

Charlotte Martin, Parade On

Her hands are in the air again
Stripped of pride
She was waiting for a sign to be let in
She tried to stop a train for him
Without shoes
And he was so amused, amused

She needs a reason to parade on
She needs a new road to pave
She needs a reason to parade on
It's wearing her outsides thin
There's someone there to save

You wonder why she gives and gives
Till it burns
And there is nothing he can give her in return
She'll live and die by make-believe
Her frozen heart
Well he can't wait around while she gets blown apart

She needs a reason to parade on
She needs a new road to pave
She needs a reason to parade on
It's wearing her outsides thin
There's someone there to save

The distance won't know which way you should go
'Cause we are not built so we can float
We are what we are
But that seems so far
Parting the Red Sea is easier, easier

It's time to introduce herself
She's dethroned
Like some lonesome dusty book upon his shelf

She needs a reason to parade on
She needs a new road to pave
She needs a reason to parade on
It's wearing her outsides thin
There's someone there to save, oh
And there's nothing I can say
And there's nothing I can say