

She is a belter, different from the rest  
Diamonds oan' her finger and she always looks her best  
She is a gangster, with a hundred-mile stare  
When she walks her feet don't touch the flare

She is a belter

She plays wae' lightning  
I'm a hundred miles high  
Dishing out the thunder like a god inside the sky  
She is a dancer and she dances in my dreams  
Reminds me that the world is not as evil as it seems

She is a belter

No happy endings; unless fairytales come true  
But she looks like a princess and there's not much else to do  
I think I love her  
She gets underneath my skin  
But I've been stung a few times, so I don't let no one in  
No even belters

No even belters!

She is a belter

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She is a belter

How can she reach me when I'm high above the shelf?  
Lost inside a smoke ring  
While I ponder tae' myself  
Is she the answer, to the question in my mind?  
Is happiness an option, or has love just turned me blind?

Is she a belter?

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