

# Susanna Hoffs, Who Will She Be?

Who will she be, be?  
What is she looking for?  
Where is that open door?  
And what will she see, see?  
When she gives up the fight  
How will she make it right  
Once more?

Her pink bolero  
Fits like a wedding train  
Though straight and narrow  
Somebody else's name  
Her in her seashell  
Just like a wind-up doll  
Groomed to be special  
so breakable in a fall

Too many fathers and too many reasons  
To be the daughter who wanted to please them  
Too many chances for tragic romances  
With lingering shadows, cloud all her mirrors  
With rain

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She's paying attention  
But you can never tell  
She's got will and intention  
And she's using it all

Too many fathers and too many reasons  
To be the daughter who wanted to please them  
She steps through the window and sees for the first time  
The girl she thought she'd be lost in exchange for  
A dream

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Oh, Oh  
Oh, Oh  
Oh, Oh  
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