

Green Day

"Gloria"

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Little girl, little girl
Why are you crying?
Inside your restless soul your heart is dying
Little one, little one
Your soul is perchin'
Of love and razor blades
Your blood is surging

Runaway
From the river to the stream
And find yourself with your face in the gutter
Run straight for the salvation army
There is no place like home
When you got no place to go

Little girl, little girl
Your life is calling
The charlatans and saints of your abandon
Little one, little one
The sky is falling
Your lifeboat of deception is now sailing
In the wake all the way
No rhyme or reason
Your bloodshot eyes
Will show your heart of treason
Little girl little girl
You dirty liar
You're just a junkie
Preaching to the choir

Runaway
From the river to the stream
And find yourself with your face in the gutter
Run straight for the salvation army
There is no place like home
When you got no place to go

The traces of blood
Always follow you home
Like the Mascara tears
From your getaway, (gloria)
You're walking with blisters

And running with shears
So unholy.
Sister of grace.

Runaway
From the river to the stream
And find yourself with your face in the gutter
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