Wallet (Live In London)

Regina Spektor

I found a wallet, I found a wallet
Inside were pictures of your small family
You were so young, your hair dark brown
You had been born in 1953Your winter birthday was stamped on the plastic
Of a license so recently expired
I was so tired as I walked through my door
I let all the contents of your wallet on the floorAnd like a holy relic or a mystery novel
I thumbed them in the dim light
Searching for a clue, a Blockbuster card
An old stick of Juicy Fruit
A crumpled receipt from a pair of leather bootsI have no wallet, I have no wallet
I keep my cards together with a blue rubber band
And with a free hand I search in my pocket
For pieces of, pieces of paper and change

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