

She Always Gets What She Wants

Prime Circle

She Comes around like a wild fire, and like a moth drawn to a flame

I'm on my way to being burned up once again.

And I've been through this before, a hundred times or more

But she keeps me coming back, what am I waiting for.

She always gets what she wants

She always gets what she needs and more

She always counts out the chords that

I'm playing.

She always moves to the rhythm

She is making. She is.

She walks to the sound of her own drum

One minute she's there the next she's gone

And I'm left to pick up pieces of myself

To carry on.

And I've been through this before, a hundred

Times or more, but she keeps me coming back,

What am I waiting for?

She always gets what she wants

She always gets what she needs and more

She always counts out the chords that

I'm playing.

She always moves to the rhythm

She is making. She is.

She is my home