

She Let Her Hair Down

Theresa Sokyryka

She let her hair down long and low
And fumbled through her bag to find,
The things she'd left behind because
Goldfish, never live to be that old
And swimming by you startled my old heart just like a box of jack

But don't call for tricks dear
Give me some cold cheer
And Explain to me why reality is as dirty as your knobby knees
But check to see how lovely it is

Don't take my word as what it is
To take from me and give to you is what I've always longed to do
Believe me when I say that this is true
And float right by on your little eye as simply as a butterfly

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Give me some cold cheer
And explain to me why reality is as dirty as your knobby knees
But check to see how lovely it is

Just Check to see how lovely it is
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