

Yoskar Sarante

"She Digs Her"

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Your eyes hit a gilded window
When the Housewives Journal, started closing every
door
The wind's so strong and you decided
That you just don't want to be carried with it anymore
"Oh my god" the neighbours
Just can't put a word to it never seen to write or call
Greetings to the sister
As you're strutting through your suburb watching ladies
trip and fall

She came when he left, never thought it was a big
decision
Gave up on lives that revolve around car ignition
Hey did you ever get the feeling everything is working
out okay?

Sunday afternoon sure used to sting until
The drinks kick in at ten
But now you've joined a collective
Surely nothing ordinary kicking up a storm again

"Oh my god" the neighbours
Just can't put a word to it never seen to write or call
Greetings to the sister
As you're strutting through your suburb watching ladies
trip and fall

Came when he left, never thought it was a big decision
Gave up on lives that revolve around beer and fishing
Hey did you ever get the feeling everything is working
out okay?

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