

# Wintergreen, When I Wake Up

At 10 past 9,  
A feeling that's hard to define  
I pass you by  
And wonder what you have to hide  
So I  
Get drunk  
Enough  
To care  
I stare and I'm waiting to find her

At 10 till 1  
And I've lost track of everyone  
My friends are gone  
There's no one here to rely on  
And all that  
We share  
We breathe  
The same air  
You take my hand  
And there's no turning back now

And when I wake up  
You're wearing makeup  
You are leaving everything that we had behind  
It doesn't make sense  
But it makes no difference  
The way you looked at me made it feel alright

So I lay in bed  
Knowing I've been so misled  
Just let it go  
Tomorrow I won't let it show  
It's never  
Too soon  
To meet Again  
In the wind I am floating like paper  
It's 10 to 1

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