

# Robyn Hitchcock, Sometimes A Blonde

And ghosts walk in the bodies of children  
With their own guns, proud to be on video  
Young enough to feel like the skin grows back, yeah

And ghosts walk in the shadows of an obsolete scene  
Plum straw plum light blue plum straw plum  
Ask for Colin and he'll eat you  
And time only comes around again  
At the end

And ghosts walk in the ambulations of hound dogs  
Bonbons, cinemas, and Matalo  
Make you number seven walk the wrong way round, yeah

And they walk in the twenty-first century  
And you are gonna get yourself together now, aren't you  
I know you're a blonde sometimes  
I know you fade

Heavenly nightshade  
Heavenly nightshade

And ghosts walk in the fire of angels  
Honeycombs and principles, ocelots and meerkats  
Catch you looking stupid but you just don't care  
When your sights are on infinity, you don't fire blanks, no

I know you're a blonde sometimes  
I know you fade  
You fade, and you're gone sometimes

I met a shapeshifter  
I let her fade  
Heavenly nightshade  
Ooh, heavenly nightshade  
Ooh, heavenly nightshade  
It's where you came from