

Vogue

Let us begin in style
In fury and in wiles
The zephyr passes pouncing through the mount
to find them especial at the end of its route

Finger gun
Locked on
Cock it back
then swiftly it rings like a thunder drum

I've heard amany say they'd like to give all man a clout
The cataclysm come to ruin the whole crowd

Well for that I say give em thrice back for each harm done
Who has right to wish damnation
Or give up and allow it anyways ta come around

If you have room to cavil 'n' grumble
You wish to talk of who hasn't been humbled
We've got a beaut eyeing you from the continental edges
who'll show ya what despair and hope is all about
A lass who pesters
A lad whose a vaunter
Send em tu the big azure sister

Groan bemoan mewl caterwaul drool
When the briny glory rises high nobody has anywhere to be
but throu' or asunder of wild doom

New dusk and fresh rise
the deadly whine comes on as if on time
But crazy ones looney good ones lie
The air coming by to grace their sides tickling
Surprise then gone
With only the remnants of a blissful instant
Yet that's the summons of a lovely life
One just needs todo more than love or be nice

You gotta fiercely cling to your time
With pluck go after thy whims and whys