

## Getting Through to Her

311

There was an earthquake  
In her dreams so she thinks her  
Foundation is crumbling away  
Fault lines in her words  
Hoping to show her so disturbed that  
Has shaped her to what she is today

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Sometimes when I call  
She tells me things that were not her fault  
And her surface starts to break  
Breakdown a hurting sound  
I want to tell her that it's ok now  
But I'm not too sure just what to say

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All she wants is some breathing room  
If not tomorrow surely one day soon  
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Excuse me did she say  
She wished she went away  
And not return to the shame  
Brought to her those days  
We'll take man's dirty deeds  
And suck them out like cosmic beings  
Into the sun hoping  
They'll be happy burning  
But life is not T.V.  
Life is not T.V.  
Life is not T.V.

She's on wounded knee  
And well crazy horse that's me  
Her hard parts I'm cradling  
I feel refreshed when I watch her sleep  
Sometimes it's all I need  
It's all about the company we keep

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