

This Girl's Prepared for War

Bic Runga

All the nights I spend, waiting
Time moves so slow
Leaning on my friends, complaining
Why it's so hard

This girl's prepared for war
And as for love, who knows what it's good for
Except for crying yourself to sleep at night
And for blowing down, your little heart

Staring at your face, wondering
What went wrong
I cannot pretend, to be playing
Anymore

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