

Kings Of Convenience, I Don't Know What I Can

You called me after midnight,
must have been three years since we last spoke.
I slowly tried to bring back,
the image of your face from the memories so old.
I tried so hard to follow,
but didn't catch the half of what had gone wrong,
said I don't know what I can save you from.

I asked you to come over, and within half an hour,
you were at my door.
I had never really known you,
but I realized that the one you were before,
had changed into somebody for whom
I wouldn't mind to put the kettle on.
Still I don't know what I can save you from.