

The Monkees, She

Words and Music by
Tommy Boyce and Bobby Hart

She, she told me that she loved me,
And like a fool I believed her from the start.
She, she said she'd never hurt me,
But then she turned around and broke my heart

Why am I standing here,
Missing her and wishing she were here.
She only did me wrong;
I'm better off alone.

She, she devoured all my sweet love,
Took all I had and then she fed me dirt.
She, she laughed while I was cryin'.
It was such a joke to see the way it hurt.

Why am I standing here,
Missing her and wishing she were here.
She only did me wrong;
I'm better off alone.

And now I know just why she
Keeps me hangin' 'round.
She needs someone to walk on,
So her feet don't touch the ground.
But I love her,
I need her,
I want her.
Yea! Yea! Yea! Yea! Yea! Yea! She!

Why am I standing here,
Missing her and wishing she were here.
She only did me wrong now;
I'm better off alone.

Why am I missing her?
I should be kissing her.
(Repeat and fade last two lines)