

# 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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