

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 danseuse 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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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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