

Judy Collins, Sunny Goodge Street

On the firefly platform on sunny Goodge Street,
Violent ash smokers shook a chocolate machine.
Involved in an eating scene.
Smashing into neon lights in their stoners
Smearing their eyes on the crazy coke goddess
Listening to sounds
Of Mingus Mellow Fantastic.
"My, my," they sigh. (repeat x1)
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In dollhouse runes
with colored lights swinging
strange music boxes sadly tinkling.
Drinking the sun,
Shining all around you.
"My, my," they sigh. (Repeat x1)
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The magician, he sparkles
in satin and velvet.
You gaze at his splendor
with eyes you've not used yet.
I tell you his name is:
Love love love
"My, my," they sigh (repeat).
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