

Dust Devil

Madness

Spy the little whizzkid, yeah she's streets ahead
On top of the daybreak and the last one to bed
Keeps her gizmo under her pillow

Little dust devil whipping up a storm
Paving the way for dropouts
She's equanimous to the norm
Come early evening, well she's banging off the ceiling

And I said, "Come down, I am missing you
If these little fingers could paint you into my picture"
I said, "Come down, I am missing you
If these little fingers could draw you into my picture"

Holds the toilet seat around her neck
Writes the landlord out another open cheque
Come the daybreak, well she's a self-made

And I said, "Come down, I am missing you
If these little fingers could paint you into my picture"
And I said, "Come down, I am missing you
If these little fingers could draw you into my picture
They surely would"

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