

Words: Bill Roper, Rolf Wilson, and Bill Leininger
Music: "Charlie and the M.T.A."
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Why We Don't Let Gordy Go For Ice

G **C**
Sittin' at the filksing was a man named Gordy
G **D7**
And he looked at the drink in his hand.
G **C**
All the ice had melted, so he left for a minute
G **D7** **G**
Or at least that was what he planned.

(Chorus)

G **C**
But did he ever return? No, he never returned
G **D7**
And his fate is still unlearned (Poor old Gordy).
G **C**
He may roam the halls in search of ice forever.
G **D7** **G**
He's the man who never returned.

Now the first machine that he found was empty.
There was none on the floor below.
And two floors down he found one out of order
So deeper he had to go.

Meanwhile, back at the filksing all the people had noticed
That Gordy was nowhere round.
But they laughed and smiled and said "Don't worry,
Old Gordy will soon be found."

(Chorus)

He'd gone twelve stories down in this eight story hotel.
He was lost in a place unknown.
And although he wasn't certain, somehow he suspected
That he'd stepped into the Twilight Zone.

Two hours later, they were askin' "Where's Gordy?"
And we had only one reply.
He said he'd be leavin' for just five minutes.
Without ice he would surely die.

(Chorus)

Well, Gordy found his ice on the walls and the ceiling.
There was ice on the shag rug too.
There was ice, more ice than he really needed,
And poor Gordy was turning blue.

So locked somewhere in a sub-sub-basement
Where no man has gone before
Lies a frozen writer, name of Gordy Dickson
Who was seen by man no more.

(Chorus)