

Lissie "Record Collector"

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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 is probably green
I should keep records of these things
And I'll know what yesterdays bring

I'm, 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, won'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 me
Won't you, won't you fill me up with it, why do'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 should keep records of these things
And I'll know what yesterdays bring

I am always here with me
And I'll know what yesterdays bring

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