

Sunny Goodge Street

Marianne Faithfull

On the firefly platform of sunny Goodge Street
A violent hash-smoker shook a chocolate machine
Involved in an eating scene

Smashing into neon streets in their stillness
Smearing their eyes on the crazy Kali goddess
Listening to sounds of Mingus mellow fantastic.

"My, my", they sigh.

In dull house rooms with coloured lights swinging
Strange music boxes sadly tinkling
Drink in the sun shining all around you.

"My, my", they sigh.

The magician, he sparkles in satin and velvet,
You gaze at his splendour with eyes you've not used yet.
I tell you his name is Love, Love, Love.

"My, my", they sigh.

"My, my", so high.

"My, my" they sigh.

Hmm, hmm.

Hmm, hmm.