Green Isaac (II)

Prefab Sprout

Stella Matter, light is failing,
Making such a fool of thee,
When you'd love to be someone
This is the time, I've set aside.From selling old rope,
And telling bad jokes,
And Cul De Sac pride.I've learnt today,
While falling apart,
The most eloquent way,
To speak or to pray,
Is straight from the heart.
Oh but to shine like Joan of Arc,
You must be prepared to burn.Take two kinds of look,
And one wedding day,
Now isn't it clear,
There's nothing they'll hear,
That you'd want to say.Forget the style
And choose from twelve notes,
In itself it's a joy,
Whether it soothes or annoys,
A song starts in the throat.
And if you've no new clothes to wear,
Then simply wash and comb your hair.And little Green Isaac,
You're gonna walk backwards
Through the room,
Does that mean I won't see you?
It means you're gonna walk backwards
Through the room.And little green Isaac,
I hear you're still wet
Behind the ears,
Isaac's a soft name,
It sounds like a pocketful of rain.
Well up that stairway he rose,
And down that stairway he goes.
Green Isaac
Green Isaac
Green Isaac.

Songwriters
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