

Yvonne, Ten O'Clock, I'm Almost Done

Ten o'clock and I'm almost done
as I'll meet you tonight
Another sip brings another smile
as I'll meet you tonight
But that sip goes down with a bitter taste
And that smile is a grin in that reflection of mine

Another dress trades place again
as you'll meet me tonight
Painted eyes and painted lips
as you'll meet me tonight
But that dress you wear feels wrong in a way
And your face makes a grin in that reflection of yours

'Cause I will use the same old words
to say those things that you want me to say
And you will look happy, but no
it's just because you know that I want you to be
It's not better for me
Face to face in a crowded place
as conversation runs out
And plans are made for another try
as conversation runs out

But I will use the same old words
to say those things that you want me to say
and you won't put the blame on me
You don't think I see what you try to pretend
You won't shock me again