

Matt Ryczek

"See Her Again"

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Walkin with a mission,
Strut of a queen,
Arms swingin, lips gleamin
Lookin for her king.
She don't know she's wanted round here.
But the rewards not what draws me near.
Cause we could talk for hours,
Kind of thing you don't find everywhere,
And she makes me smile about everything.
And I wanna see her again.
Yes I wanna see her again.
And like ashes falling from a lit cigarette,
Go to take a take from you but there's nothing left
I let you sit there too long, burn away,
Remnants of what we were lay in the trail.
We could talk for hours,
Kind of thing you don't find everywhere,
And she makes me smile about everything.
And I wanna see her again.
Yes I wanna see her again.
Little rough on the edges, but she looks OK to me
Wishin that I could have her near me
But she don't know a thing of what I'm feeling
And she just cries, she cries, she cries
Oh she cries
And we could talk for hours,
Kind of thing you don't find everywhere,
And she makes me smile about everything.
And I wanna see her again.
Yes I wanna see her again. (x a lot)
But she cries, she cries.

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