

There was an earthquake
In her dreams so she thinks her
Foundation is crumbling away
Fault lines in her words
Hoping to show her so disturbed that
Has shaped her to what she is today

Getting through to her
Getting through to her
Getting through to her
Getting through to her

Sometimes when I call
She tells me things that were not her fault
And her surface starts to break
Breakdown a hurting sound
I want to tell her that it's ok now
But I'm not too sure just what to say

Getting through to her
Getting through to her
Getting through to her
Getting through to her

All she wants is some breathing room
If not tomorrow surely one day soon
All she wants is some breathing room
If not tomorrow surely one day soon

Excuse me did she say
She wished she went away
And not return to the shame
Brought to her those days
We'll take man's dirty deeds
And suck them out like cosmic beings
Into the sun hoping
They'll be happy burning
But life is not T.V.
Life is not T.V.
Life is not T.V.

She's on wounded knee
And well crazy horse that's me
Her hard parts I'm cradling
I feel refreshed when I watch her sleep
Sometimes it's all I need
It's all about the company we keep

Getting through to her
Getting through to her
Getting through to her
Getting through to her

All she wants is some breathing room
If not tomorrow surely one day soon
All she wants is some breathing room
If not tomorrow surely one day soon

If not tomorrow surely one day soon