

## A Lady Of A Certain Age

### The Divine Comedy

Back in the day you had been part of the smart set  
You'd holidayed with kings, dined out with starlets  
From London to New York, Cap Ferrat to Capri  
In perfume by Chanel and clothes by Givenchy

You sipped camparis with David and Peter  
At Noel's parties by Lake Geneva  
Scaling the dizzy heights of high society  
Armed only with a cheque book and a family tree

You chased the sun around the Cote d'Azur  
Until the light of youth became obscured  
And left you on your own and in the shade  
An English lady of a certain age

And if a nice young man would buy you a drink  
You'd say with a conspiratorial wink  
You wouldn't think that I was seventy  
And he'd say, No, you couldn't be

You had to marry someone very very rich  
So that you might be kept in the style to which  
You had all of your life been accustomed to  
But that the socialists had taxed away from you

You gave him children, a girl and a boy  
To keep your sanity a nanny was employed  
And when the time came they were sent away  
Well that was simply what you did in those days

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And if a nice young man would buy you a drink  
You'd say with a conspiratorial wink  
"You wouldn't think that I was sixty three"  
And he'd say, "No, you couldn't be

Your son's in stocks and bonds and lives back in Surrey  
Flies down once in a while and leaves in a hurry  
Your daughter never finished her finishing school  
Married a strange young man of whom you don't approve

Your husband's hollow heart gave out one Christmas Day  
He left the villa to his mistress in Marseilles  
And so you come here to escape your little flat  
Hoping someone will fill your glass and let you chat  
about how

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"You wouldn't think that I was fifty three"  
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