

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)