

Gina in the Kings Road

[Al Stewart](#)

Gina in the King's Road, 1968

Blonde hair and eyeshadow, I hyperventilate

Purple leather mini, legs up to there

Don't you cast aspersions on my naugahyde affair And she can make you believe

You're feeling almost sincere

And every day's New Years Eve

She's giggling in your ear

And yet she's so hard to reach

Although she's so close at hand

I'm like a wave on her beach

Sinking in the sand Everyone went out with her, everyone knew why

No one ever stayed around, no one ever tried

Now Gina drowns her sorrows, drinks away the night

She's wrapped around some stranger, hanging on for liferepeat chorus
Now Gina in the King's Road, in a
raincoat shimmering white

Hands thrust in her pockets ike Julie Christie might

Looks up into othe distance, puckers up her lips

I don't stop to talk to her, we're just passing shipsrepeat chorus

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