

Diesel Park West, What About Us

Sometimes she looks out the window, watching her hair grow
Down to her neck below her head, the paint she put on the picture
Hiding the hole on the picture
Runs again
But she doesn't mind if it does 'cos all she is thinking of
Is whatabout peace, whatabout love and whatabout us?

All night all high, the girl is broken on the wall
She holds the ending to it all
Right there in her hand
Whatabout peace (etc.)

[repeat]