

Undone

Bush

Words don't come
All the time
The way we feel
The way we slide

The galaxy
Is so dark and wide
Your open arms
Are mine tonight

And I wait
Till the morning after
On my grave
Nothing really matters

Undone
In a thousand places
Undone from you
Undone
The ground is breaking
Undone
And the mind plays tricks on you

Truth is I
Feel you near
A ghost in black
Who disappeared

I put Berlin eyes
In my love A.I.
And mirrors on my ceiling

And I wait
Till the morning after
On my grave
Nothing really matters

Undone
In a thousand places
Undone from you
Undone
The ground is breaking
Undone
And the mind plays tricks on you
The mind plays tricks on you

All that I know
Is the way it feels
All that you say
I've heard it all before

Undone
In a thousand places
Undone from you
Undone
The ground is breaking undone
And the mind plays tricks on you

Undone Undone Undone
And the mind plays tricks on you the mind
Plays
Tricks on you