

# She Goes Down

Tonic

Oh dear, take what you've been given  
And give back to me  
Oh night, don't waste your time with that  
'Cause it may never come

But she goes down wrapped up in the armies  
Of a love she's found  
She won't hide, love is Sunday mornings  
When the paper writes

Here and there, silently you're waiting  
For what never comes  
Oh dear, don't waste your time alone  
'Cause it may never come

But she goes down wrapped up in the armies  
Of a love she's found  
She won't hide, love is Sunday mornings  
When the paper cries

Oh dear, don't waste your time with that  
'Cause it may never come

But she goes down wrapped up in the armies  
Of a love she's found  
She won't hide, love is Sunday mornings  
And the paper shines

She goes down, she goes down  
She goes down, she goes down