Christine

Luscious Jackson

Christine was the Queen of Teens
She sang into the shadows to be free
Always lookin' for something beautiful
To sing to
When school nights kept her in
She listened to the records in the basement
Lookin' for something beautiful
To sing to
Christine, she's free
Christine, she's free
Guitar playin' through the night
Nobody could hear her 'cause she played so quiet
Lookin' for something beautiful
To sing to
Morning comes and the ghosts go in
She sang right through 'em 'til they went to sleep
Lookin' for something beautiful
To sing to
Christine, she's free
Christine, she's free
Come sing a little song with me
Oh I'll have, have a girl who'll sing to be
Free as a bird who flies
Into the distance
Christine, she's free
Christine, she's free
She's free
She's free
She's free

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