

Shayla

Blondie

Shayla worked in a factory
She wasn't history
She's just a number
One day she gets her final pay and she goes far away
Green trees call to me
I am free but life is so cheap
Scenery is still outside of me
All alone trapped by its beauty
Shayla turned to run away to leave in peace and end her stay
Years of fear were in her way
Lost in space and down she came
Suddenly some subtle entity, some cosmic energy, brushed her like shadows
Down here we stop to wonder
Cause on the freeway
Bright lights and thunder

Songwriters

CHRIS STEINPublished by

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