

Looking Into Me

Chris Staples

I hold you in my hands
Into your face I look
So many things I see
When I look into you
You're looking into me

You seem to know some things
You must have overheard
In the afternoon
When I think out loud
You're listening to me

Show me what I like
Until it burns my eyes
The things I see
It makes me want a different life
A different time
A different place

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