

# Head Over Heels

## The Manhattan Love Suicides

I have a very good friend  
The kind of girl who likes to follow a trend  
She has a personal style  
Some people like it, others tend to go wild  
You hear her voice everywhere  
Taking the chair, she's a leading lady  
And with no trace of hesitation she keeps going  
Head over heels, breaking her way  
Pushing through unknown jungles every day  
She's a girl with a taste for the world  
The world is like a playing ground where she goes rushing  
Head over heels, setting the pace  
Running the gauntlet in a whirl of lace  
She's extreme, if you know what I mean  
Her man is one I admire  
He's so courageous but he's constantly tired  
Each time when he speaks his mind  
She pats his head and says, "That's all very fine  
Exert that will of your own  
When you're alone, now we'd better hurry"  
And with no trace of hesitation she keeps going  
Head over heels, breaking her way  
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Head over heels, setting the pace  
Running the gauntlet in a whirl of lace  
She's extreme, if you know what I mean  
She's just one of those girls who always has to do whatever she please

And she goes, head over heels

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