

## Mascara Story, The "Gretchen Works In Starbucks"

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I'm driving to get to you  
I'm tryin' to see you tonight.  
Your favourite word has become tired.  
And there's no reason.  
I'm parked by the record store.  
And you take your time.  
If the mall rat kids ask what I'm waiting for I'll say,

Gretchen steals the show; no matter where she goes  
everybody looks her way.  
Gretchen wants to live, somewhere else but here.  
Maybe she could fit-in in New York?

I'm waiting with a postcard, you said on my birthday,  
It brings me luck so much that I don't even know what  
to say.  
I know where you must be.  
You must be waiting for me.  
If we're both waiting for each other in the snow.  
I think that you, you've just got to be true.

Gretchen steal the show; no matter where so goes,  
everybody looks her way.  
Gretchen wants to live somewhere else but here.  
Maybe she could fit-in in New York

She spins me around, Miss Merry-go-round.  
When I'm on the ground and everyone's down.  
Yeah, I'm falling at her feet and on a drive way on a  
street.  
She's got an apple and cinnamon coffee for the  
weekend.  
And I love her, but Gretchen works in Starbucks, yeah.

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