

Robert Plant & The Strange Sensation

"Port Authority"

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I can't know the song of the south
When my needle points north.
The blue south elegant with lovely lake
Eyes in a smiling river on fire look at me

Ape, the tailor whose fine linens he knows
Makes a man out of safety pins
Proud as an Indian
I figure in future years I'll be stained by the tears
Of desperate clinging

Miracle girls commercially perfect
Excel at Port Authority
Shall I run out to meet your hopes
Of liquor, tobacco & chocolate?
Up on chalkleg mirror mountain
Subtle and juicy

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