

## Dust Devil

Madness

Spy the little whizzkid, yeah she's streets ahead  
On top of the daybreak and the last one to bed  
Keeps her gizmo under her pillow

Little dust devil whipping up a storm  
Paving the way for dropouts  
She's equanimous to the norm  
Come early evening, well she's banging off the ceiling

And I said, "Come down, I am missing you  
If these little fingers could paint you into my picture"  
I said, "Come down, I am missing you  
If these little fingers could draw you into my picture"

Holds the toilet seat around her neck  
Writes the landlord out another open cheque  
Come the daybreak, well she's a self-made

And I said, "Come down, I am missing you  
If these little fingers could paint you into my picture"  
And I said, "Come down, I am missing you  
If these little fingers could draw you into my picture  
They surely would"

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