

Pencey Prep

"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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