

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...