

Force Of Nature

Graham Parker

She's got everything she needs and it isn't you
A cosmetic arsenal a bucket of glue
Signs on her back that say Keep on the grass
Powerful liquor in a hip flask
Coins from the commonwealth Doubloons from the sea
A knife in her boot heel A Bonsai tree
Ice cream in her pocket Diamonds from her fence
It all works like clockwork It all makes sense

To a force of nature, force of nature, force of nature
That's what she is

With her clouded leopard on a leash in the shed
A vicious black rodent she calls Fred
She keeps her diary under the bed
but there's nothin' in it 'cause it's all in her head
Walkin' round London with foreign banknotes
throwin' silver nunchucks at cab drivers throats
Being invisible Being obscene
Being the person you wish you'd been

But inside her heart There's a kid locked away in a room