

The Movement

"Here She Comes"

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She's so hot and I love her a lot. She's got everything I haven't got, like savoir faire, and joie de vivre, and je ne sais quoi like you wouldn't believe. She's got a monopoly on how to do it properly, so even though she's mad at me, she's who I want to see.

Why is she how she is? Her eyes are saying yes but her nos are saying no. Here she comes, here she comes, there she goes.

I know I'm no alpha male-- she's out of my league and off my scale. She's twice as high as I can climb. That's why I only get to see her half the time. But my happiness is infinite when my life has this nymph in it so even though her hand is cold, that's what I want to hold.

Why is she how she is? Her eyes are saying yes. Nonetheless, it's just a guess. Here she comes, here she comes, there she goes.

The odds are even that tonight everything might be all right.

Why is she how she is? Here ayes are saying no, but here nays are saying go. Here she comes, here she comes, there she goes.

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