

Lady-O

Coven

Just like a lady o
It just not that my style
And just a like a magic beam
It only last a little while

Just like a
It always catches rain
Just like my broken heart
It always feels a thing

And when you new in town
It looks like where you been
It's just like a picture book
It's never colored in

Just like a
It always catches rain
Just like my broken heart
It always feels a thing

Why are all the pieces always
Gathering on the floor
When I'm trying to get myself together
Why are all the meanings always different than before
When all I try to be it's ok

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