## Prefab Sprout, The Golden Calf

Once upon a time I stalked the streets on raining evenings

When the distant sea blended with the sky

Past Coliseum's filled with brass on pavements carved from toasted glass

I carried in my heart a word or two

You dashing horseman all gone away

Left you a stable bill to pay

And now the golden calf has turned to clay

All my feelings dressed in gloves

Couldn't touch your windswept harbour love

White and open-necked you would still play

I'd resort to sleepwalking to catch the mood that fills the sails

With harvest nets and tides don't ever bring

But every night was Halloween, and every friend fell in between

And how capricious nature ruled my mind

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Past Coliseum's filled with brass on pavements carved from toasted glass

I carried in my heart a word or two

But you would always make me see today

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I sound so different these days, I barely can believe I'm Me

If I didn't know better, I would swear I was someone else

Lord I can't believe, I don't believe I'm me

But who on earth could I be?

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