

# Stevie

Lisa Mitchell

Stevie was a connoisseur  
Everybody wanted to be her  
She chose her friends as carefully as she chose her words  
She was so sure about it all

Oh Stevie was a hero once  
Had all the things I'd never touch  
She wrote in sterling silver with a ballpoint pen  
Cold blooded chameleon

Oh Stevie, oh Stevie  
Why can't you see  
You're a god to me

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Stevie was an ice maiden  
Not sure really worth saving  
Alcatraz has nothing on her after all this time  
Still I didn't search behind those eyes

Oh Stevie where are you going to  
Oh you're as tight lipped as a bottle all screwed  
If I had the chance to peer inside your mind  
Give up your mystery, why think twice

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You're a god to me

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Why can't you see  
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Tea-leaves in the cup  
You're a good friend of mine  
How the sober are  
Thirsty for the sweet wine

Now that Stevie has locked her keys in her mind  
Got to open up, lay herself on the line (lay herself on the line)

Tea-leaves in the cup  
You're a good friend of mine  
How the sober are  
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Now that Stevie has locked her keys in her mind (in her mind)  
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Oh Stevie, oh Stevie  
Why can't you see  
Oh give in to me