

Helicopter Girl "Her Lucille"

Visit "[Her Lucille](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Her weave is unearthly
Of nothing in this world
Her weave is unearthly
Of nothing compares
I think I'll lose myself
So she can find me
I think I'll lose myself

In her Lucille it's supernatural
In her Lucille it's ours
Absence makes the heart grow fonder
Fond within that boogie box
Her Lucille is supernatural
Her Lucille
No sooner with her I'm here

She weaves an unending
Without I couldn't be
She weaves unrelenting
Of nothing to fear
I think I'll lose myself
So she can find me
I think I'll lose myself

In her Lucille it's supernatural
In her Lucille it's ours
Absence makes the heart grow fonder
Fond within that boogie box
Her Lucille is supernatural
Her Lucille
No sooner with her I'm here

So weave me assunder
Of nothing in this world
So weave me assunder
Of nothing to lose

In her Lucille it's supernatural
In her Lucille it's ours
Absence makes the heart grow fonder
Fond within that boogie box
Her Lucille is supernatural

Her Lucille
No sooner with her I'm here

Visit [Helicopter Girl](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.