

# Richie Aufrichtig, 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