Yvonne "Ten O' Clock, I'm Almost Done"

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Ten o'clock and I'm almost done

As I'll meet you tonight

Another sip brings another smile

As I'll meet you tonight

But that sip goes down with a bitter taste

And that smile is a grin in that reflection of mine

Another dress trades place again

As you'll meet me tonight

Painted eyes and painted lips

As you'll meet me tonight

But that dress you wear feels wrong in a way

And your face makes a grin in that reflection of yours

'Cause I will use the same old words

To say those things that you want me to say

And you will look happy, but no

It's just because you know that I want you to be

It's not better for me

Face to face in a crowded place

As conversation runs out

And plans are made for another try

As conversation runs out

But I will use the same old words

To say those things that you want me to say

And you wont put the blame on me

You don't think I see what you try to pretend

You won't shock me again

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