Young Girl Blues

Donovan

It's Saturday night, it feels like a Sunday in some ways
If you had any sense, you'd maybe go away, for a few days
Be that as it may, you can't only say, you are lonely
You are but a young girl and you're working your way
Through the phoneysCoffee on, all the milk's gone
Such a sad light and fading
Yourself you touch, but not too much
You've heard it's degradingHigh heels all those car wheels
All the losers are groovin'
Your dreams such a strange scene
Images are movingYou put the coffee on and all the milk's gone
Such a sad light and fading
Yourself you touch, but not too much
Certain people tell you it's degradingIt's Saturday night, it feels like a Sunday in some ways
If you had any sense, you would maybe go away for a few days
Be that as it may, you can't only say you're lonely
You are but a young girl and you're working your way
Through the phoneys

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