

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)

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"

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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