Hope

The Disco Biscuits

Mellow was the world when it began,
The alphabet and a master plan,
Settled in the trees and growing like a vine,
A delivery arriving back in time.

The officer revolt walks the beat with a bang,
For a millisecond and a boomerang,
As they walk away singing the peace is not so strong,
To turn the inside to the out and right to wrong

But silly as it is, when you can bang your head,
And who needs history when time just moves ahead,
As everything you want brings something else instead,
A hammerhead might taste the blood,

A ladybug might see the red,
There was a princess, her friend the mouse, and his little cheese,
And she wore these tiny slippers wear you'd think her toes were squeezed,
As she smiles on a swing, glides above a flower bed,

The gentle nature of a woman gives me hope to rest my head.
And hope fuels generations.
And hope can start your car.
And hope is the root of fantasy.

It's nothing but a star.
Which may be fleeting, may be bright.
May keep you staring at the night.
Where one might question what life will be.

Quietly, I ask myself, 'Is there still hope for me?'
Hope is a generation.
Bang your head in the car.
And what is the root of fantasy?
Lay your bet on a star.

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