

Record Collector

Lissie

I'm tired of saying
That I won't get lost ever again
Who knows, maybe I will
And everywhere I go there I'll be
With a rust old rake in a pile of leaves
Oh my, truly daunting

But my blue eyes cannot see
That their real hue's probably green
I should keep records of these things
And I'll know what yesterdays bring

I, I'm not really sure
But I'm starting to think that I've been here before
Who knows, maybe I have
And everywhere I went there I was
With a choir of bees they were all a buzz
Oh my, how amusing!

But my blue eyes cannot see
That their real hue is probably green
I should keep records of these things
And I'll know what yesterdays bring

But one time, there was this one time
When I swore God, she spoke to me
And she told me, oh yes she told me
Of all the wonder that she could bring
And I said, "Won't you, won't you fill me up with it
Why don't you fill me up with it
Won't you fill me

Won't you, won't you fill me up with it
Why don't you fill me up with it
Why don't you fill m

Won't you, won't you fill me up with it
Why don't you fill me up with it
Why don't you fill me!

But my blue eyes cannot see
That their real hue is probably green
I will keep records of these things
And I'll know what yesterdays bring

I am always there with me
And I know what yesterdays bring