

She wore her hair like a rock'n'roll star
with that «wounded bird»-look in her eyes
just another femme fatale on the prowl
the perfect jaded grin
vacant eyes with the promise of sin
I remember thinking «she'll go far-
she'll be a star»

I looked that way but turned around
been down that road before
the hook is baited and the trap is set
waiting for someone greener
greener...

all of 26
omnipotent with nervous ticks
the ethereal cynic
with too much to defend
I don't want to play that game
however different, it's always the same
how could it mean anything
if I force it ,tear it, numb with greed?

I looked that way but turned around
been down that road before
so I'll head for the ditch instead
and bide my time
waiting for someone
Greener-and stop wasting time with what could have been
Greener-and just keep searchin' for the places I've
never seen
Greener-if I could have my shot anew, Iwould paint it
Greener-and not so hollow ,dull and blue.
Greener....