

Magic Punches

"Books And Broken Windows"

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The clock is singing in a voice so low,
That you'll be getting here an hour ago,
And when you get here I'll have lots to show,
Collections of books and broken windows.

I keep your letter in the dresser drawer,
Beneath the keys that I don't use no more,
It reminds me of the winter from the year before,
When I threw rocks up at your window.

Oh, it seems a little bit strange,
That when you develop pictures all the faces they
change,
The old reflections of the people that have come and
gone.

The city's sleeping in a bed of streets,
Comfortably resting in it's late night sheets,
The snow is crumpling under Christmas feet,
By the church with the stained glass windows.

The clock is singing in a voice so loud,
That you'll come running through the station crowd,
While I'm at home watching the midnight clouds,
Writing songs by my bedroom window.

Yeah, it seems a little bit strange,
That when you develop pictures all the faces they
change,
The old reflections of the people that have come and
gone.

Drinking all the wine and wasting my time,
Standing in a line for a face that's so fine,
I want to be the light that shines.

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