

Anthony Phillips **"We're All As We Lie"**

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August saw a contest fit for Kings
from far and wide they came to trade their swings
Little grubs with stone-age clubs and tanners' sons
with foxes' gloves
they came face to face the stiffest coarse since Tring
Harold took an eight-iron at the first
hopped the hedge while Tostig chipped and cursed
Sliced into a sticky patch and, playing out, he'd met his
match
when lettuce leaves had made the crowd disperse
So, we're all as we lie
We're all as we're lying
No, don't tell me it's time,
It's all in the timing.
Getting wiser, so much wiser, introspected ostraciser,
drinking up with no holes barred to play..
Daphne lay beside the Silent Pool,
when suddenly the air began to cool
Otto heard it, running back, and tried to stop the
thudding crack
as Luther strode up, crying "Winter Rules".
"Holy Mackerel", cried the Papal Prince,
"you're out of bounds I'm really quite convinced".
Luther drew his driver but the Pope pulled out a fiver

and they halved the hole on points of sacraments
So, we're all as we lie
We're all as we're lying
No, don't tell me it's time,
It's all in the timing.
Getting wiser, so much wiser, Seven Sister sympathiser
drinking up with no holes left to play.
The hour of confrontation now was nigh
as Plato and Justinian were tied,
Locked in mortal combat firing vulture after wombat
their supremacy now could not be denied.
The Seventeenth lay waiting for the pair
as both advanced with silent, ashen stares
But there they stood, incredulous, the distance
reading "Nebulous"
And "Best of luck, Buzz Aldrin beat you there".
So, we're all as we lie

We're all as we're lying
No, don't tell me it's time,
It's all in the timing.
So, we're all as we lie
We're all as we're lying
No, don't tell me it's time,
or else I'll be crying.

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