

## Face Of Fashion

Marshall Crenshaw

I know why  
Fish swim in the sky  
And beat their leather wings  
Until they're high and dry  
We fly in the face of fashion  
Full scale and fair  
We fly in the face of fashion  
With passion rare  
Weave and sigh  
My angel and I  
Reach our hands above the clouds  
And rip the seething sky  
We fly in the face of fashion  
Full scale and fair  
We fly in the face of fashion  
With passion rare  
My oh my  
My angel and I  
Reach our hands above the clouds  
And rip the seething sky