

Troop

"Janine"

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She's sitting on the corner of her bed
In a small rented room in Montreal
Long curly hair, hands between her knees
With her head hung down
She hasn't said a word since morning
I don't understand
She usually talks like a little bird
Today she hasn't made a sound
Janine, Janine, talk to me, Janine
Don't even know if she's listening to me
I might be talking to myself hopelessly
While she looks right through me
Like I'm not even here
If only there were something I could say
To make her believe it's going to be okay
And there's just no way
She'll ever have to live alone
Janine, Janine, believe in me, Janine ...
Janine, don't you see that it doesn't really matter
What anybody says, what anybody does
I'll still love you
I'll still love you
And if the world's getting harder and harder
To understand
And you need a hand
I'll be there when you need me
I'm going to be there when you need me
Janine, Janine, you're not alone, Janine ...

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