

# Cindy of a Thousand Lives

Billy Bragg

Blue velvet America  
Half glimpsed in the headlights between the trees  
Who punctured the beauty?  
And invited monsters such as these  
The pig faced boy, the corrupted clown  
The grotesque figure who never comes into town  
Something broken, something stained  
Something waiting for the worms to claim  
And you can never go there again  
Except in nightmares  
The voyeur, who dares not come near  
Knows excitement is merely the beginning of fear  
My shadow came this morning  
And left some candy in my shoe  
They're always watching me  
Watching the things I do  
Cindy of a thousand lives  
Cindy of the Stepford Wives  
I've looked at all the photographs  
But Cindy, which one of them is you?  
I've looked at all the photographs  
But Cindy, which one of them is you?  
I've looked at all the photographs  
But Cindy, which one of them is you?  
I've looked at all the photographs  
But Cindy, which one of them is you?

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