

John Elton

"The Emperor's New Clothes"

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We bet on our lives and we bet on the horses
In that upstairs apartment
On Orlando and 4th
And the rent was due and the rent man was knocking
Like a Chinese proverb
We were always searching

Nightlife's a no-win but nobody noticed
How we killed off the bottles
Looking good on the surface
The dog days barked and the house cat got old
We were Bonnie and Clyde
In the emperor's new clothes

And the tears never came
They just stayed in our eyes
We refused to admit that we wore this disguise
Every inch of us growing
Like Pinocchio's nose
As we walked around in the emperor's new clothes

We flew by our wits and by the seat of our pants
In the state of illusion
In the nation of chance
And the repo was hauling the wreck we'd been driving
As the dashboard Madonna
Smiled back at us kindly

We cheated the system never batting an eyelid
Seeing only the good
Through the holes in our shoes
And our halos were rusty but we wore them proudly
We were two little gods In the emperor's new clothes

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