

Young Girl Blues

Marianne Faithfull

It's Saturday night, it feels like a Sunday in some ways.
If I had any sense I'd maybe go away for a few days.
Be that as it may, I can only say I am lonely,
I am but a young girl, working my way through the phonies.
Coffee on, milk gone, a sad light by fading,
Myself I touch, but not too much, I hear it's degrading.
The flowers on my stockings are wilting away in the midnight.
The book I am reading is one man's opinion of moonlight.
My skin is so white, I'd like maybe to go to bed soon,
Closing my eyes, if I'm to rise up before noon.
High heels, car wheels, the losers are grooving.
My dream, strange seem images are moving.
My friends, they are making a pop star or two every evening.
I know that scene backwards, they can't see the patterns they'r
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weaving.
My friends they are models but I soon got over that one.
I sit in my one room, a little brought-down in London.
Coffee on, milk gone, a sad light by fading,
Myself I touch, but not too much, I hear it's degrading.
La la la la la, la la la la la la la la la.
La la la la la, la la la la la la la la la.
La la la la, la la la la la ...