

Peter Murphy

"The Prince & Old Lady Shade"

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The prince was a bird
Not guilty or the like
A true friend sip an soft
No suffering cry

All names and some cranks
he'd powdered all off
Their sycophantic gifts were never enough

Old lady shade turns a vespertilian thing
A motion event
A friend of the jinn!

The prince and old lady shade

The prince and old lady shade

She has a fair eye
She takes her fair share of the city's mid day
That lunch lady's glare

The prince and old lady shade
The prince and old lady shade

General wooo very nearly smiled
Saw the ligh in the little child

The prince and old lady shade
The prince and old lady shade

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