

Sacha Sacket "How Low?"

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She was on a western course,
Her final tour de force,
There was writing on the wall
And there was time
Freezing cold and squeaky clean,
Clutching her Star magazine,
She swore there was nothing left
To leave behind

But all those days and wasted nights
Are flying back to her tonight
With a vengeance even she'll appreciate
And on the window by her side
Where the world is screaming by,
She can watch her made up face melt away.

How low we gonna watch you go
Till you know the truth
Was never under your control?
How low we get to watch you go?

Such an easy fall
When there was love and that was all,
Days of legs and sheets and fog
And come what mays
But there were words to say,
She could watch herself complain
Till the kiss goodnights
Were ruining her face

But there was never right or wrong,
There were no lessons to learn,
There was just the life she didn't live today
And now there's nothing left to lose,
Just some love she'll never use
And a last goodbye she'll never get to say

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