

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