

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)