

Heavy Young Heathens

"Sha La La La La"

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Unphased she's motivated by her lack of charm
She keeps her social status in a tattoo on her arm
Takes up with visitors professors all by trade
Although she's 21 she tells them all she's 28

Let's talk about love, let's talk about hate
Last time that we spoke it was a little much too late
Let's talk about soul, let's talk about fame
So much talk so little time she plays it like a game
Sha la la la la

Please Mr. Grieves bring my baby back to me
Well she's crazy like a storm, with needles in her arms
Well I got nowhere to go, but I'm so damn far from
home
Well I, I can't stand being no, I can't stand being alone

Hey hey hey hey,
Sha la la la la
Hey hey hey hey,
Sha la la la la

Her car is empty and the milk has all run dry
She dresses for the weather after dinner's when she
dines
She hands out tokens while the patrons wait in line
Although she's 22 she tells them all she's 29

Let's talk about black, let's talk about gold
Make us all believe again before you get too old
Let's talk about red, let's talk about blue
The only other color left's the one I saved for you
(Sha la la la la la)

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Well she's crazy like a storm, with needles in her arms
Well I got nowhere to go, but I'm so damn far from
home
Well I, I can't stand being no, I can't stand being alone

Hey hey hey hey

Sha la la la la
Hey hey hey hey,
Sha la la la la

I can't stand being no, why don't you leave me alone

It's late October by the time that she awakes
And suddenly she's laughing and decides to take the
train
Although she's 35 she tell us all she's 28
Sha la la la

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