

Kinks

"Big Black Smoke"

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She was sick and tired of country life
A little country home, a little country folk
Made her blood run cold
Now her mother pines her heart away
Looking for her child in the big black smoke
In the big black smoke

Frailest, purest girl the world has seen
According to her ma, according to her pa
And everybody said
That she knew no sin and did no wrong
Till she walked the streets of the big black smoke
Of the big black smoke

Well, she slept in cafts and coffee bars and bowling
alleys
And every penny she had
Was spent on purple hearts and cigarettes

She took all her pretty colored clothes
And ran away from home with the boy next door
For a boy named Joe
And he took her money for the rent
And tried to drag her down in the big black smoke
In the big black smoke, in the big black smoke, in the
big black smoke

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