

# Seventh Avenue, Pink Elephant

My dearest child, not yet born, not even conceived  
But I speak to you as if you are  
'Cause I fear the day you ask me about the sun, trees birds and bees  
Trees, birds and bees

You'll want to know, what I did to stop it all  
And I won't be able to hide my shame  
I'll only tell you the tale of pink elephants  
You can fly through the heavens on their backs

Believe me, pink elephants can fly  
Over the hills, the mountains and through the sky  
They could, if they would, fly higher than high  
But only the pink elephants can really fly

Forget the toys you used to play wars in your fantasy  
And the videos where machines and monsters raged to rule  
The desire for power and pleasure formed your world  
And it will determine your child's future too

Close your eyes and realize where you are  
They've survived despite all we've destroyed  
They are all my parents left me from better days  
They're your friends and you can give them to your child