

Sue Thompson

"She's In Fashion"

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She's the face on the radio she's the body on the
morning show
She's there shaking it out on the scene
She's the colour of a magazine
And she's in fashion she's in fashion

She's employed where the sun don't set
And she's the shape of a cigarette
And she's the shake of a tambourine
And she's the colour of a magazine
And she's in fashion and she's in fashion

Oh and if she tells you 2 is 1 then 2 is 1 my love
Oh and if she tells you you should know,
Then you should know my love,
She is strung out on a TV dream,
And she's the taste of gasoline,
And she's as similar as you can get to the shape of a
cigarette
And she's in fashion
(And the sunshine it blows my mind, and the wind
blows my brain).

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