

# Patty Smyth, Sue Lee

Sue Lee has a razor blade - she walks by the scenery  
She lives by the water-glade - smokestack and the greenery  
She lives by the open field - digs clams with her family  
They eat what the waters yield - no fear of any enemy

She'll be your wings - she'll be your love  
She'll take you to the stars above  
She'll make you sing - she'll make you wise  
When you wade in the rivers - of her eyes

Sue Lee has a motorbike - sun glass and a memory  
Long days on a hunger strike - late nights as a refugee  
She lives in a little house - says prayers with her family  
They live in a little house - they live with the memory

She'll be your wings - she'll be your love  
She'll take you to the stars above  
The sampan sings and the dragon flies  
When you wade in the rivers of her eyes

She hums when she sings and she plays in the field  
She laughs and she loves what the stars revealed  
She smiles when she looks at the world around  
With her high-top sneakers and her hard-rock sound

Sue Lee has a razor blade - she walks by the scenery  
She lives by the water-glade - smokestack and the greenery  
She lives in a little house - says prayers with her family  
They live in a little house - they live with the memory