

## MAN OF ACTION (TRS)

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I grew up red and scrawny, as you've probably heard by now.  
Gasping for breath, on the edge of death, allergic to grass and cow.  
Survived by determination, no more and, friends, no less.  
Said if I'm gonna live at all, I might as well be the best.

(“*He might as well be the best*”)\*\*

Some men who got a better start lie under the apple tree,  
Enjoying the summer sunshine. No that would not be me.  
I lifted bales and ran for miles to strengthen my modest frame.  
A man of iron is the only man who's worthy of the name.

(“*He's worthy of the name! ... Man! ... Of Iron!*”)

*So when I die leave me by the road, or toss me in the sea.  
Where I lie when it comes my time, it matters not to me.  
But while I live no nag I'll ride, put me on a mighty steed.  
For I am a man of action, yes I am a man of deed.*

(“*Yes he's a man of deed*”)

Yes give me battles to be won, and rivers to be tamed.  
There's plenty of time for rest when I have lain down in my grave.  
Battles bold and glorious, with peril all around.  
That is where I wish to stand til you lay me in the ground.

(*Group chorus*):

*So when he dies we'll say goodbye to our beloved Teddy Bear.  
With backbone straight and legacy great as he lies so peaceful there.  
He scarcely spent a moment, in anything but the lead.  
For he was a man of action, a man of forceful deed.”*

(“*yes indeed a man of deed*”)

Teddy, wistfully / wearily: “Yes, a man of.. but you know, of course I do need to rest every now and...” (falls asleep, dreams) (song about taking it easy..)

\*\**This is a sort of “Gilbert and Sullivan”–type men's chorus that comes in occasionally*