Nitrogen Pink

Polly Scattergood

Nitrogen pink and a whole load of Wednesdays
They're these sweet rotting memories
That keep you alive

Nitrogen pink, please
Throw me a moment just to
Get my composure and to
Stamp on a fly

And the boys had they're pearls
And the girls had to backs
And everybody was laughing at you
Singing isn't it, isn't it, isn't it
Such a funny old world the way tragedy strikes

Nitrogen pink and a whole load of Wednesdays
They're these sweet rotting memories
That keep you alive
Nitrogen Pink please throw me a moment just to
Get my composure and to stamp on a fly

And the blind man was seeing clouds all grey
Until the weather man blew his rain away
And nobody, nobody, nobody make a sound

Nitrogen pink and a pill for my breakfast
And a bag full of ketchup that he spilt on his tie
Nitrogen pink for the unwritten bible
About this mad mad days survival
Till he kicked it up in the flames

And all the education daddy, it never paid
Because the fat man took my innocence away
And I though and I thought and I thought
You said all the streets were paved with gold

Nitrogen pink for the real captain red beard
For the unlikely pianist, the sad and the gay
Nitrogen pink for the man in the corner
For the pig in the slaughter house

The sweet melody

Played slot machines got so rich then we lost it
Found a hole in my pocket
Crack a smile and we're okay

That long drive home
Nothing much ever after
Nothing hurts me more than laughter
Man I wish you could be here

Nitrogen pink and a whole load of Wednesdays
They're these sweet rotting memories
That keep you alive

Nitrogen pink, please
Throw me a moment just to
Get my composure and to
Wave you good bye

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