

## Picture This

Beastie Boys

Something on the windowsill  
Caught her eye and held her still  
The cars pass by outside  
Nowhere left to hide

Picture this now crystal clear  
Nothing left to hold her here  
And creeping up meanwhile  
Traces of a smile  
Something on the windowsill  
Caught her eye and held her still  
The cars pass by outside  
Eyes open wide to see if I could fly

Something on the windowsill  
Something on the windowsill