

The Prince & Old Lady Shade

Peter Murphy

The prince was a bird
Not guilty or the like
A true friend sip and 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 Woo very nearly smiled
Saw the light in the little child

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