Gracie

Bic Runga

Gracie takes the bottles from the porch we you had left them
There are age old dregs of wine you never shared
Driving down the motorway, with all the best intentions
She's a picture of perfection with her cut and colored hairBut it's you she thinks of in the hours while she's awake
She takes her lipstick from her case to make a smile
You she thinks of when she thinks of her mistakes
Regrets, an open road that stretches out for milesCoffee pots and bottle tops, and all of this disorder
She soaks the plates in the dishwater 'til it's cold
Her reflection in the windows of the stores around the corner
Walk beside her as she's striding down the roadBut it's you she thinks of in the hours while she's awake
She takes her lipstick from her case to make a smile
You she thinks of when she thinks of her mistakes
Regrets, an open road that stretches out for milesLa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la
La, la, la, la, la, la, la
La, la, la, la, la, la, la
La, la, la, la, la, la, la
La, la, la, la, la, la, laYou, she thinks of in the hours while she's awake
She takes her lipstick from her case to make a smile
You she thinks of when she thinks of her mistakes
Regrets, an open road that stretches out for miles

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