

Peter Hammill

"Jeunesse D'oree"

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The youth are voting with their feet -
Such a shame that the dance-beat gets so complicated.
Pretty, pretty it seems...
On second glance, the look is overrated.
In the lost-house there's a magic potion,
timeless motion....
Now and again now lasts forever;
Jeuness d'oree gliding the lily of pleasure.
The youth are voting with their clothes -
Such a shame that the hip post is so calculated.
Round and round it goes: how careless
the rapture that's overstated.
In the picture last devotion, waveless ocean -
Time and again styles goes out of fashion
Jeunesse d'oree taking the heat out of passion!
Look at the kid with the golden touch,
Check out the story expression;
Look at the man with the golden arm
and the sensational lesson.
Follow-my-leader's a game we can play
till we swallow the tail without thinking
Catch the hook, tow the line -
never mind that we're sinking!
The youth are voting themselves in...
but the wheel takes a fresh spin
and they find, tomorrow,
gaudy garments worn thin, all at best rent...
and the worst are borrowed.
Closing orders, fading nations, dissipation,
time and again, time's unforgiving;
Jeunesse d'oree gilding the lily of living
Now and again, now lasts forever;
Jeunesse d'oree gilding the lily of pleasure.
... Cut.

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