

Grant Woell

"Amused"

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A girl her name was Hill
A deathroll mystery
She had no friends they say
They all tired of (play)
At first they were amused
She played it such a fool
But soon it tired thin
Her friends they saw right through
At first she acted higher
A good friend's hard to find
But then she was a liar
Crumble in the hind
So then she was alone
And not a soul to lie
She started up a hill
And thought that she could fly
At first she acted higher
A good friend's hard to find
But then she was a liar
Crumble in the hind
If she starts to think
I wonder why I am
She smacks her hands in her head
And story's told again
And if she starts to think
I wonder why I am
She smacks her hands in her head
And story's told again
Now she wonders why
Floating in the sky
Watching all her friends
Laugh until they cry
At first she acter higher
A good friend's hard to find
But then she was a liar
Crumble in the hind
If she starts to think
I wonder why I am
She smacks her hands in head
And story's told again
And if she starts to think

I wonder why I am
She smacks her hands in head
And story's told again

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