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Her head sits in a state it rings approximately true
  to one on mine but much more front and center
   She's what becomes a legend most with memories
   such as hers diarized inside a cage that there's
  no escape only inches of clean air
    She's breathing the best that she knows how to breathe.
   She's so in love with the great escape it's all around
  her hopes and in her dreams of one day just
  transporting. Where would all the young girls go
  would they wander around like me. I wish I
  knew of a better place, a gentler a kinder place to be
She's living the best that she knows how to live
     Hear her sing...
   It's 19 in the 40's sometime what be it of a girl who's in t
he
  way of all the race they're ruining. She can almost hear
  them now she closes up her eyes but just the same.
   She hears their boots and knows that her days are short
   and she'll die before she wakes.
      Will they haul off and grab me if I break
      for the outside will I fall out of love or
      will I crumble straight down here. I
      write and I fear it's real return me to my maker
  Perhaps it was the moondogs who brought those people out
    and if that's so it's all they were good for. The show was
  of the greatest ones of the ones out here out of the rain an
d
  they didn't leave afterthoughts were nice
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and my pipes were workable