

Genevieve

Aaron Sprinkle

She reaches for her latest reading
Her pillow's folded
Her mind is reeling roundShe can't remember
What made this different
Before her clock was
Fifteen minutes fast(chorus)
When the morning came
It was just the same
Genevieve
Like a loaded gun
Like a letter bomb
GenevieveShe reaches for her latest feeling
She can't control it
Her heart is beating
she made her mind up
It's off to sleep now
To dream about the book she just put down

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