

Carol

Al Stewart

Sometimes it seems unimaginable that you were ever any other way,
With your white rose face and your orphan clothes
Embroidered jeans and silver chains
You're a well know face in all the hang out places where the lost souls
congregate
And you sit all night, but you talk too fast,
I don't know what you're trying to say.
Oh Carol, I think it's time for running to cover, uh huh
Believe me you're everyone and nobody's lover, uh huh
You've got a one way ticket for all your yesterdays

Reach down silvery ship from the stars
I know you're there
I know you'll understand me you can take me anywhere
I know you must be there.