

# Her

## Tindersticks

Scared of my shadow  
Afraid of myself  
Never thought I could be so shallow  
Resort to playing a man  
It's a thin line that I walk for her  
A thin line that I walk  
Between myself and what I have to do  
The action and the thought  
Chorus: Oh her, her, it's her  
Oh, her, her  
Feel like I've been dancing  
The lights have finally come on  
Just waiting for my eyes adjusting  
To see how ugly I've become  
She asked me for no promises  
I made them to myself  
I've given myself no choices now  
It's the only way out  
(chorus) She tied back her hair  
Wrapped the band around  
Pulled off her rings  
And dropped them in a jar  
I'm not there, not waving my arms round  
I've gotten the `flu  
It's blocking my heart  
To her (chorus)

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