

# Salad, U.V.

Stacey has informed me that  
The 60's borrowed 20's fashion  
I've lost all sense of city taste  
I'll pick out all my favourite garms  
And wear them with the tightest passion  
I've lost the feeling in my face

The Jeweller blew me away  
With his demands of green  
To circle fingers in gold  
I'll need a man less mean

I'm leaving pink for UV to see

Getting into flowers it seems  
Birds a current living hobby  
I needn't dress for the wild of life  
It's pointless to complete with petals  
Collars flapping, never take off  
So de-wing with my pocket knife

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I'm leaving pink for UV to see X2