

## **Eric Clapton**

# **"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?

