

The Perishers

"Sally"

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Sally you gotta look out for yourself, forget that fella
Your colour, you look like kodachrome you've gone a
little yella
You're coming up with nothing, no reason to go on
I gotta tell you something
I still long to hear from you

But better get diplomatic all this fighting
All this fighting is getting nowhere
I'll take a number
And maybe in time you will take another

I'm coming up with nothing, I know I should move on
I gotta tell you something
I still long, I still long to hear from you

'Til somewhere down the line
I'll break my will
Or make you mine
And all the while I'm lookin' for revelations

How does she stain my flesh
The great unwash the great unrest
That's why you're leaving

And I'm coming up with nothing
No reason to go on
I gotta tell you something
I still long, I still long to hear from you
I still long to hear from you

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