

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

(Sheila Carabine/ Amanda Walther/ Mike Roth)

I'm no genius, I just live in a messy room
I try to hide it so I can't find anything
You can't break my heart to make the words come out
'Cause I don't know a love song or a lullaby

Who do you think you are?

I'm afraid of everyone and I talk too fast
I'm never ever where I want to be
And I can't tell you where I get the sadness from
But you can take me dancing every night

Who do you think you are?

I've got room for one man in my heart
And I don't even know where I would start
You can make me cry on Danforth Avenue
But I'll still hide it in my messy room

Who do you think you are?

ANYWHERE UNDER THE MOON

(Sheila Carabine/ Amanda Walther/ Dan Roth)

Broken lines, yellow signs,
I can feel your soft shoulder
All the trees, follow me
In single file

The last power line, my cell phone died
I don't even know your number
So I drive all the way to Winnipeg

And I could be anywhere,
Anywhere under the moon
And I could be anywhere
Anywhere but I'm with you

Midnight dream, seventeen
So afraid I'm missing something
Count the miles, to your face,
So I drive, to Winnipeg

And I could be anywhere,
Anywhere under the moon
And I could be anywhere
Anywhere but I'm with you

SUNDAY DRESS

(Sheila Carabine/ Amanda Walther)

Should I call you officer
'Cause you're asking all the questions that I get at the border
I know you want to file me away,
With the girls who disappoint you every day

I'm no better staring at your mouth
Making other plans as the words come out
It's hard to choose in a crowded room
You're never satisfied with the one you're talking to

And if I believe in Jesus
Like a little girl in her Sunday dress
And if I live forever like Elvis
Would I be perfect?

Well I'm not what I claim to be
And I've heard you whispering when I leave
We're all trying to leave no trace
But somehow your life gets written on your face

And if I believe in Jesus
Like a little girl in her Sunday dress
And if I live forever like Elvis
Would I be perfect?

And what am I gonna tell that little girl
When she asks me what I left for her
And what am I gonna tell that little girl
When she runs home crying, it's a cruel, cruel world
And what am I gonna tell that little girl
That little girl

I'm twenty-two and I've been through hell
Where did I go when I lost myself?
Where did I go when I lost myself?
Where did I go when I lost myself?

And if I believe in Jesus
Like a little girl in her Sunday dress
And if I live forever like Elvis
Would I be perfect?

MARILYN MONROE

(Sheila Carabine/ Amanda Walther)

Well I think I look like Marilyn Monroe
Standing by the subway, feel the wind blow
I dream for a living, it's got me this far
Everyday's a movie and I'm a star

You're gonna fall in love, and then you're gonna fade
Everything changes in seventh grade
You stand in a circle, pretending to inhale
Every situation you're a different girl

And I never want to lose it
This fast-forward crashing moment
We're all dying just to hold onto it
And you say, you can't dance

They're tearing down museums, and putting up malls
We'll all be in fashion when Niagara falls

You held my hand, I was a little girl
Everything is sacred in a broken world

And I never want to lose it
This fast-forward crashing moment
We're all dying just to hold onto it
And you say, you can't dance
Yeah you say, you won't dance

Forget about the let-down, forget about the hometown
You're on your own now

And I never want to lose it
This fast-forward crashing moment
We're all dying just to hold onto it
And you say, you can't dance
Yeah you say, you won't dance

Well I think I look like Marilyn Monroe
Standing by the subway, feel the wind blow

HOCKEY SWEATER

(Sheila Carabine/ Amanda Walther/ Mike Roth)

Don't make me smile, I know that you're leaving
Life isn't here, underneath the Christmas lights

And I'll be wearing your hockey sweater
And you'll be waiting somewhere
Where it never snows

Don't say the words, my heart is breaking
I'm on the stairs, watching you drive away

And I'll be wearing your hockey sweater
And you'll be waiting somewhere
Where it never snows

Four corners to my bed, four angels 'round my head
One to watch and two to pray, one to keep all cares away

And I'll be wearing your hockey sweater
And you'll be waiting somewhere
Where it never snows

\$5 PEARLS

(Sheila Carabine)

Well it's a waste of time, cuz you and I will never rhyme
But who can blame us if we try
And I can't stay mad reading your letters, your hand writing's so bad
But your love is so good

How do I know, how do I know you really care
How do I know, how do I know you're really there
How do I know, when to stay and when to go
When I feel so...

