

Young Girl Blues

Donovan

Am C F Am

It s Saturday night, it feels like a Sunday in some ways

Am C F Am

If you had any sense, you d maybe go away for a few days

Am C F Am

Be that as it may, you can only say you are lonely

Am C F Am

You are but a young girl working your way through the phonies

Chorus

Dm F Eadd4 Am

Cafe on, milk gone, such a sad light and fading.

Dm F Eadd4 Am

Yourself you touch, but not too much. You hear it s degrading.

Am C F Am

The flowers on your stockings wilting away in the midnight

Am C F Am

The book you are reading is someone s opinion of moonlight

Am C F Am

Your skin is so white, you d like maybe to go to bed soon

Am C F Am

Just closing your eyes if you re to rise up before noon

Dm F Eadd4 Am

High heels, car wheels, all the losers are groovin

Dm F Eadd4 Am

Your dream, strange scene, images are movin

Your friends they are making a pop star or two every evening

You know that scene backwards, they can t see the patterns
they re weaving

Your friends they re all models but you soon got over that
one

You sit in your one room a little brought down in London

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