Anyone For Tennis

Cream

Twice upon a time in the valley of the tears
The auctioneer is bidding for a box of fading years
And the elephants are dancing on the graves of squealing mice
Anyone for tennis, wouldn't that be nice?And the ice creams are all melting on the streets of bloody beer
While the beggars stain the pavements with fluorescent Christmas cheer
And the Bentley-driving guru is putting up his price
Anyone for tennis, wouldn't that be nice?And the prophets in the boutiques give out messages of hope
With jingle bells and fairy tales and blind colliding scopes
And you can tell they're all the same underneath the pretty lies
Anyone for tennis, wouldn't that be nice?Yellow Buddhist monk is burning brightly at the zoo
You can bring a bowl of rice and then a glass of water too
And fate is setting up the chessboard while death rolls out the dice
Anyone for tennis, wouldn't that be nice?

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