

The Man With The Black Moustache

The Monochrome Set

When he speaks he's never loud
You could lose him in a crowd
Changing color with the clouds

Self-effacing at the start
Oh so well he plays his part
Secret violence in his heart

Something stirring deeper down
This man is no children's clown
Leads you on to shaky ground

All good things, they have to end
Only so much you can spend
Broken faith is slow to mend