

Pulp

"Blue Girls"

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The blue girls that bake in the sun
Skin falls in flakes from each one
Like leaves from autumn trees
They float upon the breeze
These girls you have loved
Are slowly decaying
Ah
Drying out in the sun
Before your eyes
Wild stares in your face
They seem to accuse you
Oh
What have you done
To earn this prize?
The flesh underneath candy-pink
Quite a strange affair you might think
They gasp and moan for air
Beached fish on your lawn-chair
These girls you have loved
Are slowly decaying
Ah
Drying out in the sun
Before your eyes

Wild stares in your face
They seem to accuse you
Oh
What have you done
To earn this prize?
Fragments left at the end of the day
A pile of blue that is soon swept away
Goodbye, blue girls, goodbye
Would it be too much to cry?
These girls you have loved
Have slowly decayed
Ah
They dried out in the sun
Before your eyes
Wild stares in your face
They seem to accuse you
Oh
What did you do

To earn this prize?

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