

Yard Of Blonde Girls

[Jeff Buckley](#)

Through the yard, through the yard of blond girls.
Through the river and the sea.
Gold sharks glittering.
A tree of white breaks the earth.
The streets where Lola played.
Very sexy, very sexy. Okay, okay.
Fear we may come.
Fear we may come.
Fear we may come.
Fear we may come.
So run, run, run, run, run, run, run. It's in your heart, it's in your art, your beauty.
Even in this world of lies, there's purity,
You've got innocence in your eyes.
Even in this world of lies, you're still hopeful.
Very sexy. Okay, okay.
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So run, run, run, run, run, run, run. Through the yard, through the yard of blond girls.
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So run, run, run, run, run, run, run.

Songwriters

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