

Breakfast In Mayfair

Fairport Convention

The world has surely lost it's head
The news is full of crimes
There's robberies in The Telegraph
And there's murders in The Times
And always more obituaries
And even one of these
Concerns the brutal slaughter
Of an Old Miss Emma Keys

The police have got their man, they're sure
He never left the scene
Indeed he led the hue and cry
A most unusual thing
An arsonist, a murderer, his soul will soon be frying
He's young, but old enough to kill
But not too young for dying

Now it seems the populace will queue
To see him stand in court
To hear him speak his wicked lies
While smiling at his thoughts
This arrogant young ruffian is obviously guilty
Though no where does it say exactly
How or why he killed her

Forget it dear it's not the first
There's bound to be another
The way you carry on
You'll have us thinking she's your mother
This man called "Lee" has had his day
And soon he'll be forgotten
So put that paper down before your breakfast goes quite rotten