

Scott McKenzie**"Celeste"**

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Here I stand acting like a silly clown would
I don't know why, would anybody like to try
The changes I'm going through ?
A hidden lie would fortify
Something that don't exist
But it ain't so bad, I'm just a lad
So many more things to do
I intend to come right through them all with you.

My songs are merely dreams visiting my mind
We talk a while by a crooked stile
You're lucky to catch a few
There's no magic wand in a perfumed hand

It's a pleasure to be true
In my crystal halls a feather falls
Being beautiful just for you
But that might not be quite true, that's up to you.

Dawn crept in unseen to find me still awake
A strange young girl sang her songs for me
And left 'fore the day was born
That dark princess with saddening jest
She lowered her eyes of woe
And I felt her sigh, I wouldn't like to try
The changes she's going through
But I hope love comes right through them all with you.

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