

Thea Gilmore, My Own Private Riot

Keep me again at arms length
All I hear is your heart, you know baby
It never shuts up
And its all right
This heart is on fire
Just save your own ass go
Leaving me burning

Maybe I am the one that you run to when she put the telephone down
Maybe I am the in between girl and you're sure between girls in this town

What am I not saying here?
Hear the spaces between that
Measure all
The words I don't know
And you are
You're not welcome here
I'm counting your reasons on one hand
Then fitting them in

Maybe I am the one that you run to when she put the telephone down
Maybe I am the in between girl and you're sure between girls in this town
This is my own private riot

Maybe I am the one that you run to when she put the telephone down
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Maybe I am the one that you run to when she put the telephone down
Maybe I am the in between girl and you're sure between girls in this town
This is, this is
This is my own private riot
This is, this is