

# The Prince & Old Lady Shade

Peter Murphy

The prince was a bird  
Not guilty or the like  
A true friend sip an soft  
No suffering cry All names and some cranks  
he'd powdered all off  
Their sycophantic gifts were never enough Old lady shade turns a vespertilian thing  
A motion event  
A friend of the jinn! The prince and old lady shade  
The prince and old lady shade She has a fair eye  
She takes her fair share of the city's mid day  
That lunch lady's glare The prince and old lady shade  
The prince and old lady shade General wooh very nearly smiled  
Saw the light in the little child The prince and old lady shade  
The prince and old lady shade

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