORUS

We will go forth and find an artery
Travel and find a vein:
We'll drink blood until we pop
Then drink, drink, drink again

We'll puncture every person
Suck any skin we please
We'll go forth and multiply
CRY FREEDOM FOR THE FLEAS!

FLEAS

Buzz bite
Nibble sting
Buzz bite
Nibble sting [etc. sim]

CHOIRS

Buzz, nibble, bite nibble

Buzz, buzz sting.
 Buzz, nibble, nibble,
 We're happening!
 We're gonna make you shout and sing
 The Fleas are here!
 Buzz, nibble, bite nibble,
 Buzz, buzz nip,
 Bites on your toe,
 Your knee, your hip;
 What can it be?
 Well, here's a tip:
 The Fleas are here!
 The Fleas are here!

EVERYBODY

The Fleas are here,
 Prepare to shed a tear,
 Prepare to feel them nibble
 In your armpit, in your ear.
 Prepare to feel them munching
 On a portion of your rear!
 The Fleas are here!
 The Fleas are here!

THE FLEAS

ARE

HERE!!!

11) Flea Christmas

CHORUS

For most of the year we scatter like seeds
 We'll wander the world like tumbling weeds
 We'll dine upon dogs, tuck into cats;
 Poets, priests and horses and rats
 All through the year, we scatter like pins
 Go puncturing through a million skins
 Seeing the world, all it contains
 We watch its joys and we share its pain,

But once a year
 Yes once a year
 Each one of us
 Will gather here
 We'll raise a glass
 We'll have such fun
 Flea Christmas time
 A time for every one!

DR SNIXON/FLO'

The rest of the year they hop and they skip
 There's no one at all that they won't nip

You scratch and you itch and still they stay
 Bite all night and nibble all day
 All through the year they sample your blood
 The fragrant vine, the dreadful dud
 The wafting bouquets of those juicy veins
 They drink each drop till no more remains

CHORUS
*Drink your
 blood, each
 delicious
 lovely drop*

SNIXON/FLO'/CHORUS

Yet once a year
 Yes once a year
 Each one of us
 Will re-appear
 We'll gather round
 The Christmas tree
 Flea Christmas time,
 A time for you and me!

CHORUS

You can't get away whatever you do
 Use carbolic soap, Vosene shampoo
 Put salt in your clothes, drop oil in your sheets
 Comb your hair, suck medical sweets
 Or swat us with your fat magazines
 Or chase us with those loud machines
 Poisonous us with your aerosol spray
 We'll survive! Yes, we'll be okay!

DR SNIXON/FLO
 Swat them with your magazines
 Or chase them with those loud machines
 Or squirt them with your poisonous spray,
 The fleas will survive, they'll be OK!

SNIXON/FLO'/CHORUS

And once a year
 Yes once a year
 We'll pack our bags
 And come back here
 We'll share the things
 We've seen and done
 Flea Christmas time
 A time for everyone!

Oh! once a year
 Yes once a year
 Each one of us
 Will gather here
 We'll raise a glass
 We'll have such fun
 Flea Christmas time,
 A time for absolutely everyone:

HAPPY CHRISTMAS!!!