

## Dolls

## Primal Scream

Saw you walking down the street  
Holding hands with some other guy  
Well a short skin suit, black patent leather boots  
Big brown round saucer eyes, that's right!  
I didn't talk to you then, you was kissing your friend  
Besides, it was the wrong time and place  
I went home, took a shower, met a lady  
I got some flowers but shows ya hey I knew we'd meet again

Don't want your diamonds, don't want your gold  
I want your love, I want your soul, come on babe  
Let's have a good time! Let's have a good time!  
Let's have a good time! Let's have a good time!

So I searched all over town, dudes hanging around  
No one had ever seen a chick like you before  
I hit strip joints and museums, bars and clubs and Jesus  
I even prayed in a cathedral for your soul  
Then one rainy winter Tuesday, I saw you on the subway  
You were heading for the tunnel near the door  
I pressed my face against the glass, you sped by me in a flash  
Like a motorcycle crash you smoked my skull

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So once again, walking in the pouring rain  
Wondering who and why and where and what you were  
I had hallucinatory dreams, shivers, sweats and screams  
Like an opium withdrawal, only worse  
Then on one hot summer night I took a motorcycle ride  
Saw you looking really evil, spitting fire from your eyes  
Like a rockabilly queen 'bout to kick start your machine  
Like a fighter pilot flying off to war  
You had a tight black leather jacket, skull and crossbones on t  
he back  
God bless the sould of sweet Gene Vincent, there you were!

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