

The Girl Of Last Year

The Little Flames

And then she was gone
Not a word or a song
She was loved
She was not

Yesterdays phase
Means nothing today
Alone in this place
She let go
She let go

Goodbye
Goodbye

The girl of last year
Lives out yesterday's fears
Hit the floor
Sing no more

Her delicate form
Now sung by the door
So long unadored
She let go
The girl of last year