

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