

The Babys

"Arcady"

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In Arcady, your life trips along
It's pure and simple as the shepherd's song
Seraphic pipes along the way in Arcady
In Arcady
Never saw I such a scene
Such maids upon such a molten green
They employ their holiday with dance and game
And things I may never name
In Arcady

You said he was your teacher
Taught you so true and so wise
But now you know more than your teacher
I see nothing but cool self-regard in your eyes
In Arcady

So you see how twisted it becomes
See how quickly twisted it becomes
When the cat gut binds my ankles to your bedstead
That ain't love, no that ain't love

Said he was your teacher
Taught you so true and so wise
Now you know more than your teacher
I see nothing but cool self-regard in your eyes

In Arcady, your life trips along
Pure and simple as the shepherd's song

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