

Travis

"She"

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She's so strange
And she wore a black moustache
And pilfered all the petty cash
She went to Birmingham
She'll soon be in the can

She's so cruel
And she knew what just what to do
And while the cats were all sniffing glue
They played their silly games
And now they'll take the blame

What she'd done
And she didn't know quite what she did
And they told her that she better had
So now she starts to cry
Without a reason why

She's so poor
And only now she's looking back
Sees her story on a paperback
What will become of her
There's not much left for her

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