

XTC, Vanishing Girl

Someone's knocking in the distance
But I'm deaf and blind
She's not expected home this evening
So I leave the world behind
For the vanishing girl
The vanishing girl
Yes she'd give you a twirl
But she vanishes from my world
So burn my letters and you'd better leave
Just one pint a day
The whole street's talking about my
White shirts looking so grey
People gossip on the doorstep
Think they know the score

She's giving him the runaround
The man from number four
Has a vanishing girl
A vanishing girl
Yes she'd give you a twirl
But she vanishes from my world
Yes the paint is peeling and my
Garden is overgrown
I got no enthusiasm to even answer the phone
When she's here it makes up for the time she's
Not and it's all forgotten
But when she goes I'm putting on the pose for
The vanishing girl