

## The Man With The Black Moustache

### The Monochrome Set

When he speaks he's never loud  
You could lose him in a crowd  
Changing color with the clouds

Self-effacing at the start  
Oh so well he plays his part  
Secret violence in his heart

Something stirring deeper down  
This man is no children's clown  
Leads you on to shaky ground

All good things, they have to end  
Only so much you can spend  
Broken faith is slow to mend