

Anne Heaton, Secret Weapon

My secret weapon is a little girl
Maybe you are getting lost on purpose
If boredom is the enemy
Fear is the cure
All paths are really a circle
So sunny
But so lonely
Bright and yellow
No ones home in my town
I am jealous that this is just another place to you
A hotel, roadside restaurant with no past
But I am from here and my heart it feels rejected
They wont be strangers to you forever
So sunny
But so lonely
Bright and yellow
No ones home in my town
My secret weapon is a little girl
Maybe you are getting lost on purpose