

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