

She Tears It Out Of Me

Greg Laswell

She tears out all the ends
From her fancy fashion rides

And after all why not
When they're only trying to sell her wings
After all I say why not, when they're only getting in the way o
f things
And she wants to see

And I may change my mind from never landing
And I may change my tune of ever descending
And I may change the ending to never arriving again
To see where it had all been there

And she looks far away, too far ahead
And she is mourning things that are not dead

And after all why not
When they're only trying to take her wings
After all I say why not, when they're only getting in the way o
f things
And she wants to see

And I may change my mind from never landing
And I may change my tune of ever descending
And I may change the ending of never arriving again
To see where I am

And after all why not
When they're only trying to take her wings
And after all why not, when they're only getting in the way of
things
And she wants to see...

And I just might change my mind for never landing
And I may change my tune of ever descending
And I may change the ending from never arriving again

From never arriving again