

Oora "Green Lights"

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(RE Broughton)

I met her in a garden where the warrior grows.

We shivered in the darkness I knew you were
at home.

I told you I was lonely begged you not cry.

Blown smoke in my head Green lights in your eye.

You know about me and the business man it's

hard to keep a friend.

Stone cold shaking-waiting for the rest wondering
where it ends.

I don't know how I got this far at all.

You said you'd like to meet her it was soon arranged.

She said you were her sister though we all felt strange.

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