

Howard Jones, Elegy

Please don't look at me this way
I am from the same seed as you
Take me back to the womb
I am weary of this life

Don't believe in my eyes
Don't believe in my mind
Don't believe in right or wrong
Don't believe in cruel or kind

But all this talk is only poetry
Only as true as we would believe
We must live to fight the negative
Not to court the self in defeat oh oh oh oh
In defeat oh oh oh oh

Oh the pain of life is sweet
Is it wrong to long for death?
Must I cling to the thrills of life
Ash to ash and dust to dust

But all this talk is only poetry
Only as true as we would believe
We must live to fight the negative
Not court the self in defeat oh oh oh oh
In defeat oh oh oh oh

You have looked at me this way
We are all from the same seed
Take us forward through the tomb
There's no finish to a life