

Haley stands like a warm ray of sunshine
Outside the West Oakland club on a cold night
Two lips of blood red and eyes like a wildfire
Burning like a signal through the night
She bats her eyes while she's lighting up a cigarette
Like some aristocratic socialite
She's the one who gets underneath your skin
She'll bury deep inside of your mind
She'll wait for the right time to take you by the hand
You'll fall in love all over again
Haley stands in the glow of the streetlight
Stiletto heels and a smile that could stop time
And when she talks it's like music to my ears
A perfect melody in perfect time
She bats her eyes while she's lighting up a cigarette
A debutante out on a Friday night
She keeps my head spinning around again
Running circles round and round again
Oh Haley, she's the one that makes you feel so fine
Until you're left holding a postcard stamped in time.