

Drop outs:

She wakes up with wonder
And fragments from yesterdays night
Her heart is full of anger
But her head just can't get it right

She's on her fifteenth year
And she's ready got blackouts
She's on her fifteenth year
Were will that lead from here

Last nights hero has suddenly lost his charm
She feels trapped in his embrace
So she gently just move his arm

She's on her fifteenth year
And she's ready got blackouts
She's on her fifteenth year
Were will it lead from here...

Behind her shelter:

And she's got roses in her window
And a cat is her best friend
She's never taking chances
Always worried to offend

And she's got leather on her body
But silk inside her heart
And if her dad had time to listen
He would have made a better start

To get behind her shelter
She dreams behind her shelter
Get behind her shelter , she dreams behind her shelter

And she dreams a lot
And she cries a lot...

Walking in circles:

Late on friday nights
They used to meet downtown
It's their idea of fun
Screaming , making noise
Smoking , discussing boys

And the little girl with big blue eyes surrender to the night
Deciding only to do what's right

She always lives in her dreams
Always walking in circles

She tries to do whats right
But theres to many rules
Both at home and in school
She escapes , to paperback novels
Meets another worlds
Things she never heard

And the life she lives
Seems more and more unreal
Until she almost cannot feel

She always lives in her dreams
Always walking in circles
She always lives in her dreams
Always walking in circles

You shouldn't come around:

Her parents said that they couldn't cope with her
and her strange friends
So they got her a small flat and even helped her pay the rent
But the money came in letters with no messages inside
And when she tried to contact them
they told her what they had decide

You shouldn't come around here
You shouldn't come around here no more
You shouldn't come around here

You shouldn't come around here no more

She didn't do so well in school , she didn't do so well anywhere
But it kept her occupied just to figure out what to wear
She got all her friends there they helped her to keep her mind
But the headmaster decided she was only wasting time

You shouldn't come around here
You shouldn't come around here no more
You shouldn't come around here
You shouldn't come around here no more

Where should she go...

Black orchids:

They sneake around like rats
In old empty houses
And their only intrest is
To make their slow suicide undisturbed
She recognized herself
Paid for but forgotten
Her new friends helped her
And soon she was submerged

She wouldn't listen to me
Why can't she listen to me
Please listen to me...

Worshiping the needle:

She say I don't know nothing
She say I stretch my mouth when I talk
She say I have no experience
It seems I've only just learned how to walk

But I've seen a mother with a child that's no larger than a rat
And I know the reason why
Mother shared her life with a man they called the bat
He sold to afford to buy

Am I wrong , she's worshiping the needle
And I don't know if I'm wrong
She's worshiping the needle
And I don't know what to do

I've seen a thousands faces
Marked by a thousands changes , all gone
Peoples with visions , people with dreams all gone

I've seen people that was only skin and bone
Signs of death in a face
The rides we take to patch up our borling lives
Could wipe out the human race

Am I wrong , she's worshiping the needle
And I don't know if I'm wrong
She's worshiping the needle
And I don't know what to do...

End of story:

She only goes out at night
Looking for someone to hold her tight
It doesn't meen much anyway
She sells her body away
She's gotta make it pay

So she crawls out of her dreams
She can't do without them it seems
She wants to get inside her head
So she stays in her bed
And she's letting her lifeblood flow