Barrett Syd, Baby Lemonade

Barrett Syd Misc Baby Lemonade In the sad town cold iron hands clap the party of clowns outside rain falls in grey far away please, please, Baby Lemonade

In the evening sun going down when the earth streams in, in the morning send a cage through the post make your name like a ghost please, please, Baby Lemonade

I'm screaming, I met you this way you're nice to me like ice in the clock they sent through a washing machine come around, make it soon, so alone... please, please, Baby Lemonade

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