

# Weddings Parties Anything, Up For Air

There she is again tonight  
She's dancin' across the floor  
Where the lights flash, bodies crash  
And smoke pours out the door  
She's lookin' for a rhythm  
That can take away the day before

She ain't no angel  
No sweet sixteen  
She don't look like the cover of a magazine  
She's feelin' low and lonely  
She don't want to make the scene

SO she says:  
Dance to the broken beat  
Better than walkin' up and down  
The hard and dusty street  
And she's thinking:  
Don't want to know about the boys up there  
Don't want to find out if they care  
Just want to forget everything  
And everywhere  
I've just come up for air

She goes home tired and drunk  
From another lonely night  
The traffic lullaby tells her  
She feels alright  
But every day is just the same  
And nothing makes a difference  
Like she thought it might  
Looks like a secretary  
Feels like a thief  
For all this deadening  
There must be some relief  
No-one shows her anything  
The only thing that comes through is the beat