

Robert Calvert, The Greenfly And The Rose

All good things must end
The straightest rose will bend
Its colours droop and wilt
Just like a love affair

The Pink Sensation fades
The Sterling Silver fades
The Virgo and Blue Moon
Soon they're just wrinkled things

The Baccara
The flame red Superstar
Forever yours
A rose called Peace

At night the aphids dream
A micro-locust's dream
They eat the world alive
There's not a morsel left

They eat the jungle leaves
Consume the wheat-field sheaves
They eat the flowers and plants
They eat their stalks as well

As their tiny jaws
Munch on plan and cause

Their complex eyes
Examine the skies

They eat the cumuli
Marshmallow of the sky
They eat away the blue
And they eat the Sun and Moon

They swallow all the stars
And both the moons of Mars
They lick the plate of space
They lick their lips as well

The Baccara
The flame red Superstar
Forever yours
A rose called Peace

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