

# Cousteau, Your Day Will Come

your day will come  
it's catching up on you  
when your race is run  
your feint-hearted faith  
follows through, always, always....

roll back the night  
roll by the lonely parade and it's gone  
what a delight  
to unravel the fabric of love  
it's the way, it's a crime  
it's all the same, but it's not your time

in sequins and dust  
scatter your pearls with the hungry remains  
lipstick and trust  
and hope rides another day  
hope rides another day....