

Seventies Girl

Freedy Johnston

Down from the attic in your old things
My new girlfriend has a curious streak
Half lit, in the hall
She's like you
Twenty years ago

Clothes from a case you'd thrown at me
Orange, yellow, red and chartreuse green
Way back in the day
I lost you
Don't tell me here we go again

Seventies girl
Don't come any closer
There's gonna be trouble tonight
You're not staying over

Hey there seventies girl
Never should have told her
You want to be older
Than you were

She was transcendental then
Her beautiful eyes through your rose specs
Way back, in the day
I loved you
Or something like it anyway

Seventies girl
You've been taken over
You never had a cradle to rock
Now you want to go there

Hey there seventies girl
Never should have told her
You want to be older
Than you were

We fell apart
Just like that dress
Then taught ourselves unhappiness
I don't recall much, I confess
But wonder where she's gone

Seventies girl
Don't come any closer
There's gonna be trouble tonight
You're not staying over

Hey there, seventies girl
Never should've showed her
You want to be older
Than you were