

## Keaton Simons "Seven"

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Seven was her lucky number  
Before she met you  
She was a spunky girl, a bummer, a hand-drummer  
And she loved you  
She had long hair  
She was never all there  
If you look away, you'll miss her  
Sometimes she wants to be free  
You've just gotta let her be  
Don't fear her or forget her  
CHORUS  
Please, please, little girls  
Don't run away from your fears  
Please, please little girls  
You are running to a place you'll never get to  
They promised her it wouldn't matter  
She'd rather have it never be  
Don't think about it  
Don't talk to me  
I can't breath  
What is she to you?  
A talker, a night stalker  
Her door is closed  
Our eyes wide open  
What a scene  
She just wants to scream  
"How can this thing happen to me?"  
So clear and I can barely see  
She is still the same  
Everything has changed  
And no one even knows it  
CHORUS  
Beautiful and misdirected  
Overprotected  
She was still affected  
Easily confused  
A drinker, an over thinker  
Always her own muse  
CHORUS X2  
Don't you run away

