

I want to marry a personality
Someone who looks just like Koo Stark
And people grow old, they get bored
They forget to take a risk
Sunken dreams for Mr Field
Sold out to the Longman Oz
Solid days and liquid nights
Red boy loved our pavement fights

Now in the dark they'll be left waiting
Waiting to be told
And in the dark they'll be left waiting
With nothing left to hold

I wish I were in a bright green field
Staring at the bright blue sky
Like genius revealed, I am ignorant of what she feels
Red guitars and broken hearts
Scarecrow bleeds what no-one needs
Ticket man must play the clown
All our lives spent Underground

'Cause in the dark they'll be left waiting
Waiting to be told
And in the dark we'll all be waiting
With nothing left to hold

The fantastic thing about the female is that she was
Put on this earth to be admired and adorned, not abused
Or so the Senator said, one night in
J.J. Smyths where all the punks had played and the
Jazz men have their day. While the cat was sitting
In the corner, sniffing out his 20%
A sniffing and a licking
A drinking and a thinking
About how his life was spent
And then he'd fly, fly into a rage
Because his mind became delayed
And he'd start accusing every one of us
That he'd been betrayed

'Cause in the dark he's been left waiting
Waiting to be told
In the dark he's been left waiting
With nothing left to hold

And in the dark we'll all be waiting
Never to be told