

Record Collector

Lissie

im tired of saying
that i wont get lost ever again
who knows, maybe i will
and everywhere I go there i'll be
with a rusted old rake in a pile of leaves
oh my, truly dauntingchorus:
but my blue eyes cannot see
that their real hue is probably green
i should keep records of these things
and i'll know what yesterdays bringim not really sure
but im starting to think
that i've been here before
who knows, maybe i have
and everywhere i went there i was
with a choir of bees
they were all a buzz
oh my, how amusingchrousbut one time, there was this one time
when i swore God, she spoke to me
and she told me, oh yes she told me
of all the wonders that she could bringand i saidwon't you, won't you fill me up with it
why don't you fill me up with it,
won't you fill me x3chrousi am always here with me
and i'll know what yesterdays bring

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