She Collects (Stuff Like That)

Anja Garbarek

It was getting to be difficult to walk
She was always so close but never right on
And the roads she chose to walk were narrow
Alleys with names
Hard to understandHer head was dangling back and forth
She wished to lay it down
But it would roll away
So she put her foot down with care
While she leaned on everybody
So as not to fallAnd they told her
The latest tattletales"I collect stuff like that, you've got
To have a thing or two to tell".
She said
While her one lip fell down
From her mouth
She picked it up off the ground
But, when she was to put it
Back in place again,
The lip would fit no more,
The lip would fit no more...She very rarely blinked her eyes
'Cause it just might happen she would miss out on things
So when she opened both her eyes up wide.
They popped right out
And rolled along
To see just the things she
Wanted to see"I collect stuff like that, you've got
To have a thing or two to tell".
She said
While her one lip fell down
From her mouth.
She picked it up off the ground
But, when she was to put it
Back in place again,
The lip would fit no more,
The lip would fit no more...

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