

In the summer and her pinafore
She thought she'd love for evermore
How soon things sour
Past the bewitching hour
She finds herself in winter deep inside her coat
The past is just an anecdote
She can't forget for it's her alphabet of time

Will there be a war
Will she die or will she no
And find the pain of youth still shows?
Like Mary Tyler-Moore
She stares across the yawning tide
Out of love and terrified

In the Sunday colour magazine
She reads a line and then she dreams
Of what she'll do
When she leaves you again
She knows that home
Was once a wild unknown
As always her own chaperone
Catch the bus from wilderness or to

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And will she die or will she no
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Hold on tight

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Hold on tight
Catch that bus
Fares please
Ding ding ding