

Barrett Syd

"Baby Lemonade"

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In the sad town

cold iron hands clap

the party of clowns outside

rain falls in grey far away

please, please, Baby Lemonade

In the evening sun going down

when the earth streams in, in the morning

send a cage through the post

make your name like a ghost

please, please, Baby Lemonade

I'm screaming, I met you this way

you're nice to me like ice

in the clock they sent through a washing machine

come around, make it soon, so alone...

please, please, Baby Lemonade

In the sad town

cold iron hands clap

the party of clowns outside

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