

# The Girl in the Mondrian Dress

The girl wearing the Mondrian dress  
The prettiest thing unto impress  
Wearing the colours red, yellow, blue  
The black lines accentuate the shape of you  
We'd listen to cassettes of your NME hits  
Go sneaking after dark with your cigarettes  
Our time was cut short at seventeen  
It's left me wondering what might have been  
But

I've got a picture  
I've got a picture  
Of you shaking around  
To those eighties sounds  
I've got a picture  
That random picture of you

The girl wearing the Mondrian dress  
Where is she now, can only guess  
From landline phones  
And VHS tapes  
Arcade machines and being out 'till late  
But I'm leaving here  
Getting out of this place  
There's only so much nostalgia I can take

I've got a picture  
That random picture  
Of you shaking around  
To those eighties sounds  
I've got a picture  
That random picture of you

Running around, running around  
Running with the same old crowd  
Running around, running around  
Running with the same old crowd  
I wonder if you're  
Running around, running around  
Running with the same old crowd  
Are you Running around, running around  
Running with the same old crowd

I got a picture  
That random picture  
Of you shaking around  
To those eighties sounds  
I've got a picture  
That random picture of you

I've got a picture  
That mental picture  
Of you shaking around  
To those eighties sounds  
I've got a picture  
That mental picture of you

And that's all I want of you