

Salad

"U. V"

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Stacey has informed me that
The 60's borrowed 20's fashion
I've lost all sense of city taste
I'll pick out all my favourite garms
And wear them with the tightest passion
I've lost the feeling in my face

The Jeweller blew me away
With his demands of green
To circle fingers in gold
I'll need a man less mean

I'm leaving pink for UV to see

Getting into flowers it seems
Birds a current living hobby
I needn't dress for the wild of life
It's pointless to complete with petals
Collars flapping, never take off
So de-wing with my pocket knife

The Jeweller blew me away
With his demands of green
To circle fingers in gold
I'll need a man less mean

I'm leaving pink for UV to see

The Jeweller blew me away
With his demands of green
To circle fingers in gold
I'll need a man less mean

I'm leaving pink for UV to see X2

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