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 sameOh my friend I see you
Want you to come through alright
And she's standing in the shadows
Where the street lights all turn blueShe's leaving for an American
Suitcase in her hand
I said her brothers and her sisters
Are all on Atlantic sandShe'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 blewLa la la
Alright
La la laShe 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 juiceIt was outside and it was outside
Just the nature of the person
Now all you got to remember
After all, it's just show bizLa la la
La la la
La la laWe'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 blueAnd 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 blueHey, hey, yeah

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