

# The Church, Ritz

By Steve Harley / Cockney Rebel

Hark to Roualt's white insanity,  
Clowns in drag concealing vanity,  
This is hardly Paradise,  
We're still in search of petty scorn.

Images so dead in mourning,  
Clap and cheer the man performing,  
This is hardly Paradise,  
We're still in search of petty scorn.

Couch my disease in chintz-covered kisses,  
Glazed calico cloth, my costume this is,  
Come to Pablo Fanque's in indigo,  
We'll show you pastel shades of rhyme.

Take a letter, Ophelia, write  
"Sorry Desdemona" bright,  
Peeking through the nimbus covers,  
We see the twisted tale of Man.

Catch us in the cornfield hiding,  
Me, Maryse and Moonbeams gliding,  
Peeking through the nimbus covers,  
We see the twisted tale of Man.

Careless, caress, curl up beside me,  
Visit, sleep and smile, and drown me,  
March together, slay like Nero,  
We'll show you something you understand  
(Originally this was "Now we have something you understand.")

Oh! the clown, his stare is eyeless,  
Shall he make you laugh or cry, yes,  
March together, slay like Nero,  
We'll show you something you understand.

The other verses are from the Cockney Rebel original version. I've left them in for general interest.

It is time to hide my body,  
Shall we start to speak of Holly,  
I don't wanna be that superhero,  
'Til you have something we understand.

Heard they're moving Pisces into June,  
Shall we put together a platoon,  
I don't wanna be that superhero,  
'Til you have something we understand.