

Where To Start

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She makes herself some coffee filled with sugar, milk and truth
.

It's hard to dislike somebody who really likes you.

She's alone as she strums her guitar she remembers all the things you've said and done.

All her lies are gone, everything from now on will come to matter more.

She says: Hey, do you mind me asking for a part of your love,
Of your world, of your bed, of your heart?

Hey, do you mind telling me where to start?

She steps into the shower, it's been a lonely day.

She was supposed to call me and drop a few words but the hours ran away.

And the night is a friend of hers now that she finally got her bad dreams ripped out of sight.

When the moon is out she sails on to you, you know you'll come to matter now...

She says: Hey, do you mind me asking for a part of your love,
Of your world, of your bed, of your heart?

Hey, do you mind telling me where to start?