

Philosopher Kings

"No Woman Around"

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On the main streets and
The avenues
In the condos white as knuckles,
Bruised
With the carmine of the busy
Liquor bars
There's a dark and mystic beauty
To these inner-city girls
That slide by in the velvet of
Their cars
Through the dance halls and the
Shopping malls
And the subways filled with
Dresden dolls
To the school of fallen angels on
The ground
The whole city's just an
Expensive whore
A forest nymph with a pompadour
But there ain't no woman around
No there ain't no woman around,
No there ain't no woman around
I'm surrounded by these girls
But there just ain't no
Woman around
And the girl that fills my bed
Will hear the words I should've said
To the only true love I ever found
I'll pretend that make-up in
Her purse
Is a day-dream, not a curse
That comes just to kick me down
And I can still taste the youth of
Her kiss
Maybe it's the childhood
That I missed
The first time around
There's a weird shape to
Her charms
There's a strange meat on her arms
But there ain't no woman around
No there ain't no woman around,

No there ain't no woman around
I'm surrounded by these girls
But there just ain't no
Woman around
Sometimes I feel I'm running like a
Fever through the night and
I've run myself straight into
The ground
I miss your smile, your name and
Your breath on my skin and I'm
Lost and alone in this crowd
From the locks and curls and
Strings of pearls
To the drunk and eager jelly girls
It's an all-day floorshow
Matinee in town
And it suddenly occurs
That I'm surrounded by these girls
But there ain't no woman around

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