

Joanne

Wall of Voodoo

Sits and watches traffic pass
Rejecting eyes,
pulling down the steel and glass
She won't beg and no one will ask
It moves too fast, for Joanne
There's a silence no man can crack
The city drains,
the wind sheds the clouds to rags.
She looks forward, she looks back,
it moves too fast for Joanne.
Her secret is revealed.
She opens up her sacred heart,
her wound that never heals.
Breathe slow, the moment's at hand.
It moves too fast for Joanne.