

I'm Really The Kind

Simon Carly

I'm really the kind to dazzle and twirl
Have tantrums like silver slanting rain
Walk up to strangers
Parade with my pride
And stride like a lion up
A mad mountainside
So steep, so lovely
Don't think about the fall

Then suddenly, no warning
No nothing, I'm small
I'm small
Smaller than anyone, smaller than you

You see, I'm really the kind
To cower in the corner
And pray that some guy
Will have a kind word to say

Then be tiny in his arms
And be stroked to my heart
And coaxed and caressed
And combed and undressed
Then finally I'll trust him
Abandon it all

Then suddenly, no warning
No nothing, I'm too tall
I'm tall, taller than anyone
Taller than boys
I'm tall, taller than anyone
Taller than you

The pendulum swings both ways
And I lose my equilibrium
I swing so fast inside it's motion
That I become the hum
I become the hum

You see I'm really the kind
To walk the avenues
And criticize the mannequins
And ogle the jewels

Justify spending the cash
I don't have
Break resolutions
With a naughty little laugh

I'm nothing unless
I'm the belle of the ball
And then suddenly
No warning, no nothing
I've got it all, I see it all
I have it all, I have it all
It is, it is, it is, it is

It is, my soul, my soul