

The Girl (Chapter 2)

Jamie Webster

She runs around in the dirty streets
To find the latest to fix
Confusing, oh, with the way she speaks
She's on the edge, she's close to turning her tricks

Slow down, little lady, you're moving too fast
There's another way to go
Slow down and, darling, maybe you can break through the glass
And give yourself a dice to throw

Maybe someday she'll smile, take a trip down the Nile
Reach the top of the pile
Live her own life of wealth with her family
But right now she needs the brave to fight to get herself
She needs to get herself talking right, walking right
Kicking leaves on a Northern night
And I guess God only knows just how her life fulfills
If we could only help the girl

She feels the call of a strong morning wind as
She readies up for the day
Nobody's giving her anything, no time alone
That's why she ran down the way

Slow down, little lady, you're moving too fast
There's another way to go
Slow down and, darling, maybe you can break through the glass
And give yourself a dice to throw

There could be times when she'll smile, take a trip down the Nile
Reach the top of the pile
Live her own life of wealth with her family
But right now she needs the brave to fight to get herself
She needs to get herself talking right, walking right
Kicking leaves on a Northern night
And I guess God only knows just how her life fulfills
If only we could help the girl
Won't somebody help the girl?
Why won't somebody help the girl?

Smile, take a trip down the Nile
Reach the top of the pile
Live your own life of wealth with your family
But right now she needs the brave to fight to get herself
She needs to get herself talking right, walking right
Kicking leaves on a Northern night
And I guess God only knows just how her life fulfills
Surely we could help the girl