She Knows Her Way

Big D And The Kids Table

She only heads out when it's late and dark No need to worry, she's smooth, she's smart I'll see her later 'cause we can't be apart You tell me my girls trouble, yes, you tell me my girls trouble, 'cau se she Falls, gets back up, stumbles round, spins around, then just Falls, gets back up, stumbles round, spins around She melts into the night in her own rude way Blown into the party like a warm hurricane - she says "It's nice to be Drunk from love" She knows she's floating, but she can't never get enough Sings your name Her word is art Her chest's a window, so you can always see her heart Her chest's a window, so you can always see her heart Wayfaring drunkard dancing home, well she departs But she knows her way back home Sings to a branch that she passes on her way Dances for a little sleepy pleased stray Talks to a crow she's named a Mr. Blue Jay I'll tell you my girl's wonders, yes, I'll tell you my girl's wonders She's walking staring upward, staring upward, singing something Kinda feeling like a devil on her way up to the heavens She likes long, drawn, French songs Stops to sit The sidewalk Bass is low, she sings a Ms. Bardot song Space is high, she yawns and rubs her eyes Then she calls me on her tele, just to tell me 'bout A spider she finds pretty, a red polka-dotted spider Police drive by and see her talking to the stars Police have her put her hands on the car "Where are you heading, Ms.?" "76 Franklin, see that's where my baby lives" Here I sit My porch stairs I breathe and squint My cat sits by me Way down the street I see my girl, she floats, yes, and dances slowly to me Sits on me, hugging, both quiet in the dark Whispering, 'cause it's a direct line to the heart There is no distance that is keeping us apart You tell me my girl's trouble, but you just don't know her wonders And the waiting, whoa-oh Yes, the love of waiting, whoa-oh Yes, the love of waiting, whoa-oh Yes, my love of waiting For her