

## Decadence

Kevin Ayers

Watch her out there on display  
Dancing in her sleepy way  
While all her visions start to play  
On the icicles of our decay.

Fading flowers in her hair  
She's suffering from wear and tear  
She lies in waterfalls of dreams  
And never questions what it means.

And all along the desert shore  
She wanders further evermore  
The only thing that's left to try  
She says to live I have to die.

She whispers sadly well I might  
And holds herself so very tight  
Then jumping from an unknown height  
She merges with the liquid night.

Lovers wrap her mist in furs  
And tell her what she has is hers  
But when they take her by the hand  
She slips back in the desert sand.

But what she leaves is made of glass  
And lovers worship as they pass  
Each one says - now she is mine  
But all drink solitary wine.  
(Drink it to Marlene)