

Lonely Lane

Hothouse Flowers

I stand on the corner of an alley they call Lonely Lane
and I'm looking at my reflection on the ground
cos it's pouring rain.
I'm thinking of my own street thinking how well it was before
all the people left me for I was there
and they had gone to the blue mountains far from Lonely Lane

Seven lonely evenings I have now spend alone in this place
and I have shed seven lonely tears every evening
and I thought of her face

My sweet lady left me left me dry sitting in this lonely attic
been heartache and crying
she's gone to the blue mountains far from Lonely Lane.
There's an all night cafe in the middle of this dusty town
and that's where I tell the people the story
that I'm telling you now.
It's now I first got here how it came to be.

People got tired of this city smoke and of me
I've been gone I should be at blue mountains far from Lonely Lane
I'll be gone to the blue mountains far from Lonely Lane

I'm packing my bags I'm gettin up and I'm leaving right now
Don't care if I fly or swim don't care if I walk or if I drown
But I got to get there get right up to where the air is clean
and I don't know smoke -
I'm going to be gone to the blue mountains far from Lonely Lane
I should be gone to the blue mountains far from Lonely Lane
You'd better believe me now
All I want is no more Lonely Lane all right
I should be gone to the blue mountains far from Lonely Lane
Oh yeah babe oooh aaah oooh aaah