

# Platinum Blonde

Graham Parker

Stuff comes down from the golden triangle  
On ferries from Denmark to Helsingborg  
The band strikes up but they're out of time  
On synthesiser and washboard  
Wooden tulips grow by the roadside  
Made in a factory in Jonjoping  
Fake glass baubles hang in the station  
Just like the passenger's imitation  
Then it hits you she was just the dregs  
All you wanna do now is break her legs  
Kick that brunette into a pond  
Replace her with a...

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There's a secret world that you cannot enter  
It's in the center of the darkest night  
She's waiting there with a set of works  
And a Swedish passport and something white  
She walks past but you can't form a whistle  
Even her lips look artificial  
You wanna follow her but you can't swallow  
Her act, it seems so superficial  
Now you've shed the old one like a worn out shoe  
It was all your fault but you blame her too  
You know its phony but at least it's new  
And it comes from a bottle like

And in your heart there's a new addiction  
Another friction that you can't resolve  
She seemed alive but she is just a cipher  
An imaginary postcard that just dissolved  
Endless sunsets glow in the distance  
Painted by Picasso's assistants  
Perfect people travel in Volvos  
Into the sunsets into the distance  
You're just a passenger she's not a ticket  
A foreign stamp you've got to lick it  
Put it in the mail box  
Put it in the fail box  
You never seem to learn from the school of hard knocks  
Then she walks past and laughs at the pond  
You can't break a heart that doesn't respond, like