

Black Patch

The 5th Dimension

Invitations to my party, send Jones an inviting card.
He got his mean streak from the gutter, got his kindness from God.

Now tugboats paint the river, carry coal to the city in white dock liners.
Happiness on the uptown side at my party in the morning tide.
Oo, la, la, la, black patch. Oo, la, la, la, black patch. Oo, la, la, la, black patch.
In black patch, in black patch.

Clothespins on wash ropes, window to window tie.
Socks and bells and nightgowns, tassels in the morning, tassels in the morning sky.

People are you ready (ready ready)~!~!

Woman child on the side street, flashing in black patch.
Lipstick on her reefer, waiting for a match.

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