

Judith Owen "Who's That Girl?"

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She was... the kind of girl who carried on with
Most men who were married
She loved all... the sturm and the drama
She loved how they couldn't own her; only harm her
And she fell... hook, line and sinker
A race-horse, running with blinkers
And of course, he was a stinker
She didn't find out 'til the honeymoon, and she asked
him:

Who's that girl in the picture?
Who's that girl on the phone?
Don't you know?
I don't ask for anything but the truth
I know now, I've come to deserve you
But who loves you when I'm not home?

And she was... a girl who loved danger
But today, she haunted by a stranger
An old flame, only one step behind her
Who scares her, who dares her, reminding her of
herself.

She says...
Who's that girl in the picture?
Who's that girl on the phone?
Don't you know?
I don't ask for anything but the truth
I know now, I've come to deserve you
But who loves you when I'm not home?

Home...
Our kingdom, our sanctity
Church of our vanities
Home...
And is it any wonder how we plunder this thing...
Our home.

And she was... a girl who loved drama
But today, she's just mopping up karma
I'd say the things that I feel, but I know they'd alarm her
God throws these thunderbolts; it's His little joke on us.

Who's that girl?
Who's that girl, darling?
Don't you know?
I don't ask for anything but the truth
You're a bastard, but you know I love you
So who loves you when I'm not home?

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