

# The Distillers, Young Girl

We were young girls in a small world  
Im on your doorstep man  
Ringing your bell again Ringing your bell again

Im sorry Gerti Rouge all that you're through  
Looking for love that never stabbed your heart  
And probably never will  
Its a lie when you are telling the truth  
Its the truth when you are telling a lie  
Spread your legs then get down on your knees  
And pray it never happens again

Well here I am on your doorstep again  
I let the winds of time pass through my life  
Maybe there's an end  
Who the fuck protects you?  
Who the fuck is going to resurrect you?  
It's a sorrowed truth the truth is not a lie  
Come on up baby  
Don't go and burn in the fire