

Holly Conlan

"Sparkle"

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Shoes scuffed up at the edges,
Elbows scrapped up,
Head is sore,
I don't think I got the sparkle you are looking for.
I don't know where I am going.
I lost my way, I lost the heart,
I don't think I got the patience to play this part.
I don't know how to follow,
I don't think I should steer.
I asleep at the wheel now,
I don't know why I am here,
But I'll keep running around 'till you see me.
All dressed up the night is waiting,
But I can't see to find my feet,
I could finish all your stories, we'd never be complete.
I don't know how to follow,
But I don't think I should steer.
I am asleep at the wheel now,
I don't know why I am here.
But I'll keep running around 'till you see me.
All of the calls are wasted, all of the calls have dulled,
I have got too many pieces wasting away,
Getting cold.
I don't know how to follow,
But I don't think I should steer.
I am asleep at the wheel now,
I don't know why I am here.
But I'll keep running around
But I'll keep running around
I'll keep running around 'till you see me.

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