

## Haley

Allister

Haley stands like a warm ray of sunshine  
Outside the West Oakland club on a cold night  
Two lips of blood red and eyes like a wildfire  
Burning like a signal through the night  
She bats her eyes while she's lighting up a cigarette  
Like some aristocratic socialite  
She's the one who gets underneath your skin  
She'll bury deep inside of your mind  
She'll wait for the right time to take you by the hand  
You'll fall in love all over again  
Haley stands in the glow of the streetlight  
Stiletto heels and a smile that could stop time  
And when she talks it's like music to my ears  
A perfect melody in perfect time  
She bats her eyes while she's lighting up a cigarette  
A debutante out on a Friday night  
She keeps my head spinning around again  
Running circles round and round again  
Oh Haley, she's the one that makes you feel so fine  
Until you're left holding a postcard stamped in time.