

She Goes Down

[Jim Crean](#)

Oh dear, take what you've been given
And give back to me
Oh night, don't waste your time with that
'Cause it may never come
But she goes down wrapped up in the armies
Of a love she's found
She won't hide, love is Sunday mornings
When the paper writes
Here and there, silently you're waiting
For what never comes
Oh dear, don't waste your time alone
'Cause it may never come
But she goes down wrapped up in the armies

Of a love she's found
She won't hide, love is Sunday mornings
When the paper cries
Oh dear, don't waste your time with that
'Cause it may never come
But she goes down wrapped up in the armies
Of a love she's found
She won't hide, love is Sunday mornings
And the paper shines
She goes down, she goes down
She goes down, she goes down

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