

# Repeating Myself

King's X

She sits in the window  
And stares into space  
And takes in the feeling  
She'd rather be no other place  
He works on the things  
He believes will make everything good  
While he tries to be open  
But feels that he's misunderstood

But I'm repeating myself  
Just repeating myself  
I'm repeating myself  
Just repeating myself again

Is an answer there to see  
Is the forest already in the tree

Most days she can't wait  
To see if the sun will come out  
And other days she wants to wait  
'Till it's behind a cloud  
While he walks beside her  
Afraid to be thinking aloud  
And all he wants to do is to show her  
But she is too proud

But I'm repeating myself  
Just repeating myself  
I'm repeating myself  
Just repeating myself again

Will they find it in the breeze  
In the forest  
In the trees  
Will they see into each others' eyes  
In the morning  
In the night

But I'm repeating myself  
Just repeating myself  
I'm repeating  
I'm repeating  
Just repeating  
Just repeating  
Myself

I'm repeating  
Just repeating  
I'm repeating  
Just repeating