

The Passing Show

Ian Dury

When we were simple and naïve
We wore our feelings on our sleeve
As we've grown jaded and corrupt
Our manner's guarded and abrupt

Oh, how we'd smile most readily
Whilst ploughing on unsteadily
Now frowns are etched upon our face
We can no longer stand the pace

Although we've got to go, with the passing show
It doesn't ever mean, we haven't made the scene
And what we think we know, to what is really so
Is but a smithereen, of what it might have been

We'd sing in gay abandon then
We'd get it wrong and try again
As here we brood with doubts assailed
Nothing ventured, nothing failed

When life itself can chart the course
Then life's the product we endorse
When circumstances tell of death
We keep our counsel, save our breath

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Our laughter rang around the world
When we were happy boys and girls
As now we baulk and hesitate
Encumbrance comes to those who wait

But when we're torn from mortal coil
We leave behind a counterfoil
It's what we did and who we knew
And that's what makes this story true

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