

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