

# Young Girl

## The Distillers

We were young girls in a small world  
I'm on your doorstep man, ringing your bell again  
Ringing your bell again  
We were young girls in a small world  
I'm on your doorstep man, ringing your bell again  
Ringing your bell again I'm sorry Gerti Rouge all that you're through  
Looking for love that never stabbed your heart  
And probably never will It's a lie when you are telling the truth  
It's the truth when you are telling a lie  
Spread your legs then get down on your knees  
And pray it never happens again We were young girls in a small world  
I'm on your doorstep man, ringing your bell again  
Ringing your bell again  
We were young girls in a small world  
I'm on your doorstep man, ringing your bell again  
Ringing your bell again Well, here I am on your doorstep again  
I let the winds of time pass through my life  
Oh maybe there's an end Who the fuck protects you?  
Who the fuck is going to resurrect you?  
It's a sorrowed truth the truth is not a lie  
Come on up baby, don't go and burn

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