

# Why Store, Story Song

There she is, never letting go  
In a monastery inside Soho  
There's a paintbrush  
In a painted hand  
And she's caring for me  
Cause she cares for her man  
Whoa  
She's a poor crusader  
On a distant ship  
She's a miner for time  
On a broken tip  
She's a fiery deity  
She's a pauper in this society  
It can't phase her  
It can't put her down  
It can't phase her  
It can't put her down  
She's looking out the window  
Catching the full moonbeams  
She's looking out the window  
Checking out what she can see, yeah  
Cause there she is, never letting go  
In a monastery inside Soho  
There's a paintbrush  
In a painted hand  
And she's caring for me  
Cause she cares for her man  
Whoa