

Something In The Way She Moves

America

Something in the way she moves, or looks my way, or calls my name
that seems to leave this troubled world behind.
And if I'm feeling down and blue or troubled by some foolish game,
she always seems to make me change my mind.

And I feel fine anytime she's around me now,
she's around me now almost about all the time.
And if I'm well you can tell she's been with me now.
She's been with me now quite a long, long time and I feel fine.

Every now and then the things I lean on lose their meaning
and I find myself careening in places where I should not let me go.
She has the power to go where no one else can find me and to silently remind me
of the happiness and the good times that I know, and then I just got to go then.

It isn't what she's got to say but how she thinks and where she's been.
To me, the words are nice, the way they sound.
I like to hear them best that way, it doesn't much matter what they mean.
she says them mostly just to calm me down

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