

# Young Girl Blues-crd by Donovan

Tuned half a step down:  
D#-G#-C#-F#-A#-D#

Am Dm Am  
It's Saturday night, it feels like a Sunday in some ways  
If you had any sense, you'd maybe go away 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 A# E7 Am  
Cafe on, milk gone, such a sad light and fading.  
Dm C A# E7 Am  
Yourself you touch, but not too much. You hear it's degrading.

Am Dm Am  
The flowers on your stockings wilting away in the midnight  
The book you are reading is mans 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

Dm C A# E7 Am  
High heels, car wheels, all the losers are groovin'  
Dm C A# E7 Am  
Your dream, strange scene, images are movin'

Am Dm Am  
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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