

Duncan Sheik, Memento

I'm threading through the evening
it's later than I thought
a friend of mine is waiting
for cigarettes I brought

she smiles she seems so tired
so nothing is required

I reach into my pocket
some things she left behind
nothing really happens
in ways I can't define

loose talk of hearts and heads
of sleep in other beds
it's better left unsaid

she says that she is cold
I wish that I could hold

but no,
how can you hold a soul?
you just can't hold a soul
that shines like gold
she shines like gold

I will, I won't, I would
I've said more than I should

she leaves she goes uptown
she may not come back down
she may not come back down
she may not turn around
she may not make a sound
she may not come back down