

The Magnetic Fields, Old Orchard Beach

Was there some part of you - tail, or hunchback;
That, when they cut it off, grew back?
You were a little girl with starry eyes
Now you're a sad young man and no one knows why.
(C): When we go dancing underneath the city in the catacombs
When we go dancing the strobe lights and the disco will bring us home.
I know Old Orchard Beach is where you belong
You can go back, but, baby, that won't make you young
The wind will blow or it won't
The stars come out or they don't
The world goes round or we get thrown into the stars. (C)