Head Over Heels

Tyrone Wells

I have a very good friend
The kind of girl who likes to follow a trend
She has a personal style
Some people like it, others tend to go wild
You hear her voice everywhere
Taking the chair, she's a leading lady
And with no trace of hesitation she keeps going
Head over heels, breaking her way
Pushing through unknown jungles every day
She's a girl with a taste for the world
The world is like a playing ground where she goes rushing
Head over heels, setting the pace
Running the gauntlet in a whirl of lace
She's extreme, if you know what I mean
Her man is one I admire
He's so courageous but he's constantly tired
Each time when he speaks his mind
She pats his head and says, "That's all very fine
Exert that will of your own
When you're alone, now we'd better hurry"
And with no trace of hesitation she keeps going
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Head over heels, setting the pace
Running the gauntlet in a whirl of lace
She's extreme, if you know what I mean
She's just one of those girls who always has to do whatever she please

And she goes, head over heels

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