

Shawn Mullins, Another Look

Another look into her might just free me now.
I feel the drowning pounding of her pain
and her dreams like eyes,
as she looks into my sin.
So knowing where and why she's looking through my window.
The cameraman wants to take her picture.
Now words spill out of hearts onto the stone,
and her image ties the knot of never knowing the whole truth from lies.
Feels like I'm just now showing pictures to the man
whose dreams are realized.
He's older now but he's got newborn eyes.
Another look into her might just set me free.
I took her like a shot into my arm.