Well I'm a Scarborough girl, wearing my high heels and my \$5 pearls
In an imitation world

And I can't have him, cuz he's down in L.A. and that's too far to swim
So you'll just have to stand in

How do I know, how do I know you really care
How do I know, how do I know you're really there
How do I know, when to stay and when to go
When I feel so...

Well I guess we're all just the same
Guarding the fire from the rain
By holding our hands in the flame

How do I know, how do I know you really care
How do I know, how do I know you're really there
How do I know, when to stay and when to go
When I feel so...

SWEETEST ONES

(Amanda Walther)

The sweetest ones hurt the most
With every gently soothing stroke
But now you've left me with this boy
To watch me fall again

Hey, hey, I'm crawling in my skin
Yeah, yeah, what have I gotten into?
Hey, hey, I don't know what to do
Hey, hey

It's cold at home, it still feels strange
I know this memory will change
But now you've left me on my own
To watch me fall again

Hey, hey, I'm crawling in my skin
Yeah, yeah, what have I gotten into?
Hey, hey, I don't know what to do
Hey, hey

A picture show runs through my view
The man beside me played by you
And now we've left them all behind
To watch them fall again

Hey, hey, I'm crawling in my skin
Yeah, yeah, what have I gotten into?
Hey, hey, I don't know what to do
Hey, hey

DON'T WAIT

(Sheila Carabine/ Amanda Walther)

Sitting in a parked car
Talking like a movie star
Waiting for a big break
Wondering what it's gonna take (out of me)

Counting every penny
Spending way to many (on you)
Well I don't think we're good enough
Nobody is good enough

Don't wait for me
Yeah don't wait for me
'Cause I'm one step behind
Everything that I see
Don't wait for me

Hide behind the poetry
So you don't get to know me
Only get inspired
When my life's on fire

Don't act like such a rock star
You're singing in a hockey rink snack bar
Well I don't even care
I'll sing anywhere

Don't wait for me
Yeah don't wait for me
'Cause I'm one step behind
Everything that I see
Don't wait for me

Well maybe if we get there
We won't even like it
Well we can always quit
They always need more teachers

PERFECT PHOTO

(Sheila Carabine/ Amanda Walther)

Prom queen crime scene, the perfect photo
One more has-been to make the dream

Rumour has it that he's been crying
And walking backwards away from home

There'll be hell to pay
Just put it on my tab

I wanna know who decided
That life's one sided
Is it wrong to fight it
When I know there'll be hell to pay

Apple orchard, the perfect moment
But we're still making the same mistake

There'll be hell to pay
Just put it on my tab

I wanna know who decided
That life's one sided
Is it wrong to fight it
When I know there'll be hell to pay

And if I stand up will you see me from above
'Cause I'm here looking up

I wanna know who decided
That life's one sided
Is it wrong to fight it
When I know there'll be hell to pay

TOO MUCH OF EVERYTHING

(Sheila Carabine/ Amanda Walther)

Al Pacino eyes are looking at me
I stand in the kitchen, making decisions
That nobody sees

You say you believe, well where did you find it?
What books did you read, was it on tv
And who was behind it?

It would be easy to say yes
It would be easy to say no
Why am I always so restless?
Could it be I just don't know?

There's too much of everything
There's so much I can't think
It was better without anything
There's too much of everything

Al Pacino eyes have found me again
I thought we were ready, I thought it was easy
It's all in my head

You'll never know how you affect me
'Cause I tell my mother, she makes me feel better
That's all that I need

It would be easy to say yes
It would be easy to say no
Why am I always so restless?
Could it be I just don't know?

There's too much of everything
There's so much I can't think
It was better without anything
There's too much of every

Al Pacino eyes, I remember my first kiss
It was too much so I ran up the driveway
I've been running since

It would be easy to say yes
It would be easy to say no
Why am I always so restless?
Could it be I just don't know?

There's too much of everything
There's so much I can't think
It was better without anything
There's too much of every, too much of every
Too much of everything

DON'T BELIEVE THE ACTRESS

(Sheila Carabine)

Well you know that I compare you to someone I want more
And I can't make you promises I've broken once before
So take my presence lightly and listen with your eyes
And don't believe the actress when she cries

I paint my face each morning so you can't look right through
And I kiss another microphone and hope it gets to you
And I know you feel abandoned waving to the sky
But don't believe the actress when she cries

And the girl who cried piano is singing to the wolves
She's dressed up in her armour; her sword is made of words
And you'll forget you love her when she forgets her lines
So don't believe the actress, Oh don't believe the actress
Please don't believe the actress
when I cry.