

## Bulbs

Van Morrison

I'm kicking off from center field  
A question of being down for the game  
The one shot deal don't matter  
And the other one's the same

Oh! My friend I see you  
Want you to come through (alright)  
And she's standing in the shadows  
Where the street lights all turn blue

She leaving for an American (uhuh)  
Suitcase in her hand  
I said her brothers and her sisters  
Are all on Atlantic sand

She's screaming through the alley way  
I hear the lonely cry, why can't you?  
And her batteries are corroded  
And her hundred watt bulb just blew

Lallallal, alright, huhuhuh

She used to hang out at Miss Lucy's  
Every weekend they would get loose  
And it was a straight clear case of  
Having taken in too much juice

It was outside, and it was outside  
Just the nature of the person  
Now all you got to remember  
After all, it's just show biz

Lallalal, huhuh, lallal

We're just screaming through the alley way  
I hear her lonely cry, ah why can't you?  
And she's standing in the shadows  
Canal street lights all turn blue  
And she's standing in the shadows  
Where the street lights all turn blue  
And she's standing in the shadows  
Down where the street lights all turn blue  
Hey, hey, yeah