

the look on her face like a reoccurring dream

Field Medic

Deja vu, somehow like a past life in her eyes
The look on her face like a reoccurring dream

She operates in absurdity, like me
She's laughing, and she's crying simultaneously
The words that shape her outlook sometimes seem bleak
But she's weeping, and she's gracious like the old willow tree
And she's laughing, and she's crying simultaneously

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When she walks, it's a black box theatre scene
'Cause she's dancing with each movement like choreography
The look on her face like a reoccurring dream
She's a stranger, but I know her somehow subconsciously
She's a stranger, but I know her at least, that's how it seems

It's deja vu, somehow like a past life in her eyes
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