

## 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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