

Gracie

Bic Runga

Gracie takes the bottles from the porch where you had left them

There are age old drinks of wine you never shared
Drivin' down the motorway with all the best intentions
She's a picture of perfection with her cut and colored hair

But it's you she thinks of in the hours while she's awake
She takes her lipstick from her case 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 tops and all of this disorder
She soaks the plates in the dishwater till it's cold
Her reflection in the windows of the stores around the corner
Walk beside her as 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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