

Beth Rowley, So Sublime

Who's that girl,
The one that I remember?
Who was she,
With her arms wrapped around the world?

Hold on tight to the days
When you were younger
One fine day
You'll be asking who's that girl?

I love the place where I come from,
I'm happy where I am.
I can't stop chasing the tiger's tail,
I'm tempted to taste some forbidden delight.

Why is it so sublime,
To lose myself in the moment?
Maybe I'll never know,
Who's that girl?

When did I last see outside my window,
Looking out on the peachy sky?
Smelling the sweet sweet air south by the river,
With my drink winched firmly between my thighs.

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