

Prefab Sprout, Elegance

There are those who own, the world around your own.
And say you want to swan - one to one - Hey kid they own the pond.
There are those who rest, and those who make the beds,
and should you seek redress - can't you guess? Hey child they own this mess.
So if these star-dust memories, fail to please,
if you confuse this dinner dance with elegance,
if you suffer lack of due respect,
take comfort from the guessing game aspect,
that she is least where you expect.
Please be ashamed that you're afraid, equating elegance and real estate.
When all the bullion in the world, cannot transform what's simply second rate.
But will yea no come assess me - Boastfully.
I'll not be bought by your silver plated come to me. So don't you do come try me.
Because these star-dust memories, fail to please.
They're not alike this dinner dance, this elegance, - and if you
want to swan - one to one - Kid you don't need the pond
There are those whose time, is due for steep decline.
If you can't find the spot, where their time stops,
just ask who built the clocks.