

# Genesis, Anything She Does

You know,  
You decorate the garage walls,  
Hang in people's halls,  
Live in secret drawers,  
If you could look around you,  
Wonder what you'd see.

Fiction.  
That's all you really are I know,  
Editorial dreams.  
They can't make you real,  
Tell me where you came from,  
And where you're going to.

I won't ever, no I'll never get to know her,  
Or be the cause of anything she does.  
I won't ever, no I'll never get to hold her.  
Do you think this aching could be love?

Oh you know,  
You've figured in some fantasies.  
You would not believe,  
What you've had to do,  
Life goes on around you and all because of you.

No I won't ever, no I'll never get to know her,  
Or be the cause of anything she does.  
I won't ever, no I'll never get to hold her.  
Do you think this aching could be love?

I won't ever, no I'll never get to know her,  
Or be the cause of anything she does.  
I won't ever, no I'll never get to hold her.  
Do you think this aching could be love?

You know,  
That in twenty years or more,  
You'll still look the same  
As you do today.  
You'll still be a young girl,  
When I'm old and grey.

No - I won't ever, no I'll never get to know her,  
Or be the cause of anything she does.  
I never, no I'll never get to hold her.  
Do you think this aching could be love?

I won't ever, no I'll never get to know her,  
Or be the cause of anything she does.  
I won't ever, no I'll never get to hold her.  
Do you think this aching could be love? (no you'll never...)