

Pink Elephant

Seventh Avenue

My dearest child, not yet born, not even conceived
But I speak to you as if you are
'cause I fear the day you ask me about the sun, trees birds and
bees
Trees, birds and bees

You'll want to know, what I did to stop it all
And I won't be able to hide my shame
I'll only tell you the tale of pink elephants
You can fly through the heavens on their backs

Believe me, pink elephants can fly
Over the hills, the mountains and through the sky
They could, if they would, fly higher than high
But only the pink elephants can really fly

Forget the toys you used to play wars in your fantasy
And the videos where machines and monsters raged to rule
The desire for power and pleasure formed your world
And it will determine your child's future too

Close your eyes and realize where you are
They've survived despite all we've destroyed
They are all my parents left me from better days
They're your friends and you can give them to your child