

Vanilla O'Lay

Marianne Faithfull

You treated me like a schoolgirl lover,
We never did follow any rules.
Into your arms and I'm running for cover,
All of my strings I've tied to you.

Can you hear the gypsy turnpike, oh it's calling.
So take our things out to the car.
And as the shades of night are fallin'
You're my bright and guiding star.

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Vanilla O'Lay, O'Lay, O'Lay, lay-la.

Oh my, my, my, my, you're looking better,
Seems like you were never ill.
The doctor, he's gonna send you a letter??
Let the sky up pay the bill.

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John-john the cat, he's getting older
And he can't jump up like we know he should.
So come, put the baby over my shoulder,
We're going out to get some wood.

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