Beastie Boys, Picture This

Something on the windowsill
Caught her eye and held her still
The cars pass by outside
Nowhere left to hide

Picture this now crystal clear
Nothing left to hold her here
And creeping up meanwhile
Traces of a smile
Something on the windowsill
Caught her eye and held her still
The cars pass by outside
Eyes open wide to see if I could fly

Something on the windowsill
Something on the windowsill