**Purple Girl**

My eyes are closed I view her beauty and her gorgeous graceful smile

I open them up and through my glass I see deceit and wicked lies

Now slouched on sands of cruel regret I melt and recollect

The time we shared and dared to architect our dreams around

I’m not asking for buckets of gold

And I’m not prepared to sell my soul

I’m not asking for poppies and pearls

I just want to touch my Purple Girl

But back in the dust and dirt and concrete streets where first I fell for you

We danced and dined until the sun and moon and stars were all consumed

Walking home through all the flotsam of the cities constant pain

I held your arm so tight but then I let it slip away again

I’m not asking for buckets of gold

And I’m not prepared to sell my soul

I’m not asking for poppies and pearls

I just want to touch my Purple Girl

Purple Girl, my Purple Girl

Time sprawls out and she tumbles to the sea

The junctions and decisions cloud my vision, my instinct, my clarity

Belatedly I see

I walk and wander, roam around to touch the sights and smell the sounds

An endless quest with every breath, a ceaseless search which brings no rest

This Holy Grail I seek with callused hands and blistered feet

To kiss the lips which turn the world revolving around my purple girl

I’m not asking for buckets of gold

And I’m not prepared to sell my soul

I’m not asking for poppies and pearls

I just want to touch my Purple Girl

I’m not asking for buckets of gold

And I’m not prepared to sell my soul

I’m not asking for poppies and pearls

I just want to touch my Purple Girl