

Shout Out Louds, Blue Headlights

Sarah wrote epistles on the subject of despair
on the only night last year when there was no love in the air.
Listen friend she wrote, and I heard her pen cry before it broke.
Who are we and why, oh why can't we behave?
We are good people, aren't we? Do you know?

Jon-jon had surprising eyes and narrow black suede shoes,
a war to fight in Paris and a sister with the blues.
Pusique ton papa est en voyage you've heard your mother making
love is not what we are Jon-jon, you and I
are rats at cupid's table but we're fine.

In the darkest corner of a downstairs gathering
ladybirds and pirate cowboys, made up, conversing.
Islands sinking from musicians, bedtime stories, York Magicians,
but you don't have to worry darling, frozen hearts leave
seetrough scarring, and no one else will know unless you tell.

Drink to ghosts of past years' catastrophic love affairs,
to robes of red and silver tales worn thin from too much care.
Comfort doesn't always come in glasses, but perhaps tonight
I won't be the only one with blue headlights.

Come on ladies, take your love to town.
Pick it up boys, take your love to town.
Everybody, take your love to town.