

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

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She lives in a little house - says prayers with her family
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