

## Nitrogen Pink

Polly Scattergood

Nitrogen Pink and a whole load of Wednesdays  
They're these sweet rotting memories  
That keep you alive  
Nitrogen Pink please  
Throw me a moment just to  
Get my composure and to  
Stamp on a fly

And the boys had they're pearls  
And the girls had to backs  
And everybody was laughing at you  
Singing isn't it, isn't it, isn't it  
Such a funny old world the way tragedy strikes

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And the blind man was seeing clouds all grey  
Until the weather man blew his rain away  
And nobody, nobody, nobody make a sound

Nitrogen pink and a pill for my breakfast  
And a bag full of ketchup that he spilt on his tie  
Nitrogen pink for the unwritten bible  
About this mad mad days survival  
Till he kicked it up in the flames

And all the education daddy  
It never paid  
Because the fat man took my innocence away  
And I thought and I thought and I thought  
You said all the streets were paved with gold

Nitrogen pink for the real captain redbear  
For the unlikely pianist  
The sad and the gay  
Nitrogen pink for the man in the corner  
For the pig in the slaughter house  
The sweet melody

Played slot machines got so rich then we lost it  
Found a hole in my pocket  
Crack a smile and were ok  
That long drive home  
Nothing much ever after  
Nothing hurts me more than laughter  
Man I wish you could be here

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Wave you good bye