

Forgotten Rebels, I Think Of Her

Every time I think of her, I close my eyes.
She was a velvet doll, she was a punk rocker.
When I walked off stage I fell in love with her.
I stared at her from across the bar - I want her near to me.
So close and dear to me.
Later that night she asked me home, so I took her home where we were all
alone.
I think of her, when she's not around.
I think of her, when she's in the underground.
I think of her, when she's not in town.
I think of her.
I held her tight as she clutched my hand.
Can you understand? I gotta be her man.
She became special to me just in a night.
You see the dreams we have, the dreams we shared.
The for awhile, for about a week we played a silly adult game of hide
and
seek.
But now I gotta have that girl to be with me forever. Baby!
I think of her, when she's not around.
I think of her, when she's in the underground.
I think of her, when she's not in town.
I think of her.