

## Secret Life

Thriving Ivory

Hangs up her coat like always.  
Wouldn't have it any other way.  
The TV glows in her apartment.  
Much better than most company.  
Is something on your mind?  
Hands are cold as ice...

You dance like a queen,  
in spite of all the things you never wanted.  
When you're left out in the cold,  
you dance like a queen.  
Your silhouette is still my reflection.  
You speak to me in riddles.  
You speak to me in riddles.

Puts on her face like breathing.  
Another day in black and red.  
Coat is old,  
car seat's freezing.  
And a radio that just wont play.

You dance like a queen.  
In spite of all the things you never wanted.  
When you're left out in the cold,  
you dance like a queen.  
Your silhouette is still my reflection.  
You speak to me in riddles.  
You speak to me in riddles.

Is something on your mind?  
Hands are cold as ice she says.  
Tell me about your secret life...  
And all the things you've seen.  
Tell me what you think of me.

You dance like a queen,  
in spite of all the things you never wanted.  
When you're left out in the cold.  
You dance like a queen,  
your silhouette is still my reflection.  
You speak to me in riddles.  
You speak to me in riddles.