

Catatonia, All Girls Are Fly

Small wonder you've not heard from her
She's gone now, back in England
She got spirit, will go farther
But she can't see the romance in the colour of your schemes
The colour of your schemes . . . oh
But you know and I that all girls are fly
And all men must die for their cars
Why blunder? there's no wonder
You've been feeling six foot under
Make it happen, you: it could happen
But don't forget to turn the light off if you're last to leave
If you're last to leave here
'Cos you know and I that all girls are fly
And all men must die for their cars
And you know and I that all men are fly
And all girls must die, or something
to fade