

Prime Circle, She Always Gets What She Wants

She Comes around like a wild fire, and like a moth drawn to a flame
I'm on my way to being burned up once again.
And I've been through this before, a hundred times or more
But she keeps me coming back, what am I waiting for.

She always gets what she wants
She always gets what she needs and more
She always counts out the chords that
I'm playing.
She always moves to the rhythm
She is making. She is.

She walks to the sound of her own drum
One minute she's there the next she's gone
And I'm left to pick up pieces of myself
To carry on.
And I've been through this before, a hundred
Times or more, but she keeps me coming back,
What am I waiting for?

She always gets what she wants
She always gets what she needs and more
She always counts out the chords that
I'm playing.
She always moves to the rhythm
She is making. She is.

She is my home