

THE PERFECT SHADE OF GREEN

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All of your riches and all of your charms
Where would you be without them all?
And all of the work that your father did
To pave the way so you could stand so tall?
So that the perfect shade of green
Could always be seen from your window

How is your golf game and your wife and your kids?
Has your son decided what he wants to do?
He always liked to draw in that book of his
But he'll probably end up just like you
And then the perfect shade of green
Will always be seen from his window

Pushing papers and crunching numbers
So that the sprinklers can run all night and day
And childhood yearnings are given up for earnings
And then the water comes to wash it all away

What will you do when your wife gets old?
Will you go out and find yourself a younger girl (again)?
Will you fill her full of your poisonous lies?
Is this the sum of your impression on this world?

Well think of your father
And think of all he gave
And now he's turning
Turning in his grave

But now the perfect shade of green
Will always be seen from your window