

Spelling Nadja

"Eilline"

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Long black hair
Yellow sandals
A bag full of dreams
She wanted so much
Wanted so little

Meets a boy so tender
He treats you
Like you're a queen
Eilline
You are so pretty

And I know
You've had your guardian angel
This lady is so much older
She taught you how to walk,
To talk,
To stand in a room

She gave you your first make up
Took you to Paris
Taught you how to watch,
To touch,
To feel a painting

Long, white veil
With a smile in the rain
Nothing could compare,
She swears
"I'll be happy"

Finds her way to the big city
I'm dreaming
Of a home in the sun
She says
"Someday I'll have it"

Eilline

Carrying this baby
And you talk to him,

And make him listen music
Even inside of you

Sweet Eiline

Always loved and hated
Born in the wrong place
It's so hard to be different
So hard to be you

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