

Pulp, Blue Girls

The blue girls that bake in the sun / Skin falls in flakes from each one
Like leaves from autumn trees / they float upon the breeze
These girls you have loved / are slowly decaying
Ah / Drying out in the sun / before your eyes
Wild stares in your face / they seem to accuse you
Oh / What have you done / to earn this prize?
The flesh underneath candy-pink
Quite a strange affair you might think / They gasp and moan for air
Beached fish on your lawn-chair
These girls you have loved / are slowly decaying
Ah / Drying out in the sun / before your eyes
Wild stares in your face / they seem to accuse you
Oh / What have you done / to earn this prize?
Fragments left at the end of the day
A pile of blue that is soon swept away
Goodbye, blue girls, goodbye / Would it be too much to cry?
These girls you have loved / have slowly decayed
Ah / They dried out in the sun / before your eyes
Wild stares in your face / they seem to accuse you
Oh / What did you do / to earn this prize?