

Young Girl Blues (Donovan)

Am Fmaj7 Em7 Am *[same chords all three lines]*
It's Saturday night, feels like a Sunday in some ways
If you had any sense, you'd maybe go 'way for a few days
Be that as it may, you can only say you are lonely
You are but a young girl, working your way through the phonies.

Dm /C Bb E7 Am
Café on, milk gone, such a sad light and fading
Dm /C Bb E7 Am
Yourself you touch, but not too much, You hear it's degrading

The flowers on your stockings, wilting away in the midnight
The book you are reading is one man's opinion of moonlight
Your skin is so white, you'd like maybe to go to bed soon
Just closing your eyes, if you're to rise up before noon

High heels, car wheels, all the losers are groovin'
Your dream, strange scene, images are moving

Your friends they are making a pop star or two every evening
You know that scene backwards, they can't see the pattern 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

Café on, milk gone, such a sad light and fading
Yourself you touch, but not too much, you hear it's degrading

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If you had any sense, you'd maybe go 'way for a few days
Be that as it may, you can only say you are lonely
You are but a young girl and you're working your way
through the phonies.