

Dianne Reeves, Who's Minding The Store?

Who's minding the store?

My, angles, on high
Have broken, their wings
The loneliest, tears, I cry
My heart, never sings

I'm, in, dis-a-ray
Blue heart, on the floor
Laughter and dark, for the day
Who's minding the store?

The sins, of a neeeeeew perfume
Has drawn you, from meeeeeee
She's changing, the view, for you
For every, oooone, to, see

So, you, slipped away
Remote, ever more

Who's warmmmmmming, the chill, every day?
And, who minding the store?

I silently... call, your name
But, no one, is here
My heart, saddly hopes, in vain, that you might, soon... appear

As doubt settles in
And closes, the, door
It's only, to hide, what's happened, inside
Who's minding, the store?
Who's, minding, the stooooooooore?