

# Ezmerelda Steals the Show

## Jack White

What melancholy magic  
Has turned a multitude into mush  
Mandibles drop from shock  
An old lady at high altitude  
Whispering hush She slips off her white shoes  
And grabs her tenor pacifier  
From its stand  
Thirty half steps to the microphone  
Smile on her face  
Flower in her hand  
Oh how a crowd can melt  
When they've been dealt  
Such a deliciously delicate blow  
By a barefooted fairy  
Not with a clang but a whisper  
Totally stealing the show  
Fools desire distraction  
And not take to heart  
Their faces to their gadgets fall south  
Ignoring the beauty of a fog on a hill  
And a kitten with a mouse in its mouth  
A motley mob settles down  
And there's hardly a frown  
As the air in the temple turns to mist  
A spotlight, a mark and a cleanse of the throat  
And her microphone gently is kissed  
You can hear a boot lace  
And a speck of dust taste  
As the babe bravely stared down the herd  
But she played not a note  
And only one moment spoke  
These simple and poignant five words  
You people are totally absurd

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>