

Maria Mena

"Your Glasses"

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What could you possibly see in me?
Is it my soul hung out to dry?
I think my dysfunctional family has shaped it
Throughout my life

What could you possibly like in me?
Do you like my ability to bend?
I think my fear of intimacy
Has shaped the time we spend

No it's not you, it's me
And it's not us, it's them
And it's not her, it's just the way she moves you?
And she kisses harder than me, oh she kisses harder
than me

And I'll always look in through your glasses
But all I could see, is the specter of me reflected
The empty shell of me, the empty shell of me

What could you possibly love in me?
Is it the way I wear my smile?
It hangs from the tip of my tongue you see
Oh, this might take awhile

No it's not you, it's me
And it's not us, it's them
Sure it's not her, it's just the way she moves you?
And she kisses harder than me, oh she kisses harder
than me.

And I'll always look in through your glasses
But all I could see, is the specter of me reflected
The empty shell of me, the empty shell of me

Ooh, ooh, ahh, me
Ooh, ooh, me
Ooh, ooh, me
Oh, oh, oh, oh, ooh

And I'll always look in through your glasses
But all I could see, was the specter of me reflected

The empty shell of me

And I've tried to look in through your glasses
But all I could see, was the specter of me reflected
The empty shell of me, the empty shell of me

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