

In this house the decor is obvious up scour.
See clearly the theory of less is more.
A plant a pet and books on the shelf.
And a frame on the wall where you can,
Picture yourself,
And you're welcome to stay.
But even your company must complement.
The Feng Shui.
Even down to what I have on.
They do wonder to what.
Extent I have gone.
Tailored and tapered couture to the curb.
Demanding the attention.
that it does deserve.
Fabrics for the forecast of the day
I admit it
Everything is fitted to fall in Feng Shui.
More importantly the way that I move.
If I'm in your town, my needles down,
on the groove.
On site they know my song.
It ain't slow and it sho ain't long.
You see I do not play.
Forgive me father, I was forced,
Out of Feng Shui.
A flow as subtle as a summer breeze.
Like the whispering winds and
The talking trees.
To big to be boxed in, it bobs and weaves.
It evolves, it solves, it gives and receives.
And everything I say is
calculated appropriated
Written and arranged in Feng Shui!