Turn the Page

Terence Trent D'Arby

You chose with age
To speak with a prima ballerina's rage
And speak of all the kingdoms
That would swoop down
Stick around
Then proceed to ignore youNo flash pot pan, guitar man
Or resurrected Apollo myth
To seal your fate
Feed your plate
And just plain worship and adore you
But the pills you swill
Bring you no thrill
So travel lightly on the wing this time
Leaving all your baggage behindAs you wander through your vagabond stage
And find yourself shovelling shit
With a rusty jack-handle queen of a broken spade
You must not be afraid
You must turn the pageYou wore your goddess down
In jaundiced disarray
Your halo fell into decay
Swiped by those you loved
But could not hold in sway behind you
And then the dry spell leaves
At a low shutter speed
Long enough for you to see
That you create your own reality
And that the wait alone will not enshrine you
And the war that you swore
Would pour through your door
To come to your rescue this time
Is all in your mindNow as you wander through your vagabond stage
And you find yourself shovelling shit
With a rusty jack-handle queen of a broken spade
And you find yourself kicking dirt around
With your Paris green pumps
Of pentacles and precious jade
You must not be afraid
You must turn the pageYou dreamt a world of things
Like you were a duchess born

Or Coretta Scott King
And the queen does not invite you over for a tea at her gaff
In Scotland
Or in Buckingham's back-yardNow I'm sure 'Van the Man' of whom I'm a fan
Can surely understand
As he said "It is not why, it just is."
So therefore you need not remain scarred
And in time you'll find
That your salvation is mine
As you travel lightly on the wing this time
Leaving all your baggage behindNow as you wander through your vagabond stage
And you find yourself shovelling shit
With a rusty jack-handle queen of a broken spade
And you find yourself kicking dirt around
With your Paris green pumps
Of pentacles and precious jade
Pulling the roots from your hair
Dyed from a bottle
You saw in a windows with
An 'Everything must go!!' sale sign
Prominently displayedAnd yet waiting for your dancing
On the edge of a precipice heart to sing
Those serenading soul songs
That fulfillingness and consciousness brings
Releasing you from your captive cage
Replacing love for all your rage
Turning your hope on a rope's magic pope kaleidoscope
Into a rabbit's foot parade
You must not be afraid
(Eyes forward babe)
You must turn the pageOne thing is sure
And that is change
When the water's rising
You can't remain
Move to dry land
Move to dry land
You've got to move on

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/