

## Nilla Nielsen "Sima"

Visit "[Sima](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

She's a rose in the desert , and velvet black eyes  
She's an angel beneath the brittle clear skies  
She should be laughter and pigtails, couldn't be more  
than nine years old at the most  
Still she's walking the desert with eyes like a ghost  
Still she's walking the desert with eyes like a ghost

She clings to my hand in this runaway land  
As we walk to the temple cross the merciless sand  
Now I don't know where she came from and I don't  
know where she's been  
If this lake is so holy why's salvation so thin  
If this lake is so holy why's salvation so thin

Sima says, won't you take me home  
Sima says, won't you be my mum, oh  
Sima says, won't you take me home  
I'll be good, I'll be good  
I'll be good, I'll be, oh so good

Now I'm down on my knees in the dark of the night  
Lord I should've saved her, I should've done what  
was right  
Now I don't know where she's sleeping and I don't  
know who's with her  
If there's a God somewhere out there please say he's  
walking with her  
Lord if your angels are out there please send them  
walking with her

Sima says, won't you take me home  
Sima says, won't you be my mum, oh  
Sima says, must have done something wrong  
I'll do better, I'll do better  
I'll be good, I'll be, oh so good

And I wish I had taken her out of that hole  
Now her eyes are forever engraved in my soul  
As we walked cross the sand in her runawayland  
Where my Sima now walks all alone, all alone

