

Plus ça change . . .

When life was still in black and white
We all agreed that we were right
Truth was for the very few
When spoken to we smiled on cue

Nuance was just for gays and dykes
Good friends could be dismissed as kikes
A simper here, a simper there
Could get some jerk out of your hair

Girls knew well to keep it quiet
Don't breathe a word, don't breathe a word
Boys were strong and never cried
And grown-ups never ever lied

Politicos all had our trust
And if one slipped well he was just
The odd one out (a bloody fool
Who'd ignored the simple rule)

We played the game and took great care
Not to notice stinking air
To notice just what was in sight
When life was still in black and white

And now?