

She is a belter, different from the rest
Diamonds oan' her finger and she always looks her best
She is a gangster, with a hundred-mile stare
When she walks her feet don't touch the flare

She is a belter

She plays wae' lightning
I'm a hundred miles high
Dishing out the thunder like a god inside the sky
She is a dancer and she dances in my dreams
Reminds me that the world is not as evil as it seems

She is a belter

No happy endings; unless fairytales come true
But she looks like a princess and there's not much else to do
I think I love her
She gets underneath my skin
But I've been stung a few times, so I don't let no one in
No even belters

No even belters!

She is a belter

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How can she reach me when I'm high above the shelf?
Lost inside a smoke ring
While I ponder tae' myself
Is she the answer, to the question in my mind?
Is happiness an option, or has love just turned me blind?

Is she a belter?

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