

Al Stewart

"Princess Olivia"

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I never was one for talk
I keep things to myself
Let everyone ramble on
When people get to reminiscing
I'll always be the one to listen
But now I need to find those missing words.
I love Princess Olivia
Can't speak, I slip into trivia.
To know what you feel inside
Is not enough, you've got
to put it across with style
The literati in their cellars
Perform semantic tarantellas
I wish I did it half as well as them
I love Princess Olivia
Can't speak, I slip into trivia.
She's got long red hair
Her nose up in the clouds
Just how did she get up there
She's frosty as the face of Phineus
Leaves me feeling igloominous
Why's she so continuously cool?
I love Princess Olivia
Can't speak, I slip into trivia.
I love her.
She may be large

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