

Billy Bragg

"Cindy Of A Thousand Lives"

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Blue velvet America
Half glimpsed in the headlights between the trees
Who punctured the beauty?
And invited monsters such as these
The pig faced boy, the corrupted clown
The grotesque figure who never comes into town

Something broken, something stained
Something waiting for the worms to claim
And you can never go there again
Except in nightmares
The voyeur, who dares not come near
Knows excitement is merely the beginning of fear

My shadow came this morning
And left some candy in my shoe
They're always watching me
Watching the things I do
Cindy of a thousand lives
Cindy of the Stepford Wives

I've looked at all the photographs
But Cindy, which one of them is you?
I've looked at all the photographs
But Cindy, which one of them is you?

I've looked at all the photographs
But Cindy, which one of them is you?
I've looked at all the photographs
But Cindy, which one of them is you?

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