Graham Parker "Platinum Blonde"

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Pre>intro - country picking oohs g em c d

G em c am7 g

Stuff comes down from the golden triangle on ferries from denmark to helsingborg

G em c am7 g

The band strikes up but they're out of time on synthesiser and washboard

Em d c d

Wooden tulips grow by the roadside made in a factory in jonjoping

Em d c d

Fake glass baubles hang in the station just like the passenger's imitation

Am em c em

Then it hits you she was just the dregs all you wanna do now is break her legs

Am em d

Kick that brunette into a pond replace her with a

Chorus

Dcgcgcgc

Platinum blonde, platinum blonde, platinum blonde, platinum blonde

There's a secret world that you cannot enter it's in the center of the darkest night

She's waiting there with a set of works a swedish passport and something white

She walks past but you can't form a whistle □even her lips look artificial

You wanna follow her but you can't swallow her act it seems so superficial

Now you've shed the old one like a worn out shoe
It was all your fault but you blame her too
You know it's phoney but at least it's new and it comes
from a bottle like

Chorus repeat last part of intro repeat with solo

And in your heart there's a new addiction another

friction that you can't resolve
She seemed alive but she is just a cipher an imaginary postcard that just dissolved
Endless sunsets glow in the distance painted by picasso's assistants
Perfect people travel in volvos into the sunsets into the distance
You're just a passenger she's not a ticket a foreign stamp you've got to lick it
Put it in the mail box put it in the failbox
You never seem to learn from the school of hard knocks

Then she walks past and laughs at the pond You can't break a heart that doesn't respond, like

Chorus repeat intro picking /pre>

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