

# The Move, Kilroy Was Here

There's a fellow roaming round the street  
I think most of all I'd like to meet  
I must consider him a clever lad  
Making like a young sir galahad  
Everywhere I go I think he's been  
He autographs the walls around the scene  
If you look hard enough you'll find him there  
In rooms of public places everywhere

Kilroy was here  
Left his name around the place  
Kilroy was here  
Thought I've never seen his face  
On a short vacation with my friends  
I found I had time on my hands to spare  
Surveyed my telescope around the land  
And saw his name imprinted in the sand

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I wonder could he be a cavalier  
Or a roving musketeer  
Or just a dustman who's insane  
Everyplace regardless where or when  
... strikes again and again and again

If I ever meet that man at all  
I'll hang a plague upon my bedroom wall  
A monument erected in his name  
Would help to contribute his name

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Kilroy was here  
Though I've never seen his face