

# Bulbs

## Van Morrison

I'm kicking off from center field  
A question of being down for game  
The one shot deal don't matter  
And the other one's the same Oh my friend I see you  
Want you to come through alright  
And she's standing in the shadows  
Where the street lights all turn blue She's leaving for an American  
Suitcase in her hand  
I said her brothers and her sisters  
Are all on Atlantic sand She's screaming through the alley way  
I hear the lonely cry, why can't you?  
And her batteries are corroded  
And her hundred watt bulb just blew La la la  
Alright  
La la la She used to hang out at Miss Lucy's  
Every weekend they would get loose  
And it was a straight clear case of  
Having taken in too much juice It was outside and it was outside  
Just the nature of the person  
Now all you got to remember  
After all, it's just show biz La la la  
La la la  
La la la We're just screaming through the alley way  
I hear her lonely cry, ah why can't you?  
Now she's standing in the shadows  
Canal street lights all turn blue And she's standing in the shadows  
Where the street lights all turn blue  
And she's standing in the shadows  
Down where the street lights all turn blue Hey, hey, yeah

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