

## Tremble (my Girl Doesn't)

The Wolfgang Press

Head in the clouds  
Head in the water

When the waters break and the mud sucks up  
You're going to tremble  
Your origins and your last goodbyes  
You're going to tremble  
When the bowl is dry and the heat is mine  
When the dust is ours  
You're going to tremble  
With half an eye  
You're going to tremble, tremble

It's the magic of fools that the words are no more  
Than fancy talk from shattered teeth and now  
To begin the beguine [wait]  
There goes another here, there goes another  
Don't you say, don't ever ask why to what you are  
Race along the road to rack or ruin  
Or where ever you are

With half an eye I'll discover why nothing makes sense  
With half a lout in substance will out  
Hear me why I will not be torn from what is mine  
You're going to tremble  
It's the magic of fools in all the ways and all the ways  
Half an eye discover why that nothing makes sense  
You don't need me to see that I was never here at all  
You race along the road to wherever you go

A lacquered head, a foreign tongue  
To help oblige this need to belong  
Fires crack crack crack  
You're going to tremble, tremble  
It's the magic of fools that the words are no more  
Than fancy talk from shattered teeth  
And now to begin the beguine  
Don't ever say, don't ever ask why to what magic is there  
All the ways in all the ways in I are apart  
Don't save one day, don't waste all day  
Don't waste all day, don't race  
Don't nail away to wherever you go

My girl ain't anybody, my girl is somebody.