

Spitalfield, I Can't Hear You

While I stare at the walls turn your back on me
For that picket fence again
In your arms I would fold you twice
Again and again
In this room with this backwards ceiling fan
Turn things upside down again
At one time this felt right

It's true, you know that
I can't hear you when you say
Our words they come out wrong
It's true, you know that
You can't hear me when I say
Our worlds they come apart

I'm still standing
All alone, but upright still
And I wonder what do you think about it
Did you get what you wished for?
Was it as much a disaster
As you made it out to be?
And you know that I can't read you
You're not a short story
As much as you'd like it to be
And I won't change
I'm not like the weather
As much as I'd like to be

It's true, you know that
I can't hear you when you say
Our words they come out wrong
It's true, you know that
You can't hear me when I say
Our worlds they come apart

With your coffee sense of time
And my outlook on this life
I made a list, I wrote it down
I got a car, I drove around
But I never thought you wouldn't sit in it
I remember a time you said
"Don't worry about it", never talk about it
We never talked about it

It's true, you know that
I can't hear you when you say
Our words they come out wrong
It's true, you know that
You can't hear me when I say
Our worlds they come apart
This time I think you're right