

## **Mates Of State "Girls Singing"**

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Why does the rhythm get me every time?  
It wouldn't if the girls all got along  
And maybe I imagined that just like I imagine you

Where is the mirror? Get me to its face  
So primitive and yet we all get it wrong  
And what a very modern prince  
Just like I imagine I know you

Oh my, my  
Look what you've become It's the same for all of you  
And then it catches up  
And you notice what you're made of

Oh my, my Look what you've become

It's the same for all of you  
And then it catches up  
And you notice what you're made of

Why does the rhythm get us every time?  
So primitive and yet we all get it wrong  
And what a very modern piece  
Always I imagine it in tune

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