

Girl on a Motorbike

Swervedriver

Take a walk through the city
Turn right at Potsdamer Platz
To see a girl on a motorbike
Expression carved on her face
Saw a man in a cafe downtown
Who says it fucks with your head
When you're tryin' to sleep at night
With a gun across your bed
Don't wanna be down at heel
Don't wanna be down at heel
You've shown disgrace on my place
You've gotta know how it feels
Sometimes at night when it's dark outside
It would be easier and sweet
To hack a road through the jungle
Than clear a path on the street
Too many folk in the middle lane
Who don't wanna swerve 'gainst the rails
Apathy balanced with disdain
Dogs chasin' their own tails
Don't wanna be down at heel
Don't wanna be down at heel
You come breakin' down my front door
You've gotta know how it feels
Followed the girl on a motorbike
Saw her enter a bar
It's dark inside with candles burn
And to liberate her scars
She Spanish-dance on the table
With butterflies that burn
It's like an incessant fox-hunt
Too many lessons learned

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