

Her head sits in a state it rings approximately true  
to one on mine but much more front and center  
She's what becomes a legend most with memories  
such as hers diarized inside a cage that there's  
no escape only inches of clean air  
She's breathing the best that she knows how to breathe.  
She's so in love with the great escape it's all around  
her hopes and in her dreams of one day just  
transporting. Where would all the young girls go  
would they wander around like me. I wish I  
knew of a better place, a gentler a kinder place to be  
She's living the best that she knows how to live  
Hear her sing...

It's 19 in the 40's sometime what be it of a girl who's in t  
he  
way of all the race they're ruining. She can almost hear  
them now she closes up her eyes but just the same.  
She hears their boots and knows that her days are short  
and she'll die before she wakes.

Will they haul off and grab me if I break  
for the outside will I fall out of love or  
will I crumble straight down here. I  
write and I fear it's real return me to my maker  
Perhaps it was the moondogs who brought those people out  
and if that's so it's all they were good for. The show was  
of the greatest ones of the ones out here out of the rain an  
d  
they didn't leave afterthoughts were nice  
and my pipes were workable