

Damien Rice

"The Girl Who Does Yoga"

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She lives with an orange tree
The girl who does yoga
She picks the dead ones from the ground
When we come over

She gives
I get
Without giving
Anything to me

Like a morning sun
Like a morning
Like a morning sun
Morning sun for me

Girl that does yoga
When we come over
Girl that does yoga

And he lives with a little house
On the side of a little hill
Picks the litter from the ground
Litter little brother spills

He gives
I get
Without giving
Anything to me

The days they
And the dogs they run
And the dogs they run
The good good morning sun

Side of a little hill
Litter little brother spills
Side of a little hill

And she's always dressed in white
She's like an angel
And she burns our eyes
And she turns

She pulls a smile
We drive her round
And she drives us wild
And she moves like a little girl
I become a child, man
And she moves my world
And she gets smashed in (??)
And walks away
and leaves me standing

She lives with a little dog
That's gone just a little mad
She's got a wolf to keep her warm
If ever she's feeling sad

And she gives
He gets
Without giving
Anything to see

And the day it ends
And the day it
And the day it ends
And there's no need for me

The girl who does yoga
When we come over
The side of a little hill
Litter little brother spills
Gonna be the man
If ever she's feeling sad
Girl who does yoga

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