

Strange Notes (Live 1979)

Germes

Billy Druids face is marble
He keeps veery thought in its place
He lets the days turn tomorrow
Someone's always walking
on his graveHe wears the lines just like Garbo
And talks at a saturmine pace
Listening to the strange notes marvel
Only giving what it takesIt's a sad man's world
And for Billy it's sure to crown
Dragging beauty into darkness
Inflciting a pale white frownAnd the matter the runs
Through Billy's head
Is too concerned to fall

Songwriters

DARBY CRASH, PAT SMEARPublished by

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