Central Reservation(Williams Orbit Remix)

Beth Orton

Running down a central reservation in last night's red dress,
And I can still smell you on my fingers and taste you on my breath;
Stepping through brilliant shades,
All the color you bring,
This time, this time, this time,
Is whatever I want it to mean.If this is where memories are made,
I'm gonna like what I see,
And everything that I ever took for granted,
I'm gonna let it be.I step through every shade,
All the color you bring,
This time, this time, this time,
Is whatever I want it to mean.And everything and nothing is as sacred as we'd want it to be,
When it's really all,
Make it really all,
Compared to what.It's like living in the middle of the ocean,
With no future, no past,
And everything that's good about now,
Well, might just glide right past.I'm stepping through brilliant shades,
All the color you bring,
This time, this time, this time,
Is fine just as it is.And everything is sacred here,
And nothing is as sacred as I want it to be,
When it's really all compared to what.

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