

The Mixed Tape (Where Music Meets Film Acoustic)

Jack's Mannequin

This is morning
It's when I spend the most time
Thinking 'bout what I've given up
This is a warning
When you start the day
Just to close the curtains
You're thinking 'bout what I've given up Where are you now?
As I'm swimming through this stereo
I'm writing you a symphony of sound Where are you now?
As we rearrange these songs again
This mix could burn a hole in anyone
It was you I was thinking of
It was you I was thinking of I read your letter
The one you left when you broke into my house
I'm retracing every step you made
And you said you meant it
There's a piece of me in
Every single second of every single day
But if its true to tell me how we got this way Where are you now?
As I'm swimming through your stereo
I'm writing you a symphony of sound Where are you now?
As we rearrange these songs again
This mix could burn a hole in anyone
It was you I was thinking of
It was you I was thinking of I can't get to you
I can't get to you
And I can't get to you you you Where are you now?
As I'm swimming through the stereo
I conduct a symphony of sound Where are you now?
As I'm cutting through you track by track
I swear to god this mix could sink the sun
But it was you I was thinking of Where are you now?
Where are you now? This is my mixed tape for her
Its like I wrote every note with my own fingers

Songwriters

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