

Donovan**"Yellow Is The Color"**

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YOUNG GIRL BLUES

Donovan

It's Saturday night, it feels like a Sunday in some ways
If you had any sense, you'd maybe go away for a few
days

Be that as it may, you can only say you are lonely
You are but a young girl working your way through the
phonies

Cafe on, milk gone, such a sad light and fading.
Yourself you touch, but not too much. You hear it's
degrading.

The flowers on your stockings wilting away in the
midnight
The book you are reading is someone's opinion of
moonlight
Your skin is so white, you'd like maybe to go to bed
soon
Just closing your eyes if you're to rise up before noon

High heels, car wheels, all the losers are groovin'
Your dream, strange scene, images are movin'

Your friends they are making a pop star or two every
evening

You know that scene backwards, they can't see the
patterns
they're weaving
Your friends they're all models but you soon got over
that
one
You sit in your one room a little brought down in
London

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