

That Girl

Natalie Imbruglia

All eyes on her, center of all attention
All I can do is try to make a conversation
She shines, shines so bright
All framed in quilted silver
Her lies seem so fine
I'm just making conversation with myself

And who is that girl living in my house
She looks like me but she talks like someone else
Her eyes look a lot like mine
When she smiles right back from the other side
(That girl)
She moves with confidence, not afraid of every consequence
Her eyes look a lot like mine
When she smiles right back from the other side
(That girl)
Right back from the other side

She's wild and dimed, she knows important people
Can always turn a smile
Without a hesitation, she's someone else

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