

Sharon O'Neill**"Maxine"**

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Creases in your white dress, Bruises on your bare skin
Looks like another fine mess youve got yourself into
Whats the matter with you, Has the cat got your tongue
Well, if you dont like the beat then dont play with the
drum

Maxine, youre not the only one to take the whole world
on
But no ones ever won
Maxine, Case one-three-five-two, A red and green
tattoo
Eyes cold steel blue

On a rain slicked avenue, Long shadows in the night
Take off your spike heeled shoes
Youve got to run for your life (run for your life)
Razor blade in your pocket, From an ex-marine
Makes you speed like a rocket, Ooh, it cuts so clean

Maxine, (Whos that walking, walking behind you)
Youre not the only one (Whos that talking, talking about
you)
To take the whole world on, (Whos that walking,
walking with you, Maxine)
But no ones ever won
Maxine, (Whos that walking, walking behind you)
Case one-three-five-two (Whos that talking, talking
about you)
A red and green tattoo, (Whos that walking, walking
with you, Maxine)
Eyes cold as steel blue

How come you're playing for borrowed time, staring
out into space
Bad boys and cold comfort, And a smacked-up face

Maxine, (Whos that walking, walking behind you)
Youre not the only one, (Whos that talking, talking
about you)
To take the whole world on, (Whos that walking,
walking with you, Maxine)

But no ones ever won
Maxine, (Whos that walking, walking behind you)
Case one-three-five-two (Whos that talking, talking
about you)
A red and green tattoo, (Whos that walking, walking
with you, Maxine)
Eyes cold as steel
Maxine, (Whos that walking, walking behind you)
Youre not the only one, (Whos that talking, talking
about you)
To take the whole world on, (Whos that walking, walkin

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