

Nico, two headed Cuban giant  
He's looking with all of his eyes  
At the colours that fall through the chestnut tree night  
Cos tomorrow in London they rise  
And don't you know that I'm dusty, too  
Don't you know that I'm dusty through and through.

The candy floss lady is looking at me  
Though she never has seen me before  
She knows that I'm selling, let her buy all she has  
And then maybe come back for some more  
And don't you know that I'm dusty, too  
Don't you know that I'm dusty through and through.

Roundabouts roundabout all closing down  
And the men of the goldfish are gone  
The cars and the arms are all tired now  
And the lights on the grass are down  
And don't you know that I'm dusty, too  
Don't you know that I'm dusty through and through.

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