

## Brushed With Oil, Dusted With Powder

Scritti Politti

Brushed with oil, dusted with powder  
The day began to decline  
A broken door, hotel bedroom  
The sun cut through the blind (oh but I tell you)

The officer asked "how did it start?"  
Oh shit, "you I wish I knew" I said  
"On Highbury Fields, the Westside Highway  
Or here in the Hollywood hills"

In a black and white, to Orange County  
The sky was a beautiful blue  
A pack of lights 'n some keys they found there  
They wondered how much I knew (oh but I tell you)

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"On Highbury Fields, the Westside Highway  
Or here in the Hollywood hills"

And yes, it's over  
And yes, oh the powerful have found me  
It was beautiful to see  
It was how I'm meant to be  
It was love, no matter what they say  
It's wonderful to be here

Abraham, my father, had a girl he called his angel  
I made my excuses and I like the way it feels

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