

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