

Cream

"Anyone For Tennis"

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Twice upon a time in the valley of the tears
The 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
fluorescent 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?

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?

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