

Your Glasses

Maria Mena

What could you possibly see in me?
Is it my soul hung out to dry?
I think my dysfunctional family has shaped it
Throughout my lifeWhat could you possibly like in me?
Do you like my ability to bend?
I think my fear of intimacy
Has shaped the time we spendNo it's not you, it's me
And it's not us, it's them
And it's not her, it's just the way she moves you?
And she kisses harder than me, oh she kisses harder than meAnd I'll always look in through your glasses
But all I could see, is the spector of me reflected
The empty shell of me, the empty shell of meWhat could you possibly love in me?
Is it the way I wear my smile?
It hangs from the tip of my tongue you see
Oh, this might take awhileNo it's not you, it's me
And it's not us, it's them
Sure it's not her, it's just the way she moves you?
And she kisses harder than me, oh she kisses harder than me.And I'll always look in through your glasses
But all I could see, is the spector of me reflected
The empty shell of me, the empty shell of meOoh, ooh, ahh, me
Ooh, ooh, me
Ooh, ooh, me
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oohAnd I'll always look in through your glasses
But all I could see, was the spector of me reflected
The empty shell of meAnd I've tried to look in through your glasses
But all I could see, was the spector of me reflected
The empty shell of me, the empty shell of me

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