

I Just Want Your Jeans

God Help the Girl

My room faces north
But the sun's in the south
I'm just waking up
To the news of my birth
I am a girl and I'm lucky to be here
Whatever that's worth

Like an ostrich I lived
With my head in the sand
Slipped into corners
Sat on my hands
I learnt to stifle shouts and outrage
And feeling deep down

With my chains falling off
And the hope in a friend
Cafes and walkways
And sculptured weekends
I'm getting to love my freedom
I'm getting to like my surroundings

My room faces north
But the sun's in the south
You are far out of reach
Could I be any worth
To some special person?
My mind is unknowing
Of any such love

So I yell out the window
Answer the mail
My diary's quiet
The definitive nail
In my social coffin
I blame all the boffins
For making me fail

For an hour in the park
Or an hour on the couch
With the boy of my choice
If he makes me go ouch!
I will swap all my dumb school prizes
I am open to dark surprises

My room faces north
But the sun's in the south
You are far out of reach
Perfect hand, perfect mouth
The boredom, the freedom
The train on the meadow
Please keep me in dreams

I don't want commitment
I don't want the drama
I just want your jeans
I just want your jeans

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