

# The Wallflowers, Be Your Own Girl

I know you're tired of waking up on the floor  
Pushed to the edge with nothing heavy to hold  
Using your clothes as a blanket and a bed  
Holding your hands just to lay your head.

I know you don't remember ever falling down,  
Who picked you up, who gathered around  
But you don't have to be his girl  
And you don't have to be my girl  
You can always be your own girl.

With the sound of your feet you follow yourself to sleep  
Restless and ageless and looking for somethin' to keep,  
When you finally fall asleep you're awake in dreams,  
Hanging by the ankles in a skeleton ravine.

I know you've kicked the lights, fell on your shoes,  
Punched out the colors, leaving you the blues.  
But you don't have to be his girl  
And you don't have to be my girl  
You can always be your own girl.

There's a soft melody that's ringing in my ears  
Simple and slow and it always brings you here  
With broken crayons you've scribbled on the wall  
Shapes of nothing and shadow box them all.

Your fingertips are broke and your knees don't bend,  
Your imagination took the worst hit and cut it's skin.  
But you don't have to be his girl,  
You don't have to be my girl,  
You can always be your own girl.

There's a soft melody that's ringing in my ears  
And it's the same one you could never avoid in yours,  
And if you lay down you can hear from tongue to tails  
About a tattooed rhythm and drumming by color wheel.

Your rung is broken on the bottom of the rope  
And you can't tie another, another knot of hope.  
And you don't have to be his girl  
And you don't have to be my girl  
You can always be your own girl.