

# Bob Lind, We've Never Spoken

Yes I've seen her often through the rain  
Her voice is soft and frightened like a child in the night  
Her mind is a kaleidoscope of spinning black and white  
Her eyes can only focus on weakness  
In the summer sounds around her she hears bleakness  
Her laughter is a door that never opens  
Yes I've seen her  
But we've never spoken

All the times we've faced each other miles between our souls  
I've wondered how she's learned to live her life and not have goals  
It seemed that she was always in the shadows  
The stranger who neither leads nor follows  
Too high above it all to let her heart be broken  
Yes I've seen her  
But we've never spoken

Haunted by her values, disenchanted with herself  
She's used to human ugliness and looks for nothing else  
She lies inside your arms within the closeness of a kiss  
Holding back the secret of what she really is  
Hiding from you as her eyes are closing  
Yes I've seen her  
But we've never spoken