She

The Sundays

She's all weak and her heart beats so
She can't speak with the lights so low

Just to be one of a crowd
Feet scuttling across the floor
Spinning lights round and round
It's 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 it's 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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