

# 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  
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