

# Elegy

Howard Jones

Please don't look at me this way  
I am from the same seed as you  
Take me back to the womb  
I am weary of this life

Don't believe in my eyes  
Don't believe in my mind  
Don't believe in right or wrong  
Don't believe in cruel or kind

But all this talk is only poetry  
Only as true as we would believe  
We must live to fight the negative  
Not to court the self in defeat oh oh oh oh  
In defeat oh oh oh oh

Oh the pain of life is sweet  
Is it wrong to long for death?  
Must I cling to the thrills of life  
Ash to ash and dust to dust

But all this talk is only poetry  
Only as true as we would believe  
We must live to fight the negative  
Not court the self in defeat oh oh oh oh  
In defeat oh oh oh oh

You have looked at me this way  
We are all from the same seed  
Take us forward through the tomb  
There's no finish to a life