Shayla

Berlin

Trapped in the Shayla funk, excorism
Known to do wonders for the beat, urism
Say what in the Shayla funk, excorism
Known to do wonders for the beat, urism

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
Cars on the freeway.
Bright lights and thunder

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