Al Stewart, Gina In The Kings Road

Gina in the King's Road, 1968 Blonde hair and eyeshadow, I hyperventilate Purple leather mini, legs up to there Don't you cast aspersions on my naugahyde affair

And she can make you believe You're feeling almost sincere And every day's New Years Eve She's giggling in your ear And yet she's so hard to reach Although she's so close at hand I'm like a wave on her beach Sinking in the sand

Everyone went out with her, everyone knew why No one ever stayed around, no one ever tried Now Gina drowns her sorrows, drinks away the night She's wrapped around some stranger, hanging on for life

repeat chorus

Now Gina in the King's Road, in a raincoat shimmering white Hands thrust in her pockets ike Julie Christie might Looks up into othe distance, puckers up her lips I don't stop to talk to her,we're just passing ships

repeat chorus