

Girl

Anna Aaron

I'm not here for the talking toy no
the lovesick girl and the jealous boy no
I'm just working on my own surface
don't you too just want a piece
that you can call yours I'm just working on my own surface
don't you too just want a piece that you can call yours
don't care for daisies don't care for roses
go put your good sword where your own throat is or so holding it down till it's cold
I have a name for it Lord
if they think they've wept like my soul
they ain't seen the girl on my road while we're spinning on shiny surface
I think of you as they dance in circles
with tears and stories to make it holy
we think of money, of love, death, glory or so holding it down till it's cold
I have a name for it Lord
if they think they've wept like my soul
they ain't seen the girl on my road

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