

# 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)