

Beth Waters

"White Dogs In The Moonlight"

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White dogs in the moonlight
Following footsteps through the night
Over the bridge she runs
Barefoot and cold in her nightgown

Maybe she found out he was in love with someone else
Maybe she realized she had never loved herself

And there have been times
Stories Ive been told
Of girls that packed their bags and went
Something inside them splintered
That pressure had already bent

Maybe she found out he was in love with someone else
Maybe she realized she had never loved herself
Maybe we build things up just to tear them down
Just to tear them down
Yeah, tearing it down

White dress in the moonlight
Sitting and waiting for her flight
A distant stare reminds her
That noone is trying to find her

Maybe she found out he was in love with someone else
Maybe she realized she had never loved herself
Maybe we build things up just to tear them down

Just to tear them down
Tear them down
Just to tear them down
Oh

White dogs in the moonlight
White dogs in the moonlight

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