

Shiny

Sara Bareilles

She has her back to me at the kitchen sink
I'm trying to read her mind wondering
What she doesn't say to anybody

The laundry's folded beds are made
It's like this every single day
It's memorized, but a thin disguise

I see what she can't see
Her light only ever landing on me
But there's a glimmer in her brown eyes
The ones she gave to me
So I know we can both be shiny

She calls on Sundays checking in
We talk about the weather again
It never changes, she wonders where the rain is

Once in a while I catch a glimpse
Of the truest things that she keeps hidden
Her secret heart
That's my favorite part

I see what she can't see
Her light only ever landing on me
But there's a glimmer in her brown eyes
The ones she gave to me
So I know we can both be shiny
Shiny...

All that glitters isn't gold, but gold is all I see
So I know we can both be shiny