

Young Girl Blues

Donovan

A Saturday night
It feels like a Sunday in some ways
If you had any sense
You'd maybe go 'way for a few days
Be that as it may
You can't only say you were lonely
You are but a young girl
Working your way thru the phoneys

Café on, milk gone
Such a sad light unfading
Yourself you touch
But not too much
You hear it's degrading

The flowers on your stockings
Wilting away in the midnight
The book you are reading
Is one man's opinion of moonlight
Your skin is so white
You'd like maybe to go to bed soon
Just closing your eyes
If you're to rise up before noon

High heels, car wheels
All the losers are groovin'
Your dream, strange scene
Images are movin'

Your friends they are all making
A pop star or two every evening
And you know that scene backwards,
They can't see the patterns they're weaving
Your friends they're all models
But you soon got over that one
You sit in your one room
A little brought down in London

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Such a sad light unfading
Yourself you touch
But not too much
You've heard it's degrading

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You'd maybe go 'way for a few days
Be that as it may
You can't only say you were lonely
You are but a young girl
And you're working your way thru the phoneys