

Anyone For Tennis

[Eric Clapton](#)

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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