

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...