

Central Reservation

Beth Orton

Running down a central reservation.
Last night's red dress
And I can still smell you on my fingers
And taste you on my breath.
Stepping through brilliant shades
Of the color you bring
But this time, this time, this time
Is whatever I want it to mean.

If this is where memories are made,
I'm gonna like what I see.
And everything I ever took for granted,
I'm gonna let it be.
I step through every shade
Of the color you bring
But this time, this time, this time
Is whatever I want it to mean.

And everything and nothing is
As sacred as we want it to be
When it's real. Make it real.,
Compared to what?
Ooh yeah yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah
Ooh yeah yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah

It's like living in the middle of the ocean
With no future, no past,
And everything that's good about now
Might just glide right past.
I'm stepping through brilliant shades
Of the color you bring.
But this time, this time, this time
Is fine just as it is.

And everything is sacred here,
And nothing is as sacred as I want it to be,
When it's real.
Compared to what?
Ooh yeah yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah
Ooh yeah yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah.....
Ba da ba, ba da ba, ba da ba ba da ba, yeah yeah.