

## **Jets To Brazil**

### **"Crown Of The Valley"**

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we are the high street service trays  
coming to take you away  
pasadena 1968  
with speed on your breakfast plate  
aunt cancer calls them happy pills  
they keep her calm and cool until he leaves  
the moccasin skin obsession leather thigh  
white tennis skirt so high  
the eyes of mine are new and kind  
but the hair's not grey, it's white  
and grandfather's an ascot noose  
can't tie the tassels on his shoes  
leave me  
these are the red-eyed politics  
the cocktail revisionists  
war room rules: no wives or kids  
here men sing the boy in them  
the hedge casts heroes late across our lawn  
the valley hunt militiamen, all gone  
thought we had the lock in '54

now the maid owns the house next door  
and what's more  
swims in the pool she used to clean  
our new king looks like a queen  
leave me  
oh god stop tearing off the roof  
of my experimental bathroom  
it's the only thing that's halfway mine  
and not for your prying and lying eyes  
the empire's melting like ice cream  
on the altar of the sun  
this skin we've stretched for centuries  
it's faded, it's fraying, it's meaningless to me

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