

Jet Set Roger

"One White Duck/0=nothing At All"

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There's a haze on the skyline, to wish me on my way.
And there's a note on the telephone --- some roses on a tray.
And the motorway's stretching right out to us all,
As I pull on my old wings --- one white duck on your wall.
Isn't it just too damn real? I'll catch a ride on your violin ---
strung upon your bow. And I'll float on your melody ---
sing your chorus soft and low. There's a picture-view postcard
to say that I called. You can see from the fireplace,
one white duck on your wall. Isn't it just too damn real?
So fly away peter and fly away paul --- from the finger-tip ledge
of contentment. The long restless rustle of high-heeled boots calls.
And I'm probably bound to deceive you after all. Something must be wrong
with me and my brain --- If I'm so patently unrewarding.
But my dreams are for dreaming and best left that way ---
and my zero to your power of ten equals nothing at all.
There's no double-lock defense; there's no chain on my door.
I'm available for consultation, But remember your way in is also my way out,
and love's four-letter word is no compensation. Well, I'm the black ace dog-handler:
I'm a waiter on skates --- so don't you jump to your foreskin conclusion.
Because I'm up to my deaf ears in cold breakfast trays ---
To be cleared before I can dine on your sweet Sunday lunch confusion.

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