

## Salad

# "Clear My Name"

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I have to clear my name  
My name has been defamed  
The bastards got me now, now  
I have to run away  
It's been a feteful day  
I'd better learn to pray, to pray  
Chorus :  
Clear my name on this fateful day  
Clear my name on this fateful day  
You know the heavy crew  
They're playing nearby you  
Peddling themselves, peddling themselves  
Repeat Chorus  
Come back tomorrow  
Come on baby - I want your milt  
Come back tomorrow, I won't be getting home till then  
Come back tomorrow, we'll trip the light fantastic in my  
bed  
Don't you know that it's true, my hair was an igloo  
Built from varnish and glue

All the love in the world could never heal it  
Come round tomorrow, Take my advice and bring a  
silver comb  
If you still love me, we'll sit a while between the shows  
And they said that it's true, Brighton pier holds a  
message for you  
All the seagulls that fly there whisper it softly  
Well you got to wear it out, one false move will let it fall  
out  
Yeah you gotta let it out, don't leave it hanging all  
about  
And if your heartbeats are round you'll know that you  
are breathing  
All these thoughts are profound, They take us up to  
touch the ceiling  
Come back tomorrow, we'll trip the light fantastic in my  
bed

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