

Turn Of The Century

Pete Yorn

Saw my reflection, covered in glass
How it reminds me of you
Broken like a vision, an unfinished season
Terror had struck me, but all I could see is your soft skin
And I wondered
Inside the workhouse, you mind your own business
And I had the courage of two
And as I requested a lapse in your presence
I couldn't think of anything important to say
So I wondered
When this day will end
Yeah, I wondered if we'd speak again.
Yeah, I wonder.

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