

Mike Scott, A Girl Called Johnny

I remember Johnny - hey!
Johnny come lately
I remember her shoes like a ballerina
A girl called Johnny who
changed her name when she
discovered her choice was to
change or to be changed

I remember a girl called Johnny
black as hell and white as a ghost
"Don't talk about life or death"
she said "I've had enough of both"
A girl called Johnny who was not scared
they'd have torn her to pieces but
who would dare?

I remember a girl called Johnny
the train came to town, boy she got on it
without looking back, there was barely a word
If she said goodbye, well I never heard
but the noise goes on
the noise, the jazz
and the truth is in somebody else's hands
and the house that a girl called johnny built
is now just so much ashes and sand