

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....