She likes the, the way I talk, She saves my photographs, and when she walks away from life She says 'I'm done with that.'

Looks like a, beauty queen,
Alone since seventeen.
And if you see her stuble and fall,
You're seeing something seldom scene.

She's so right, even though she's with someone else tonight. She just might be mine in the end.

She's like a swaying palm, on sunset boulevard. She grew up somewhere else, and now she stands alone where the livin's hard.

She's so right, even though she's with someone else tonight. She just might be mine in the end.

I see her when I lay my head down. I see her face everytime I wake. Everytime I wake.

Woh Oh Oh Oh

She's so right, even though she's with someone else tonight. She just might be mine in the end.

But she's so riiiiiiiiiqht.

She's so right, even though she's with someone else tonight. She just might be mine in the end.

She's so right, even though she's with someone else tonight. She just might be mine in the end.