High Road

Tennis

Up to this creek they come to meet
Where they done days by the summer heat
The sun is always in their eyes
They hold their glasses like they'd rise
On a clouded fair and gin they dine
They're always losing track of time
All sloppy men grow paradise
They import everything that's nice
Comfort is all what really heard
Beaches are transient, they look
Lover, too many to quote
But better times they never showBy now the dreams have all been dreamt
All of the money has been spent
The crashing surf upon the ground
They know I never hear this sound
Our life of middling at best
Put that pro-touch-up to a rest
Was either choice, they do not know
That better times they never showedParadise is all around
But happiness is never found
Paradise is all around
But happiness is never found

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