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Sundays "She"

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She's all weak and her heart beats so She can't speak with the lights so low

Just to be one of a crowd Feet scuttling across the floor Spinning lights round and round It's adolescent war

She craves noise and the music blares Girl calls to a boy (and my heart is true, oh to you) He just stands and stares

Just to be one of a crowd Feet scuttling across the floor Spinning lights round and round And it's adolescent war Shoes grind kick like crazy And arms tangling up with hair Shaking them up and down again And hearts pounding everywhere

She slows down Has the music gone Or has she stayed too long?

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