

# The Golden Calf

Prefab Sprout

Once upon a time I stalked the streets on raining evenings  
When the distant sea blended with the sky  
Past Coliseum's filled with brass on pavements carved from toasted glass  
I carried in my heart a word or two

You dashing horseman all gone away  
Left you a stable bill to pay  
And now the golden calf has turned to clay  
All my feelings dressed in gloves  
Couldn't touch your windswept harbour love  
White and open-necked you would still play

I'd resort to sleepwalking to catch the mood that fills the sails  
With harvest nets and tides don't ever bring  
But every night was Halloween, and every friend fell in between  
And how capricious nature ruled my mind

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But you would always make me see today

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I sound so different these days, I barely can believe I'm Me  
If I didn't know better, I would swear I was someone else  
Lord I can't believe, I don't believe I'm me  
But who on earth could I be?

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