

Despised Icon

"The Chaconne"

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Now the bough breaks

The books I read
Said you were a fragile kid
Just as I imagined it, your story goes
Another nosebleed,
Roses on the pillowcase
The fever breaks
And you're back on earth again
You rehearse
In the living room
The nursemaid
Comes mid-afternoon
To say you've practiced
Long enough today
She takes your bow, it's suppertime
But oh, your only appetite
Was fixed on the chaconne
You'd hoped to play

So soon you're off
To the academy
The honors
And the accolades
First a darling, then a marvel
When we met, I was still a young girl
But you had changed
Already famous
Your name was a contagion
You were vain and hard to take
All the same, I was brazen

How the tides rise

I don't suppose you'd tell the truth
So I won't ask you anymore
Oh the things that we all do
To pass the time between the wars
I don't regret a single day
Heard your chaconne
On every stage

But your love sleeps in a velvet case
So what'd you bring me,
Bring me for
What'd you bring me,
Bring me for

I hear you keep
Your pretty wife alive
On only brie
They say a dozen years ago
She could have passed for me
She doesn't trust you with the baby
Maybe better that way
Safe in your study
Going grey

You're at your best
When you're alone
Above the fray
With your chaconne

Now the bells toll

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