

## Gold Star

## Gazpacho

You don't have to praise me  
Nor do it in creole  
Not all smiles are friendly  
Not all our dessert  
So I've been hiding  
As a part of this neighbourhood  
And I'll be invisible  
Among the unseen

I'm the son of an honest man  
I've learned to keep the balance right  
Moon beams weigh your wishes  
Daydream had some answers  
The nurses all told me that they smelled the morning  
The silence of the streams  
There's no way to get me out of this

I'm the son of an honest man  
His eyes are open in the night  
Moon beams weigh your wishes  
Daydreams of ports and princes  
The car has a bone you can use for your magic  
In Egypt they were gods  
And I've got this and all my voodoo dolls  
When the promise ??  
And the light in your palm is a snake  
Don't ask me