

Van Morrison, Bulbs

I'm kicking off from centre field
A question of being down for the game
The one shot deal don't matter
And the other one's the same

Oh! My friend I see you
Want you to come through (alright)
And she's standing in the shadows
Where the street lights all turn blue

She leaving for an American (uhuh)
Suitcase in her hand
I said her brothers and her sisters
Are all on Atlantic sand

She's screaming through the alley way
I hear the lonely cry, why can't you?
And her batteries are corroded
And her hundred watt bulb just blew

Lallallal.. alright...huhuhhuh

She used to hang out at Miss Lucy's
Every weekend they would get loose
And it was a straight clear case of
Having taken in too much juice

It was outside, and it was outside
Just the nature of the person
Now all you got to remember
After all, it's just show biz

Lallalal...huhuh...lallal

We're just screaming through the alley way
I hear her lonely cry, ah why can't you?
And she's standing in the shadows
Canal street lights all turn blue
And she's standing in the shadows
Where the street lights all turn blue
And she's standing in the shadows
Down where the street lights all turn blue
Hey, hey, yeah