

# She

## The Sundays

Shes all weak  
And her heart beats so  
She cant speak  
With the lights so low Just to be one of a crowd  
Feet scuttling across the floor  
Spinning lights 'round and 'round  
Its adolescent war She craves noise and the music blares  
Girl calls to a boy  
(And my heart is true, oh to you)  
He just stands and stares Just to be one of a crowd  
Feet scuttling across the floor  
Spinning lights round and round  
And its adolescent war Shoes grind kick like crazy  
And arms tangling up with hair  
Shaking them up and down again  
And hearts pounding everywhere She slows down  
Has the music gone  
Or has she stayed too long?

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