

The Spangleware Blues

Small and secluded
Friendly and fine
Is a quiet vegan café
Where flavours entwine
Arriving discreetly
I quietly prepare
Now I take to the stage
Where my song gilds the air
I entertain the patrons
Eating their food
My slow blues singing
Gives a peaceful mood
With spangleware lyrics
Which I sing for free
I dream of recording
Songs for a CD
My dream is elusive
Yet maybe one day
I'll be recorded
Then royalties I'll pay
Yet in the meantime
Life must proceed
The eating of food
An everyday need
This stylish café
Where I use my voice
Allows me a meal
Of my own choice
Maybe vegetable hotpot
With oven chips and rice
A cup of apple juice
Not from concentrate is nice
So I sing for my supper
What can I lose?
With the stylish, the peaceful
The spangleware blues
The stylish, the peaceful
The spangleware blues