

Theatre Of Tragedy "Play"

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She fills the rich kitsch niche where she sits
Making chit-chat, this and that, from the bits
Consumed, perfumed, detracts the room despite
Glowing, knowing she can head for the limelight

She's too rich for her men
She won't stay, what a shame, a shame
She won't fit in his world
She exists for the game, a shame

Tricky repertoire
Words flying 'round
Picky seminar
Bound to be drowned in the sound

Sticky shirt and tie
Play bottoms up in the bar
Lcky, fly guy why
She's nastier by far

It's appeasing how she wanna flaunt her fur
His mind's but a blur, oh dear
He's derailing from his train of thought
Doing not what he ought and was taught

He's trying to flick quick, but she waged the pages
stick
Someone must have gone click, click, click, click
Can't see what's new, he doesn't have a clue
Of what to do with the woman he thought that he knew

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