

# The Mixed Tape

## Jack's Mannequin

This is morning  
That's when I spend the most time  
Thinking 'bout what I've given up  
This is a warning  
When you start the day just to close the curtains  
You're thinking 'bout what I've given up

Where are you now?  
As I'm swimming through the stereo  
I'm writing you a symphony of sound  
Where are you now?  
As I rearrange the songs again  
This mix could burn a hole in anyone  
But it was you I was thinking of

I read your letter  
The one you left when you broke into my house  
Retracing every step you made  
And you said you meant it  
And there's a piece of me in every single  
Second of every single day  
But if it's true then tell me how it got this way

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And I can't get to you  
I can't get to you  
I can't get to you

Where are you now?  
As I'm swimming through the stereo  
I conduct a symphony of sound  
Where are you now?  
As I'm cutting through you track by track  
I swear to God this mix could sink the sun  
But it was you I was thinking of

And where are you now?  
And where are you now?

And this is my mixed tape for her  
It's like I wrote every note  
With my own fingers