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 usedDuck 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 radioKaren 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 thereSimple little bookworm, buried underneath
Is the sexiest librarian
Take off those glasses
And let down your hair for meSo 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 headWhat 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 couldSweetest 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 meSimple little beauty, heaven in your breath
The simplest of pleasures, the world at it's best

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