

## Pendragon

### "Elephants Never Grow Old"

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The hand that held the gun  
That made the final choice  
Rolls the fine white ivory  
That settles in the dust  
The gentle giant grey shadow moves  
On the chequers board of life  
And falling in slow motion  
To a graveyard in a black square  
Whose father was somebody's Saturday afternoon  
Idea of fun  
To go mad with a gun

Walking in tall grass  
Like walking on broken glass  
Running so free  
Like a young boy  
With the wind in his hair  
They should all be there

If only somebody cared

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