

Jet Set Roger

"Pussy Willow"

Visit "[Pussy Willow](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

In the half-tone light of a young morning
She sighs and shifts on the pillow.
And across her face dancing, the first shadows fly
To kiss the Pussy Willow.

In her fairy-tale world she's a lost soul singing
In a sad voice nobody hears.
She waits in her castle of make-believing
For her white knight to appear.

Pussy Willow --- down fur-lined avenue
Brushing the sleep from her young woman eyes.
Runs for the train --- see, eight o'clock's coming
Cutting dreams down to size again.

Pussy Willow --- down fur-lined avenue
Brushing the sleep from her young woman eyes.
Runs from the train. Hear her typewriter humming
Cutting dreams down to size again.

She longs for the East and a pale dress flowing
An apartment in old Mayfair.
Or to fish the Spey, spinning the first run of Spring
Or to die for a cause somewhere.

Pussy Willow --- down fur-lined avenue
Brushing the sleep from her young woman eyes.
Runs from the train. Hear her typewriter humming
Cutting dreams down to size again.

Visit [Jet Set Roger](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.