

## Gracie

Bic Runga

Gracie takes the bottles from the porch where you had left them

There are age old drinks of wine you never shared  
Drivin' down the motorway with all the best intentions  
She's a picture of perfection with her cut and colored hair

But 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 miles

Coffee pots and bottles tops and all of this disorder  
She soaks the plates in the dishwater till it's cold  
Her reflection in the windows of the stores around the corner  
Walk beside her as she's striding down the road

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You thinks of when she thinks of her mistakes  
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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

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