Central Reservation

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 meanIf 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 meanAnd everything and nothing is as sacred as we'd want it to be
When it's really all, make it really all, compared to whatIt's like living in the middle of the ocean with no future, no past
And everything that's good about now I 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 isAnd 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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