

# Anya Marina, Not A Through Street

I don't remember much of anything of those years  
Kind of strange, kind of sad considering all the laughs and all the tears  
Could it be this quiet cul-de-sac or the cynical moon?  
Could it be the neighbor's cat watching me from the living room?  
Either way, these days I feel so strange  
I remember you, so strange  
Do you remember me secretly?  
So I comb the depths of the ocean floor  
Of my memory, grasping onto some shell  
Some piece, some evidence of you and me  
Sunlight streams in mornings, your head in the sheets  
Dancing naked in the living room, I still practice secretly  
I remember you secretly  
Do you remember me secretly?  
I remember you secretly  
Do you remember me secretly?  
You're a mile away on your island, so close  
Doing who knows what with who knows who  
Haphazard lovers don't seem to drown out your tune  
It goes for me anyway, but I don't know about you  
So no matter what or when or who  
You remember me, I'll remember  
You remember me, I'll remember  
You remember me, I'll remember you secretly  
Remember you secretly, I'll remember