

# Black

© 2010 Radha Sahar Photo: Charles Bagnall

Black as jet, black as night  
Colour's wrong, black is right  
Black magic at witching hour  
Black has balls. Black has power  
Gothic girl, Dracula drools  
Vampire black, very cool  
A Mahler Symphony, a bouncer, a waiter  
Not in black? Then see ya later

We buck the system, refuse to conform  
But we choose to wear the uniform  
A sea of people on the street  
Black from their heads  
To their burdened urban feet  
Black – gives strength to your hair  
Black – makes your stomach disappear  
Black - you look thin as a twig!  
Black – makes your eyes look big  
Black – makes you graduate prouder  
Black - makes your stereo louder  
Black – it's bold and testy  
Black – makes your underwear sexy!  
Black

I bet ya you have never seen  
Johnny Cash or Iggy Pop in pink or green  
Black leather boots. Black spinning vinyl  
Black undertaker - Black is final  
Top to toe in formals and burkas  
Artists, designers and office workers  
Wear that black – it's a guarantee  
That you'll be taken seriously

Black – makes your limo longer  
Black – singlets make you stronger  
Black – makes your hard drive harder  
Black – prunes make you regular  
Black - makes your tyres turn quicker  
Black – makes your Guinness thicker  
Black – makes your banker grin, and  
Black – makes the All Blacks win!  
Black! Beautiful black! Glorious black!  
Victorious black!



Have a boomer day with me on Twitter: [babyboomergirl1](#)  
Download this lyric-sheet from the *Baby Boomer Girl Blog*  
<http://babyboomergirl.wordpress.com>