

# Museum, And Now

I separate the rights, the wrongs,  
the words, the songs, and now  
the mirror is the place where I find you and me, and now  
I'm trying hard to discover all that lies behind  
The memories of different times  
I'm making sure that they were fine

I fall asleep for the day  
There's a birthmark in the corner  
There's a graveyard in my house  
I fall asleep  
There's a tombstone in my writing  
There's a graveyard in my words

There's something going on in here  
I fear to let it pass  
Now that I've lost the thrill,  
I don't feel any pain  
And now I am untouchable and I can wait  
I concentrate on all the things that lie behind  
The memories of different times  
I'm making sure that they were fine

I fall asleep for the day  
There's a birthmark in the corner  
There's a graveyard in my house  
I fall asleep  
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Trying desperately to find the rights,  
the wrongs, the songs, and now  
I'm staring at my hands  
then watch the hands of a watch, and now  
The mirror's coming back  
It laughs at me, it spins, it grins, it's me  
The place where I find you and me  
I see that all that lies behind is fine  
A different time, it's mine, I'm fine,  
I spin, I grin, and that is where the songs begin