

## 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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