

Smith George "Little Match Girl"

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See the little girl all alone
Not facing anyone?
Well she comes out here
In the night sometimes, all alone
She's wondering,
How everything can fall apart so fast
And how funny it seems,
That yesterday was never meant to last.
She walks out on the corner
Steps right up to a man who knows her name
Thought that she was older
And thinks he's gonna take her home to burn.
Spends her days walking in the park
With the feeling of the sun & the wind in her hair
Doesn't like the touch of the cold hand,
His breath or that frozen stare.
And she'd wash everyday
If the soap could take away the pain
But the stains don't ever go away
Or get clean
Doesn't wanna go there
I'll take a trip to someplace far away
Where no-one seems to know her
And daddy can't take her home to burn.
Every morning running circles 'round my head
He keeps chasing me,
It's sickening & sickening...
So sick
And there's one more thing
That I don't understand
No,no,no ... it must be someone else
I need to know!
Oh god I remember
No no daddy,
Please let me close my eyes
Only wishing it was over
Now no-one's gonna take her...
..Threw away all her matches

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