

Picture This

Beastie Boys

Something on the windowsill
Caught her eye and held her still
The cars pass by outside
Nowhere left to hide Picture this now crystal clear
Nothing left to hold her here
And creeping up meanwhile
Traces of a smile Something on the windowsill
Caught her eye and held her still
The cars pass by outside
Here I go flying
Open wide to see if I could fly Something on the windowsill
Something on the windowsill

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