Cream, Anyone For Tennis

Twice apon a time
In the valley of the tears
An auctioneer is bidding
For a box of fading years
And the elephants are dancing
On the graves of squeeling mice
Anyone for tennis?
Wouldn't that be nice

And the ice creams are all melting
On the streets of bloody beard
While the beggars stain the pavements
With florecent Christmas cheer
And the Bentley driving guru
Is putting up his price
Anyone for Tennis?
Wouldn't that be nice

And the Prophets in the boutiques Give out messages of hope With gingle bells and fairy tales and blind providing scopes and you can tell that all their saying Underneath the pretty lights Anyone for tennis? Wouldn't that be nice

Yellow buddist monkeys playing brightly at the zoo you can bring a bowl of rice and then a glass of water To her to taste

Setting up the chess board While death roles out the dice Anyone for tennis? Wouldn't that be nice