

## L. Wells

Franz Ferdinand

Great Western Wind catches in your Celtic hair  
Flicks it round your face like flames around the sun  
In the bright cold air you seem as innocent and fair  
As Rita Tushingham in 1961

Well, Lindsey Wells  
How I wish that I could feel so good  
I wish that I could be as good as you  
Well, Lindsey Wells  
How I wish that I could feel the good  
Beyond the poison in us like you do

LP records in your little hands  
Put them on your little dansette for a dance  
All those men sing you'll never walk alone  
But you'll never let them break your little heart.

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I wish that I could be as good as you  
Well, Lindsey Wells  
How I wish that I could feel the good  
Beyond the poison in us like you do

If you have some sort of secret  
If you need someone to tell  
You can tell me  
Because my memory  
Always fails  
I will forget  
And your secret  
Will remain  
Yes the secret  
The secret  
Will remain

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