

## All This Useless Beauty

June Tabor

It's at times such as this she'd be tempted to spit,  
If she wasn't so ladylike,  
She imagines how she might have lived back when  
Legends & history collide  
So she looks to her prince, finding since  
He's so charmingly slumped at her side  
Those days are recalled on the gallery wall,  
And she's waiting for passion or humor to strike  
What shall we do, what shall we do  
With all this useless beauty, all this useless beauty

Good Friday arrived, the sky darkened on time,  
Till he almost began to negotiate,  
And she held his head like a baby and said  
"It's okay if you cry"  
Now he wants her to dress, as if you couldn't guess  
He desires to impress his associated  
But he's part ugly beast and Hellenic deceased  
And she finds that the mixture is hard to deny

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She won't practice the looks from the great tragic  
books  
That were later defaced disgraced celluloid  
They no longer make sense, but you can bet  
If she isn't a sweetheart, a plaything or pet  
The film turns her into an unveiled threat  
Nonsense prevails, modesty fails,  
Grace and virtue turn into stupidity  
While the calender fades almost all barricades  
To a pale compromise  
While our rulers have feasts on the backsides of beasts  
They still think they're the gods of antiquity  
If something you missed didn't even exist,  
It was just an ideal, is that such a surprise?

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With all this useless beauty,  
All this useless beauty?