

Thompson Twins "Queer"

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Is the story of the depravity of the beat generation
true?

Daisy and Lily, lazy and silly

Walk by the shore of the warm, grassy sea

Talking once more neath a swan-bosomed tree

Rose castles fourelles, those bustles where swells

Each foam bell of ermine they roam and determine

What fashions have been and what fashions will be

What tartan leaves born what crinolines worn

(chorus)

Yeah

Queer, Queer

Queer, Queer

By green (thefis) pelisses or farlahine blue

Like the thin plaided leaves that castle crags grew

Or velours d'afrande on the water gods' land

Her hair seemed gold trees on the honey cell sand

When the thickest gold spangles on

Deep water seen were like twanging guitar

And like cold mandoline and the nymphs of great
caves

With hair like gold waves of Venus wore (Farta) fine
(REPEAT CHORUS)

Wild fire passion and impossible temper

The nymph tagliongrisi the ondine wear

Plaided Victoria and thin clementine

Like the crinolined waterfalls nymphs wear beneath
shawls

Elegant parasols floating are seen

The amazons wear balzarine blue

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