

# Al Stewart, Princess Olivia

I never was one for talk  
I keep things to myself  
Let everyone ramble on  
When people get to reminiscing  
I'll always be the one to listen  
But now I need to find those missing words.  
I love Princess Olivia  
Can't speak, I slip into trivia.  
To know what you feel inside  
Is not enough, you've got  
to put it across with style  
The literati in their cellars  
Perform semantic tarantellas  
I wish I did it half as well as them  
I love Princess Olivia  
Can't speak, I slip into trivia.  
She's got long red hair  
Her nose up in the clouds  
Just how did she get up there  
She's frosty as the face of Phineus  
Leaves me feeling igloominius  
Why's she so continuously cool?  
I love Princess Olivia  
Can't speak, I slip into trivia.  
I love her.  
She may be large