

# Where to Begin

## My Morning Jacket

Walk across the courtyard, towards the library  
I can hear the insects buzz and the leaves 'neath my feet  
Ramble up the stairwell, into the hall of books  
Since we got the interweb these hardly get used  
Duck into the men's room, combing through my hair  
When god gave us mirrors, he had no idea  
Looking for a lesson in the periodicals  
There I spy you listening to the AM radio  
Karen of the Carpenters, singing in the rain  
Another lovely victim of the mirror's evil way  
It's not like you're not trying, with a pencil in your hair  
To defy the beauty the good Lord put in there  
Simple little bookworm, buried underneath  
Is the sexiest librarian  
Take off those glasses  
And let down your hair for me  
So I watch you through the bookcase, imagining a scene  
You and I at dinner, spending time, then to sleep  
And what then would I say to you, lying there in bed?  
These words, with a kiss, I would plant in your head  
What is it inside our heads that makes us do the opposite?  
Makes us do the opposite of what's right for us?  
'Cause everything'd be great and everything'd be good  
If everybody gave, like everybody could  
Sweetest little bookworm, hidden underneath  
Is the sexiest librarian  
Take off those glasses and let your hair down for me  
Take off those glasses and let your hair down for me  
Simple little beauty, heaven in your breath  
The simplest of pleasures, the world at it's best

Songwriters

JIM JAMES Published by

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Other patents pending.

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