

Aztec Camera, Orchid Girl

Words and music by Roddy Frame

What do you mean by beauty lain
I hope you know the consequences
'Cos beauty wounds will make us strong
With truth we'll test our old defenses
And all my friends will make amends
They're green and grey and gold and groovy
And reconciled they'll shake and smile
Smile at me as though they knew me
And judge this world through jaundiced eyes
They're sold too soon and none too wise
Their big blue God is in the sky
Orchid Girl don't spend your money
They asked me what the meek would get
Pictured me afraid to answer
I told them that when thought's entombed
Then love will show it's root in Cancer
The sweet disorder in your eye
Has drawn me here through graves and gardens
I'm going in you're going in here are your smokes
Your jokes you're getting soaked I'm angry and my
Fists are pocketed
We'll judge this world through jaundiced eyes
We're sold too soon and none too wise
The big blue God is in the sky
He takes the blame and never cries
But Orchid Girl you'd make my day
You'd blow their cloud of crap away
If you would just refuse to pay
Orchid Girl you'd make my day