

## Two-Faced

Beady Belle

She's struck by the juggler  
Who juggles the balls  
Engrossed in all the ascents  
And the falls  
He jumps and cavorts  
Throwing balls in the air  
Dividing his focus  
His mind, everywhere

She does love the juggler  
She is a true fan  
Although it's a pity  
The juggler's her man  
His talent is two-faced  
As he breaks his bounds  
He runs with the hare  
And he hunts with the hounds

She's ready to bow  
To the inevitable  
Her love held in place  
By his bewitching embrace

He plays on the two strings  
He has to his bow  
The charlatan plays on her  
And plays it low  
But what can she do  
When she's so much in love  
Her reason is valued  
But passion above