

Blackbird

Madness

I was walking down Dean Street, headed nowhere at all
Aimlessly strolling through Soho, when the rain began to fall
Alright nutty boy she said, passing me on Dean Street
She's striding through the puddles, on black stilettoed feet
Guitar over one shoulder, swirling swagger in her stride
In a well-
appointed pencil skirt, that maybe, just maybe 18 inches wide

The voice of fallen angels
Lost lovers in the night
A blackbird on the wing
Now only fallen angels sing

She looked back at me and smiled
She winked one deep black mascara eye
Well I narrowly missed the lamppost
As I made to make my reply
A black taxi splashes diesel rainbows through the neon air
Behind fishnet stocking by hydraulic derriere

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That guitar over one shoulder
Just a glimpse of pink La Pearla Bra
Glowing in the mist round Wanny Scots
There she goes, c'est la trois trois
We briefly faced each other, then she turned and walked away
And the rain lashed down on Dean Street, on that black and mournful day, hey

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Only fallen angels sing

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Only fallen angels sing
Fallen angels sing
Fallen angels sing
Fallen angels sing