

Every Silver Lining 's got A

You think that Botox can hold that smile forever,
Under sunny skies complacent 'bout the weather?

Their's more than a touch of grey to your silver lining,
Running from the past, chasing setting suns and hiding.

The sun's escape, it's grand estate, it's western gate;
The western wing, the greatest fling with the cloudy souls of it's Sun (King).

L'etat c'est moi, but there 't 's *faux pas* to say it's better any other place;
The sun's escape is the grandest 'ate. But I say it's better in another place:

Where they don't say 'hi' and think 'goodbye',
Or smile when thoughts are vile.

Where 'no' is 'no' and 'stop' 's not 'go',
That's where I want to go.

You're touch of grey's a slap of black
On all my sunny days.