

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