

Borderline

Lordi

Out in the cold alone
The streets are mean after the sun is gone
No one to call her own
The shortest stick is always what she's drawn

Led astray by a knife
Her troubles and her past entwined
Run away from her life
Her devils aren't that far behind
Now it's do or die
Fall or fly, diversify

Borderline
Right on the edge of sane and crazy
Borderline
One step away from clear to hazy
Borderline
This is the crossroads
This is the borderline
Borderline
Borderline

Now people know her name
The streets are meaner now that she's someone
She tries but it's the same
Her luck won't change no matter what she's done

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