

## Shout Out Louds "Blue Headlights"

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### "Blue Headlights"

Sarah wrote epistles on the subject of despair  
on the only night last year when there was no love in  
the air.  
Listen friend she wrote, and I heard her pen cry before  
it broke.  
Who are we and why, oh why can't we behave?  
We are good people, aren't we? Do you know?

Jon-jon had surprising eyes and narrow black suede  
shows,  
a war to fight in Paris and a sister with the blues.  
Pusique ton papa est en voyage you've heard your  
mother making  
love is not what we are Jon-jon, you and I  
are rats at cupid's table but we're fine.

In the darkest corner of a downstairs gathering  
ladybirds and pirate cowboys, made up, conversing.  
Islands sinking from musicians, bedtime stories, York  
Magicians,  
but you don't have to worry darling, frozen hearts leave  
seetrough scarring, and no one else will know unless  
you tell.

Drink to ghosts of past years' catastrophic love affairs,  
to robes of red and silver tales worn thin from too  
much care.  
Comfort doesn't always come in glasses, but perhaps  
tonight  
I won't be the only one with blue headlights.

Come on ladies, take your love to town.  
Pick it up boys, take your love to town.  
Everybody, take your love to town.

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