

There's A Girl

The Perfect Measure

There's a girl that you might know
She's a friend at least I tell you so
But it might surprise you to find
There's something going on behind the door
When I'm asleep it gives me time to think
Thoughts that I wouldn't dare speak aloud
I couldn't bare myself before a crowd
I bide my time while biting my tongue
Hold closed my mouth so song is unsung
Get to the meat of things already
With buried secrets the ground is heavy
That's just the way things used to be
There's a girl who's close to me
Close than you'd like to think
Dig up all the dirt you see
There's always more than underneath
I bide my time while biting my tongue
Hold closed my mouth so song is unsung
Get to the meat of things already
With buried secrets the ground is heavy
That's just the way things used to be

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