

Azra**"The Shine Of Her Hair"**Visit "[The Shine Of Her Hair](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

on the borders of her memory
the fading faces of madame tussaud
the wild songs of the hard suburbs
saturdays the ritual drunken parties
she wanted to wrench herself from misfortune
she wanted the boys to fight over her
she thought that the shine of her hair
would capture their kisses

she felt their footsteps with her whole being
they brought her gasps and sweat
heels tapping in the scarlet dusk
the murmur of the crowd
dull pain in the stomach again
lazily as it sleeping time ticked away

she began to recall a fortune
she began to take care of herself
silence resounding through the night
only a soldier whistling after her

girls were standing in the doorways
she learned a lot hugging the wall
she wasn't stupid she knew what she doing
she was afraid to stand there longer
when the rain chases the people from the streets
she somehow felt the city was more humane
she's disgusted with big words
she's gotten so used to them
heels tapping in the scarlet dusk
the murmur of the crowd
dull pain in the stomach again
lazily as it sleeping time ticked away

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