

Face Of Fashion

Marshall Crenshaw

I know why
Fish swim in the sky
And beat their leather wings
Until they're high and dry
We fly in the face of fashion
Full scale and fair
We fly in the face of fashion
With passion rare
Weave and sigh
My angel and I
Reach our hands above the clouds
And rip the seething sky
We fly in the face of fashion
Full scale and fair
We fly in the face of fashion
With passion rare
My oh my
My angel and I
Reach our hands above the clouds
And rip the seething sky