

Palma Violets, Girl, You Couldn't Do Much Better

I was standing under palm trees waiting for you
You had a vulnerable heart and a smoking 42
You said I'd changed but I've always been this way
Maybe I was to blame?

You were the youngest Mary of three
Shattered by the man and the pack of authority
We'll probably burn out and fail
Well at least I was a marvellous failure
You'll be like the rest, a nonsensical benign success

You said I've changed /2x

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