

She Knows Her Way

Big D And The Kids Table

She only heads out when it's late and dark
No need to worry, she's smooth, she's smart
I'll see her later 'cause we can't be apart
You tell me my girls trouble, yes, you tell me my girls trouble, 'cause she
Falls, gets back up, stumbles round, spins around, then just
Falls, gets back up, stumbles round, spins around
She melts into the night in her own rude way
Blown into the party like a warm hurricane - she says
"It's nice to be
Drunk from love"
She knows she's floating, but she can't never get enough
Sings your name
Her word is art
Her chest's a window, so you can always see her heart
Her chest's a window, so you can always see her heart
Wayfaring drunkard dancing home, well she departs
But she knows her way back home
Sings to a branch that she passes on her way
Dances for a little sleepy pleased stray
Talks to a crow she's named a Mr. Blue Jay
I'll tell you my girl's wonders, yes, I'll tell you my girl's wonders
She's walking staring upward, staring upward, singing something
Kinda feeling like a devil on her way up to the heavens
She likes long, drawn, French songs
Stops to sit
The sidewalk
Bass is low, she sings a Ms. Bardot song
Space is high, she yawns and rubs her eyes
Then she calls me on her tele, just to tell me 'bout
A spider she finds pretty, a red polka-dotted spider
Police drive by and see her talking to the stars
Police have her put her hands on the car
"Where are you heading, Ms.?"
"76 Franklin, see that's where my baby lives"
Here I sit
My porch stairs
I breathe and squint
My cat sits by me
Way down the street I see my girl, she floats, yes, and dances slowly
to me
Sits on me, hugging, both quiet in the dark
Whispering, 'cause it's a direct line to the heart
There is no distance that is keeping us apart
You tell me my girl's trouble, but you just don't know her wonders
And the waiting, whoa-oh
Yes, the love of waiting, whoa-oh
Yes, the love of waiting, whoa-oh
Yes, my love of waiting
For her