Your Reality

Sara Groves

You, like a thermometer right outside
I can see from the kitchen window

What is real, what it's really like
You, when the mirrors stretch and wave
When the image is dark and crazy and it's all I can see

Your reality is my good medicine
Tell me who we are and who I am
Your reality is my good medicine
Tell me who we are
And who I am

You, you find me in the playback room
Playing back everything I've said
Every little thing I've said
You, when I cannot trust myself
When the soundings are deep and lonely
And I seem to have lost my way

The only part of this that throws me off
Is you're too good to be true

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