

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 life

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Now Gina in the King's Road, in a raincoat shimmering white
Hands thrust in her pockets like Julie Christie might
Looks up into the distance, puckers up her lips
I don't stop to talk to her, we're just passing ships

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