Kim Wilde, Cambodia

Written by Ricky & Marty Wilde
Well he was Thailand based
She was an airforce wife
He used to fly weekends
It was the easy life
But then it turned around
And he began to change
She didn't wonder then
She didn't think it strange
But then he got a call
He had to leave that night
He couldn't say too much
But it would be alright
He didn't need to pack
They'd meet the next night
He had a job to do
Flying to Cambodia
And as the nights passed by
She tried to trace the past
The way he used to look
The way he used to laugh
I guess she'll never know
What got inside his soul
She couldn't make it out
Just couldn't take it all
He had the saddest eyes
The girl had ever seen
He used to cry some nights
As though he lived a dream
Ans as she held him close
He used to search her face
As though she knew the truth
Lost inside Cambodia
But then a call came through
They said he'd soon be home
She had to pack a case
And they would make a rendez-vous
But now a year has passed
And not a single word
And all the love she knew
Has disappeared out in the haze
Cambodia - Don't cry now - No tears now
And now the years have passed
With not a single word
But there is only one thing left
I know for sure
She won't see his face again