

She's in love with the night, a silent refuge from voices that  
descend on her in spite  
They keep saying she's strange, that don't matter  
She knows that she doesn't have to if she doesn't want to, she  
isn't going to change.

They tell her good girls go to heaven others everywhere.  
Standing in imaginary spotlights they all share.  
She heeds the rumble of a distant drum from yesterday.  
Waiting for the time when being different is okay.  
They tell her she's wrong.

Things go bump in the night, she lights a candle that chases th  
e shadows from her sight.  
When things bump in the day, it's not imaginary things  
It's the hurt from all the painful things they didn't have to s  
ay.  
They tell her good girls go to heaven others everywhere.  
Standing in imaginary spotlights they all share.  
She heeds the rumble of a distant drum from yesterday.  
Waiting for the time when being different is okay.  
And it's time to move on...

She sometimes cries in the night,  
Worried by fears bourne of hope from a beyond her years insight  
,  
She's learned life can be strange, she's not seeking their appr  
oval,  
They cannot reach her, they cannot touch her, and some things c  
annot change.

They tell her good girls go to heaven, others everywhere.  
Standing in imaginary spotlights they all share.  
She heeds the rumble of a distant drum from yesterday.  
Waiting for the time when being different is okay.

They tell her no one gets to heaven unless they approve,  
Only when that rumble bowls them over will they move.  
Dancing to a distant drum she knows is not the easy way,  
Waiting for the time when being different is okay..  
She knows what's going on.