

# Wolfstone, This Girl

(Ivan Drever)

This one is for Diana, wherever she may be.

It's strange the people we meet who we never see again!

There was this girl, slept on my floor

Diana was her name, she said I'm cold and very tired

I showed her in and she sat down

Her face was pale and drawn as she sat down upon the floor

Chorus:

Sometimes we pass each other

Sometimes we cannot tell which way we've come

And a fleeting glimpse of someone

Is sometimes all we'll know

She looked at me through tired eyes

I asked her where she came from then she said "the other side";

I didn't know, that she was cold

Her shoulders were sore though carrying her heavy load

Chorus

She said "I'm glad you took me in

There was no other place tonight for me to lay me down";

So when I said "Where are you from?";

"Phoenix is my home," she said, "a long long way from town";

Chorus

I said goodnight. As she lay down

She said "I must get something for this cold of mine tomorrow";

I awoke, then she had gone

I wonder where she is right now, I guess I'll never know

Chorus