

Bluefish

Gary Jules

Take care;
She will fall on you like weather.
You don't hear a thing but the beating of wings
And the lights go out.
Ooh
And there you are
Standing in the doorway
With a cigarette.
You say, "Hey rock n' roll,
Did you really have to sell your soul
Or were you just playing the fool?
That shame is mine; you know I've done it too.
19's fire in the lighthouse is burnout at 22."

She will come
To any whispered invitation.
Try to send her away;
She did not come here to play,
She ain't leaving empty-handed.
There we are;
Here we are.

You say time isn't mine
To save or to waste
But I might stick around
'Til the season changes shoes.
And the fortunate ones will always get to choose;
19's fire in the lighthouse is burnout at 22.

Ohh ohh
Ohh ohh ohh ohh
Ohh ohh ohh ohh
Ohh ohh ohh ohh

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And there you are.