

Cream, Anyone For Tennis

Twice upon 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