

Rainy Day Girl

[Samantha Newark](#)

Sad as a story, my rainy day girl
Sat on her hands in a sugar-free world
Mimed in a million video games
Bad to the bone like the garbage she's made And the whole world is calling you
Like a stranger stalling for you
Like the pollen falling
Falling for you Caught like a bug in a jar by the door
Sat like a specimen made to perform
She sits in her armchair and flutters and sighs
Bad to the bone like the garbage inside
She cries And the world is calling you
Like a stranger stalling for you
Like the pollen falling
Falling for you And the world is calling
Like a stranger stalling
Like the pollen that's falling
Falling for you Sad as a story, my rainy day girl
Sat on her hands in a saccharine world
And I'm just someone who remembers her name
Bad to the bone like the garbage she's made And the world is calling you
Like a stranger stalling for you
Like the pollen falling
Falling for you Round the kerbs they're crawling
Round the backstreets they're bawling
Down the escalators they're falling
Falling for you

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