

# Spirogyra, The Duke Of Beaufoot

The Duke of Beaufort  
Is not at home today  
He's very tired  
He thought he'd go away  
You wait for him,  
Your eyes are on the door  
You know no other way

The Duke of Beaufort  
Is very kind to cats  
Keeps them in his cellar  
To help him catch his rats  
He's very noble  
And his lineage is pure  
But you, you're a whore

The Duke of Splendour  
Just wasn't much amused  
And nor were you  
You knew you'd been abused  
If you'd had help  
You might have buggered up his fuse  
But alone, you're too confused

"He picked me up, I was on the street  
He made it clear he would use me  
My parents died, I was three years old  
I had to make a living"  
Close your eyes, close your eyes

"In a lot of ways, I'm close to him  
Though he may seem to ignore it  
I'm sure he cares,  
At least, I think he does  
It's just he's very busy"  
Close your eyes, close your eyes  
Here's today says the Telegraph'  
It's the world, it's the world!  
Gone away on a phonograph  
Riding high, riding high

There's a way says the Cenotaph  
You will find, you will find  
Gone in search of an Epitaph  
Running wild, running wild

You saw them coming forward  
Asking you to be kind  
You couldn't face their council  
They were men full of greed  
In your position nothing's sacred  
You have only the wine

You stand alone  
But not alone in your loneliness  
And yet there must be more  
I can't believe that all has been in vain

And if there is it's  
Be sure of friendship  
As the hours grow long  
Rest assured that this phase is passing