

Ocasan "Josephine"

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See there's this girl called Josephine
She was my bride to be
Lives with the rents
Spends all day dreaming of the silver screen
But she's got some big plans that don't include me

She's starry eyed, still in her teens
Loves wearing dungarees
Bold coloured tints of Warhol prints
And girly magazines
Convinced one day she'll be a star
Oh Josephine, how naive you are

Josephine
What does one do to get through to?
Josephine
I'd tally up the stars to prove to you
Josephine
I'd even stand on stage in Wembley
Then I'd sing...

Na na na na na na

With lollypops in candy shops
Soldiers and marching bands
There's Astronauts in boxer shorts that
Fill her head and damn
I'm pretty sure my girl has one and only fan

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