

Bic Runga **"Gracie"**

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

There are age old dregs of wine you never shared
Driving 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 bottle tops, and all of this disorder
She soaks the plates in the dishwasher 'til it's cold
Her reflection in the windows of the stores around the
corner

Walk beside her as she's striding 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 miles

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

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
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