

# The Maestro

Caro Emerald

Presence, elegance, an unmistakable dominance  
Behind those steely eyes  
Anything you know is coincidence  
No one seems to know anything about his age, just his name  
He's always dressed for fame  
Uh, the keyser is the maestro

Let it go, dream a bit  
To wear a garment so delish  
I'd be out of my mind  
The slightest designs, the ultimate chemist  
Even you ingénue  
A gift he can't buy from you  
But if I had to pay I'd sure find a way to break the bank  
I'd break the bank that day

Ladies, his designs make the words fall out of a pantomime  
Colors, how they flow, go from avant-garde to beyond sublime  
History and mystery, he stops the hands of time  
The magic skin is mind  
'Cause the keyser is the maestro

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Uh he is a maestro  
He is a maestro  
Maestro... maestro...