

# Ricky Nelson, Palace Guard

With handmade silver sparkles  
Like a well-dressed sequined whore  
Your lady-like deceptions  
Keep reaching out for more  
And you ask me for nothing  
And nothing's not enough  
And the fisherman he puts a claim on you  
But it's nothing but a bluff

So with jealous hands tied round my back  
I stumble 'cross the floor  
Not knowing how to speak  
I keep reaching for the door  
I know you know me well I say  
'Cause I'm the palace guard  
Remember me, we made love today  
At the King's bazaar

And you look at me with eyes that never see  
I can feel something start to die inside of me

So before you show me everything  
There's something you must know  
I've worked with your friend John the Geek  
And his sidewalk travelin show  
I know your childhood tailored dreams are very well disguised  
So you don't have to fake it anymore it's all been memorized

And you speak in wordless freedoms never seen  
Now I realize to you it's all a dream

And you speak to me with feelings  
As real as sealing wax  
As the nearness dawns the moth is gone  
Leaving trailless tracks

All you village people  
Sing your songs of the morning sunlit sky  
Don't you think it's time we moved along  
Said the raven to the fly