

Grant Hart, Seka Knows

Out of the morning and into the street
It rises and falls just like teardrops forming puddles at your feet
Each step you are taking in any direction
The machine plays the same old song all day, but rejects your selection

And Seka, Seka knows
Seka, Seka knows
Seka, Seka knows

How to read you like you would read a book
And take you like you would take a look
And when you can go
Into the picture and out of the frame
It binds you a bit and
Reminds you of something you just overcame
It's waking up with you
And it troubles your sleep
It comes to you when you're alone and with company you keep

And Seka, Seka knows
Seka, Seka knows
Seka, Seka knows

How to take you like you'd take a bath
And read you like you'd read an epitaph
And when you can go
Out of the fire and into the pan
He dances around like a god but you know that he's only a man
You change from your playclothes you put on your best suit
It keeps you in stitches and fits you like shiny skin on a fruit

And Seka, Seka knows
Seka, Seka knows
Seka, Seka knows

How to read you like you'd read a map
And take you like you'd take the rap
And when you can go
Out of the darkness and into the sun
It's beginning to look like the end of the road but it's only begun
You're looking for guidance and you follow the signs
If you follow them well you're beginning to tell the profane from the divine

And Seka, Seka knows
Seka, Seka knows
Seka, Seka knows

How to read you like you'd read a sign
And take you like you'd take what's mine
And when you can go