

Stevie

Lisa Mitchell

Stevie was a connoisseur
Everybody wanted to be her
She chose her friends as carefully as she chose her words
She was so sure about it all

Oh Stevie was a hero once
Had all the things I'd never touch
She wrote in sterling silver with a ballpoint pen
Cold blooded chameleon

Oh Stevie, oh Stevie
Why can't you see
You're a god to me

Oh Stevie, oh Stevie
Why can't you see
You're a god to me

Stevie was an ice maiden
Not sure really worth saving
Alcatraz has nothing on her after all this time
Still I didn't search behind those eyes

Oh Stevie where are you going to
Oh you're as tight lipped as a bottle all screwed
If I had the chance to peer inside your mind
Give up your mystery, why think twice

Oh Stevie, oh Stevie
Why can't you see
You're a god to me

Oh Stevie, oh Stevie
Why can't you see
You're a god to me

Tea-leaves in the cup
You're a good friend of mine
How the sober are
Thirsty for the sweet wine

Now that Stevie has locked her keys in her mind
Got to open up, lay herself on the line (lay herself on the line)

Tea-leaves in the cup
You're a good friend of mine
How the sober are
Thirsty for the sweet wine

Now that Stevie has locked her keys in her mind (in her mind)
Got to open up, lay herself on the line (lay herself on the line)

Tea-leaves in the cup
You're a good friend of mine
How the sober are
Thirsty for the sweet wine

Oh Stevie, oh Stevie
Why can't you see
You're a god to me

Oh Stevie, oh Stevie
Why can't you see
Oh give in to me