

Steve Harley, My Only Vice (Is The Fantastic Price

Simply Lorraine sings for a while
In a three-octave harmonica style
It's easy to see her harmony
stabbing at my songs from behind
Trying to stick her cosmic philosopher's
words into rhymes
Nobody can tell it the same
To her evcrything's just like a game
But she'll make it seem some big machine's
driving you clean outa your mind
Come on admit it, that's just the limit,
we've travelled from mad to sublime

Chorus:
Oh she's a lady from a background of pearls
Who's tormenting and bending my world
My only vice is the fantastic prices I

Charge for being eaten alive. . .

So Nina can paint dragons on guitars
She can roll up a Victorian vase,
That gal can sweep, skip,
jump and leap into a room full of clowns,
No one'll tame her, no one'll claim her,
'til she's been at least all around
Doreen is a hunk of a man,
she can wipe every boy from the land
But Lorraine can fly it way outa sight
then bring it on back to the fold
Give me a chance, I want romance,
don't give me your love quite so cold

Chorus: