

Ronstadt Linda

"Justine"

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M. Goldenberg

This is the one about the girl
The girl who came to stay
Ah but love came down like a hammer
And it blew her away
She's sliding down, down, down
No place to put her hands
But she don't think of nothing but
The boys in the hot sand
No

Justine, don't forget about the
little things our hearts do
Justine, you know just what this kiss will mean to you
Justine, don't forget about the
little things our hearts do

I wanted love explained
I had to know what you knew
But the face of Aphrodite is a
blank when it looks at you
Your heart does its little trick
Your feelings burn right through
But the cold wire edge of the whip
is all that's left of you
Oh no

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