

Arms Around A Memory

Beth Orton

Oh for them New York City summer streets
All of the hours lost between
There was always a beautiful sky
And you on your contact high
And me with my broken bottle smile

I put my arms around a memory
Though you'd always told me not to try
Didn't we make a beautiful life
In your 8th floor walk-up that night
The way two words they make a rhyme

And I got to questioning my credibility
Like you're the reliable witness to what I feel
Tho I can still taste all the sweetness of what we had
And there's no one will kiss me as deep as you know you have

Once that I saw how to see
All if that love was looking back at me
It was hard not to full fill the prophecy we'd always been

Oh but bow California's out of reach
All of those colours bleed between
There's always a beautiful sky
Me on my contact high
And you, with your broken bottle dreams

And if you get to questioning my credibility
Like you're the reliable witness to what I feel
Tho I can still taste all the sweetness of what we had
And there's no one will touch me as deep as you know you have
Once that I saw how to see
All of your love was looking back at me
It was hard not to full fill the prophecy we'd always been