

# NATALIE

Now she, cause she had the sense

To fall for the sand man and roll out herself from the race

Far from the Saturdays often her father would say

Now the sister she can't pretend

She's under the stars and under the standards of life

This is the sin of it

Rode in the dark of the night

This is the interment, proving that this is her life

Natalie's under the stars again

She's loosing her life and she can't pretend anymore

She goes without fighting she won't look at her scars anymore

The world isn't listening, she can't pretend anymore

Natalie doesn't exist and nothing evens the score

Down in the dumpster, she can't hold on any more than her famine and goal

Crushing her graces and she's holding herself up she hasn't the heart to let go

She brings herself to tears every night and she cares about heaven and  
god all above

About things that she thinks of, that deny a little girl, little things, that  
little girls think about love

What's she think about at night

Holding her head up so high

I'm alive, I'm alive

She feels forgotten, and now and she begins to sob

Natalie's under the stars again

She's loosing her life and she can't pretend anymore

But life's ok and everything's gonna even that score

God still loves her and she just opens that door

My dear, pretend you have this

That I can love you and I can't resist

And I'm holding a whole lot on your wrist

I tell you Natalie that I love you so

I hope in all that's yours and by gosh I'd never let you go

I'd bring you coffee in the morning and tea every night

I'd begin to tell you that god holds you so tight

And then you'd feel happy again you'd be all right in the heart

Knowing that there is no more of this that could tear you apart

My Dear



Music Written by: Will Charles

Good Farmer Productions