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.