

Cream

"Anyone For Tennis By Eric Clapton And Martin Sharp"

Visit "[Anyone For Tennis By Eric Clapton And Martin Sharp](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Twice upon a time in the valley of the tears
An auctioneer is bidding for a box of fading years
And the elephants are dancing on the graves of
squealing mice.
Anyone for tennis, wouldn't that be nice?

And the ice creams are all melting on the streets of
bloody beer
While the beggars stain the pavements with
flourescent Christmas cheer
And the Bentley-driving guru is putting up his price.
Anyone for tennis, wouldn't that be nice?

And the prophets in the boutiques give out messages
of hope
With jingle bells and fairy tales and blind colliding
scopes
And you can tell they're all the same underneath the
pretty lies.
Anyone for tennis, wouldn't that be nice?

The yellow Buddhist monk is burning brightly at the zoo
You can bring a bowl of rice and then a glass of water
too
And fate is setting up the chessboard while death rolls
out the dice.
Anyone for tennis, wouldn't that be nice?

WHEELS OF FIRE

Visit [Cream](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.