

## Bibio "Gracie"

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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 a picture of perfection with her cut and coloured 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 bottle tops  
And all of this disorder  
She soaks the plates in the dishwasher till it's cold  
Her reflection in the window of the stars around the corner  
Walk beside her as she's stridin' down the road

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 mi-i-i-i-iles  
La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

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

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