

# Watts John, Victims Of Fashion

Sitting freezing in the cafe by the exit to the ladies room....  
Cappucino to the history of the age of soul.  
Marvin and Diana singing duets tape recorded from the radio,  
recognise the situation so well.  
There you go, hiding your eyes....  
There you go....  
VICTIMS OF FASHION.  
Waitress from the art school drawing on a red-stained filter....  
Bet you won't flick your hair back for me.  
Looking bored 'cos there's no one here to see you....  
Watching out for your friends in the street....  
There you go.... hiding your eyes....  
There you go  
VICTIMS OF FASHION.  
They're turning their backs on me and walking away.  
There you go....  
VICTIMS.