

She'll Be Coming 'Round

Tiny Ruins

Like a brightly painted one
Freed from the turning of the wheel
Her mane dancing in the wind
Eyes fiery as the sun
Hooves bounding across the fields
Her body is a river flowing down
She'll be coming 'round
She'll be coming 'round, the bend
She'll be coming 'round

Going 'round a mountain is a lovely thing to do
Lizards fleeing, hearts beating, as in an old cartoon and
A mountain is a lovely cold thing to surround one
Looking to understand
Will she be coming 'round?
Will she be coming 'round, the bend?
Will she be coming 'round?

No more relying on
No more relying on
No more relying on
That old free will might be a myth
But I'm gonna try and get me some
That old free will might be a myth
But I'm gonna try and get me some
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