

Pre)Thing

"Elegance"

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There are those who own, the world around your own.
And say you want to swan - one to one - hey kid they
own the pond.
There are those who rest, and those who make the
beds,
And should you seek redress - can't you guess? hey
child they own this mess.
So if these star-dust memories, fail to please,
If you confuse this dinner dance with elegance,
If you suffer lack of due respect,
Take comfort from the guessing game aspect,
That she is least where you expect.
Please be ashamed that you're afraid, equating
elegance and real estate.
When all the bullion in the world, cannot transform
what's simply second rate.
But will ye no come assess me - boastfully.
I'll not be bought by your silver plated come to me. so
don't you do come try me.
Because these star-dust memories, fail to please.
They're not alike this dinner dance, this elegance, -
and if you
Want to swan - one to one - kid you don't need the pond
There are those whose time, is due for steep decline.
If you can't find the spot, where their time stops,
Just ask who built the clocks.

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