

Orton Beth

"Central Reservation"

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Running down the central reservation
In last night's red dress
And I can still smell you on my fingers
And taste you on my breath
Stepping through brilliant shades
Of the color you bring
This time, this time, this time
Is whatever I want it to mean
If this is where memories are made, well
Gonna like what I see
And everything I ever took for granted
I'm gonna let it be
I step through every shade
Of the color you bring
But this time, this time, this time
Is whatever I want it to mean
And everything and nothing is
As sacred as we want it to be
When it's real. Make it real
Compared to what?
It's like living in the middle of the ocean

With no future, no past
And everything that's good about now
Might just glide right past
I'm stepping through brilliant shades
All the color you bring
This time, ths time, this time
Is fine just as it is
And everything is sacred here
And nothing is as sacred as I want it to be
When it's real
Compared to what

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