Peaches

Vacations

Slow dancing in a hall of mirrors
With my own reflection
Pirouette away only to see
The same direction

Does it ever feel right? Does it always remain the same?
Probably my lack of sight
Does it ever feel right? Does it always remain the same?
Probably my lack of sight

This script is feeling worn-out now
Your job has lost its spark, don't ask me how

Fell for a clever ruse
Only you could be so cruel
To stage your amusement
Befall even you

Does it ever feel right? Does it always remain the same?
Probably my lack of sight
Does it ever feel right? Does it always remain the same?
Probably my lack of sight

This script is feeling worn-out now
Your job has lost its spark, forget I even asked
Too much [?] a shame, what was that for?
You used to make me move, you used to

(Does it ever feel right? Does it always remain the same?)
(Probably my lack of sight)
(Does it ever feel right? Does it always remain the same?)
(Probably my lack of sight)

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