

Hirami

Rose Windows

It was your tired eyes
That drew me in
It was your tired eyes
That drew me in
And now I'm standing still
In the Southern wind
Eastern skin
You must be dark and hollow
Never knowing
What's happening tomorrow
It ain't a sin
To be a woman
No, it ain't a crime
To do what I'm doing
This mind is mine
No, ain't nothing ruined
Just a bottle of rye
And there's coffee brewin'
Ease your mind
Feel no sorrows
'Cause the world it ain't fair
And it don't gotta be
When you're living in
Your own reality
No, this world it ain't right
And we'd be damned if it were
Because what is life?
Without a little insanity
It ain't a sin
To be a woman
No, it ain't a crime
To do what I'm doing
It's just fine
No, ain't nothing ruined
Soon we'll be cruisin'
Soon we'll be cruisin'
Soon we'll be cruisin'
Soon we'll be cruisin'

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