

As Told By Ginger, Splinter In My Heart

It's kind of sad really
Guess I'm the sort who'll linger
When the credits roll
I still can't leave a picture
The picture I hold
In my heart

It makes me mad really
Wish I could blame a twister
Or a hurricane,
Or my pesky sister
Wish I could blame away this feeling
In my heart

There's reasons left to fight
There's you to kiss good night
Hold on...
Hold on tight

It makes me mad really
Wish I could blame a twister
Or a hurricane,
Or my pesky sister
Wish I could blame away this feeling
In my heart