

She Will Help You Out

Stef Classens

When the dust has settled in paradise
Life won't be easy, when you're rolling the dice
And I know I'm lost, when I'm whistling in the dark
'Cause light won't brighten up, these December days

If wishes were horses, beggars would ride
It's an uphill battle, but it's worth the fight
And when you try, to forget the past
Then you give the key of your diary, to someone who would take your body
She will help you out

I might make a mountain of a molehill
Try to understand, and then a broken man can heal
If this was a book I've already read
I'd turn back the pages, day by day

If wishes were horses, beggars would ride
It's an uphill battle, but it's worth the fight
And when you try, to forget the past
Then you give the key of your diary, to someone who would take your body
She will help you out

Oh, she will help you out
She will help you out, oh

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