

# And There She Was Lying In Wait

Triggerfinger

And there she was lying in wait  
Silently adrift  
A raving reckless renegade  
A prelude to a shift

Nothing to lose and a vision to gain  
In pretty pain and ugly joy  
Under cover of the hard rain  
On the verge of being a toy

Some questions she asks herself at night  
Are best left until morning  
Some questions she asks herself at night  
They stick up without warning

Working at the edge of spotlight

In a colorful society of friends  
With no regard for stage fright  
The hard shoulder ends

She's willing to be fearless  
She's walking around without any clearance  
Expectation in the dimness  
Careful about her appearance

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Are best left until morning  
Some questions she asks herself at night  
They stick up without warning