

Richie Aufrechtig, There's A Girl

There's a girl
In my head
Singing songs
And all her words begin to move me

And when she turns
To look my way
The music stops
And I am feeling like a movie

What a strange time to think of her
To think of her
I think of her

So walk down streets of pavement
All my thoughts are racing down
Down to her
I won't try to displace those memories of her face
I own, I own
This felt so much easier back home

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There's a girl
In my head
And when she speaks to me her eyes they feel so distant
Because I know
There is a net (?)
To all the things I love
And all the things I'm missing

What a strange
Time to think of her
To think of her
I think of her

So walk down streets of pavement
All my thoughts are racing down
Down to her
I won't try to displace those memories
Of her face
I own, I own
This felt so much easier back home