

Major Maker, Forty Five

She is standing right in front of me
Hanging out at forty five degrees
Looking at her face, staring into space
Hanging on a wall for all to see

No more of her time to find
Symmetry is on the mind
Places you have not been, hard to say

She is wrapped inside of mystery
She was born in 1943
Murmuring her name, sorting out her pain
Starting all again is hard to beat

No more of her time to find
The motions that were never blind
The heart, it is the heart is never mine

I will turn, woah
I will learn, woah

(Oh)

I will find you in a museum
Cocktails at the mausoleum
One day you will die, one day I will not
Memories of places you have been

I will turn, woah
I will learn, woah
I will learn

(Oh)