

Tina Dickow

"Head Shop"

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The streets are dark, the night is cold
Shadows dance in every window
The wind is biting through my coat
As evening fades I'm waiting to rise

We met this August afternoon
His insight threw me like a typhoon
And I was frail, I think he knew
Whispered words of great escapes
Now's the time to break away

He said...
Meet me at the head shop
Forget yourself and leave it all behind
Wait at the bus stop tonight
Meet me at the head shop
And let me free and open up your mind
You and I will take off tonight

The city wakes the sirens call
To remind me why I don't remember
I'm kicking trash against the wall
Evening fades, still waiting to rise
No-one escapes undisguised

He said...
Meet me at the head shop
Forget yourself and leave it all behind
Wait at the bus stop tonight
(And I'm still waiting)
Meet me at the head shop
And let me free and open up your mind
You and I will take off tonight

To let the colours run
To bite the loaded gun
To let the tables turn
To let the moment crash and burn
To take a solid stand
However hard you land
To wait another day

To leave yourself and run away

He said...

Meet me at the head shop

Forget yourself and leave it all behind

Wait at the bus stop tonight

(And I'm still waiting)

Meet me at the head shop

And let me free and open up your mind

But he never turned up that night...

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