

Bic Runga, Gracie

Gracie takes the bottles from the porch where you have left them
They are age old drinks of wine and wishin'
Drivin' down the monorail with all the best intentions
She's a picture of perfection with her cotton colored hair
But its you she thinks of in the hours while she's awake
She takes her lipstick from her kleenex to make a smile
You she thinks of when she thinks of her mistakes
Regrets an open road that stretches out for miles
Coffee pots and bottles cups and all of this disorder
She soaks her plates in the dishwater till its cold
Her reflection in the windows of the stars around the corner
Walk beside her while she's striding down the road

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la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la
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