

She Goes Down

Tonic

Oh dear, take what you've been given
And give back to me
Oh night, don't waste your time with that
'Cause it may never come

But she goes down wrapped up in the armies
Of a love she's found
She won't hide, love is Sunday mornings
When the paper writes

Here and there, silently you're waiting
For what never comes
Oh dear, don't waste your time alone
'Cause it may never come

But she goes down wrapped up in the armies
Of a love she's found
She won't hide, love is Sunday mornings
When the paper cries

Oh dear, don't waste your time with that
'Cause it may never come

But she goes down wrapped up in the armies
Of a love she's found
She won't hide, love is Sunday mornings
And the paper shines

She goes down, she goes down
She goes down, she goes down