

# This Girl's Prepared for War

Bic Runga

All the nights I spend, waiting  
Time moves so slow  
Leaning on my friends, complaining  
Why it's so hard

This girl's prepared for war  
And as for love, who knows what it's good for  
Except for crying yourself to sleep at night  
And for blowing down, your little heart

Staring at your face, wondering  
What went wrong  
I cannot pretend, to be playing  
Anymore

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