

Stephanie Kirkham "That Girl"

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Sitting in a long dark dress with coloured tights
Shuffles his letters by candlelight
Romance, enchantment, emotional bliss
She whispers "forget the fairytale myth"

Under a clear sky branches stacked
Fat cat purrs and tiptoes past
She draws a circle, strikes a match
Paper curling, burning, turning to ash

That girl, you know she's dysfunctional
One step forward and two steps back
That girl, she's uncommunicative
Only talks to her black cat

Caught a glimpse of the future, stood on the brink
She went running to help her think
Thought the faster she ran the more she'd find
Tough luck she always fell behind

He dissected her like one of his engines
Studied the parts but missed the poetry
Threw incense on the fire, it crackles and glows
Read the last note where he calls her his rose

That girl, you know she's dysfunctional
One step forward and two steps back
That girl, she's uncommunicative
On the porch with her black cat

She's breaking inside, unfulfilled, unrealised
Circle on the calender marks the day she died
He wanted to be her connection, he wanted to be her
reason, he wanted to be her roots
But you know what - she doesn't need them

That girl, you know she's dysfunctional
One step forward and two steps back
That girl, she's uncommunicative
Still talking to her black cat
That girl, she's unpredictable, oh
That girl, she ran

She ran for the love of running, the love of running
She's dancing round the fire singing
"If love set's you free, then this couldn't have been love
It couldn't have been love, it couldn't have been"
Love sets you free, it set's you free

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