

Conway Deborah, Now That We're Apart

Deborah Conway

What's the point you're trying to make here

I'm so tired I'm losing heart

Talking round and round, your mouth is forming sounds

Nonsensical now that we're apart

Here we go, the words spill over

We say the same thing it's a start

Little fingers locked, little prayers fly up

Wishful thinking now that we're apart

Look outside the sky won't fall

We're little things trying to muddle through

It all could be so smooth, we could be so good

But darling you're so cruel

It's getting dark and you can't stay here

My sweet thou doth protest too much

Kiss me on the cheek, tell me that we'll speak

So very soon now that we're apart

I'm so mad my hand is aching

To plunge a knife into your heart

I want to see you bleed

I need to see you need

Me

Now that we're apart