Sue Thompson "Rainy Day Girl"

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Sad as a story, my rainy day girl
Sat on her hands in a sugar-free world
Mimed in a million video games
Bad to the bone like the garbage she's made

And the whole world is calling you Like a stranger stalling for you Like the pollen falling Falling for you

Caught like a bug in a jar by the door Sat like a specimen made to perform She sits in her armchair and flutters and sighs Bad to the bone like the garbage inside She cries

And the world is calling you Like a stranger stalling for you Like the pollen falling Falling for you

And the world is calling Like a stranger stalling Like the pollen that's falling Falling for you

Sad as a story, my rainy day girl Sat on her hands in a saccharine world And I'm just someone who remembers her name Bad to the bone like the garbage she's made

And the world is calling you Like a stranger stalling for you Like the pollen falling Falling for you

Round the kerbs they're crawling Round the backstreets they're bawling Down the escalators they're falling Falling for you Visit <u>Sue Thompson</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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