

## 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