All This Useless Beauty

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It's at times such as this she'd be tempted to spit,
If she wasn't so ladylike,
She imagines how she might have lived back when
Legends & history collide
So she looks to her prince, finding since
He's so charmingly slumped at her side
Those days are recalled on the gallery wall,
And she's waiting for passion or humor to strike
What shall we do, what shall we do
With all this useless beauty, all this useless beauty

Good Friday arrived, the sky darkened on time,
Till he almost began to negotiate,
And she held his head like a baby and said
"It's okay if you cry"
Now he wants her to dress, as if you couldn't guess
He desires to impress his associated
But he's part ugly beast and Hellenic deceased
And she finds that the mixture is hard to deny

What shall we do, what shall we do
With all this useless beauty,
All this useless beauty

She won't practice the looks from the great tragic books
That were later defaced disgraced celluloid
They no longer make sense, but you can bet
If she isn't a sweetheart, a plaything or pet
The film turns her into an unveiled threat
Nonsense prevails, modesty fails,
Grace and virtue turn into stupidity
While the calender fades almost all barricades
To a pale compromise
While our rulers have feasts on the backsides of beasts
They still think they're the gods of antiquity
If something you missed didn't even exist,
It was just an ideal, is that such a surprise?

What shall we do, what shall we do
With all this useless beauty,
All this useless beauty?

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