

Weddings Parties Anything, Gun

Sometimes you can say more, in a drunken hour or so
Than some people get across, in a life of lying low.
And sometimes you can feel more, for someone you've barley kissed,
but you don't see it at the time, and the moment that you've missed.
For a short time, she was standing there,
and you saw her, she saw you and you recall the colour of her hair.
For a long time, you never thought of her,
Then you heard she was gone for good,
You might have cried then if you could,
Would have looked foolish if you did, somewhere
The tears are falling in your mind,
For a short time.
There's a photo of your gang, on the night she hung about,
and you're looking like a wag, you've got your fat tongue poking out.
But she's no-where to be seen, you won't spot her anywhere.
It was her who took the picture, you were looking straight at her.
For a short time, she was standing there,
and you saw her, she saw you and you recall the colour of her hair.
For a long time, you never thought of her,
Then you heard she was gone for good,
You might have cried then if you could,
Would have looked foolish if you did, somewhere
The tears are falling in your mind,
For a short time.
Tell me how long is a short time, is it longer than two hours,
Or a bit less than a weekend. Is it shorter than a year?
Is it the time it takes to not complete your business with a person,
With a friend you make in transit,
to a daughter held so dear.