

Donovan, Yellow Is The Color

YOUNG GIRL BLUES

Donovan

It's Saturday night, it feels like a Sunday in some ways
If you had any sense, you'd maybe go away for a few days
Be that as it may, you can only say you are lonely
You are but a young girl working your way through the
phonies

Cafe on, milk gone, such a sad light and fading.
Yourself you touch, but not too much. You hear it's
degrading.

The flowers on your stockings wilting away in the midnight
The book you are reading is someone's opinion of moonlight
Your skin is so white, you'd like maybe to go to bed soon
Just closing your eyes if you're to rise up before noon
High heels, car wheels, all the losers are groovin'
Your dream, strange scene, images are movin'
Your friends they are making a pop star or two every evening
You know that scene backwards, they can't see the patterns
they're weaving

Your friends they're all models but you soon got over that
one

You sit in your one room a little brought down in London
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degrading.

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Stephen Sander
