

# The Prince & Old Lady Shade

Peter Murphy

The prince was a bird  
Not guilty or the like  
A true friend sip and soft  
No suffering cry

All names and some cranks  
He'd powdered all off  
Their sycophantic gifts  
Were never enough

Old lady shade turns  
A Vespertilian thing  
A motion event  
A friend of the jinn

The prince and old lady shade  
The prince and old lady shade

She has a fair eye  
She takes her fair share  
Of the city's mid day  
That lunch lady's glare

The prince and old lady shade  
The prince and old lady shade

General Woo very nearly smiled  
Saw the light in the little child

The prince and old lady shade  
The prince and old lady shade  
Oh  
Oh