

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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