

Mayfair

The Optic Nerve

Mayfair strange in the morning light
Mayfair strange in the summer night
Mayfair strangest in the afternoon
Mayfair stretching far above
Full of fame but lacking love
Could it be we see the Mayfair moon? Mayfair strange across the park
In the day or in the dark
There's no need to walk or even run
Mayfair faces clean and nice
But beauty here is cold as ice
Could it be we see the Mayfair sun? Mayfair strange at every hour
Hidden frowns with mystic power
Starry heights and golden throne
Down below you're on your own Mayfair strange for passers-by
Sights of wonder for the eye
Could it be that they'll pass by again?
Mayfair calling far and near
For even trees are wealthy here
Could it be we hear the Mayfair rain? Mayfair strange in the morning light
Mayfair strange in the summer night
Mayfair strangest in the afternoon
Mayfair stretching far above
Full of fame but lacking love
Could it be we see the Mayfair moon?

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