

# Elegance

## Prefab Sprout

There are those who own, the world around your own  
And say you want to swan one to one  
Hey kid they own the pond  
There are those who rest and those who make the beds  
And should you seek redress, can't you guess?  
Hey child, they own this mess  
So if these star-dust memories, fail to please  
If you confuse this dinner dance with elegance  
If you suffer lack of due respect  
Take comfort from the guessing game aspect  
That she is least where you expect  
Please be ashamed that you're afraid, equating elegance and real estate  
When all the bullion in the world  
Cannot transform what's simply second rate  
But will ye no come assess me, boastfully  
I'll not be bought by your silver plated come to me  
So don't you do come try me  
Because these star-dust memories, fail to please  
They're not alike this dinner dance, this elegance and if you  
Want to swan, one to one  
Kid you don't need the pond  
There are those whose time, is due for steep decline  
If you can't find the spot, where their time stops  
Just ask who built the clocks

Lyrics provided by

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