

## Orange Air

### The 5th Dimension

How rude! How crude! She said that I should come to such an end  
With my hair too long to work at the local bank  
Her mother wanted her to marry the rich young son of some old friend  
And I did not quite fit in with just myself to thank.

A long silent summer  
It didn't matter  
Who cut my hair or  
Who was my hatter.

And then the night Jasmine came clinging to her hair and lingered there  
And there was orange air  
There was orange air

I remember kissing her that sad last night through the screen so hard  
I had a checkered mouth and nose  
She sold out so quickly that before I knew what hit me she was laughing with the others at my funny clothes  
A long silent summer  
It didn't matter  
Who cut my hair or  
Who was my hatter.

And then the night Jasmine came clinging to her hair and lingered there  
And there was orange air,  
There was orange air

Orange Air! (orange air)  
Orange Air! (orange air)  
Orange Air! (orange air)  
Orange Air! (orange air)