

# Cassandra Wilson, Sleight Of Time

He holds the mirror to my soul  
A beautiful mystery  
He is too young  
I am too old  
Yet we fit perfectly  
How could you feel  
Emotions I could never reveal  
Sleight of hand or of sleight of time  
Tell me why can't he be mine  
Am I a pawn in someone's game  
And some grand illusion  
Sent here to taunt him without shame  
Causing confusion  
How could he know  
I had nothing; no where else to go  
Sleight of hand or Sleight of time  
Tell me why can't he be mine  
I cried a river of regret  
Indulged in misery  
Why long for something I can't get  
When I get it eventually  
How could he see  
That our love was always meant to be  
Sleight of hand or Sleight of time  
Tell me why can't he be mine...  
Why can't he be mine  
Why can't he be...