

Alisha's Attic, Not My Muse

(Poole/Martin/Poole)

Getting wrecked, the cross she bears
It's in her eyes, just don't go there if you want to be her friend
In a full room she plays with herself
Would you like to take her on ?
She fights hard for a girl, you know

And she says, I don't need no sympathy from you
No need to analyse
What's respect in a world
Of the lying leads the blind
Give me nothing, I want nothing
I won't miss you when you're gone
Take it all away, take it all away
Strip it all away
Bare and alone, I choose
You're not my muse

What's your definition of wild?
The things I've endured
All the years I've struggled
Tell me, of it's unflawed on the outside
Is it unaffected inside?

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What did you want from me?
Did you think I was easy baby?
Did you think I would be in awe?
What did you think of me?
Did you think I was easy baby?

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