

Duncan Sheik, Time And Good Fortune

Drifter, what about her conversation?
Drifter, how about an explanation
Where you go, when you receive
And why you never let her feed
On all that truth you hold so dear
But never let another near
No one around
My, don't we love
No one around
No, to the quiet gazes
No, to the muttered phrases
No, to the utter waste of
Time and good fortune
Taster of the poetry
Of Pater, Proust, and Socrates
What are you to do but sleep
And when are you to stop and weep
For all your inability
To mate with your own memory
No one around
My, don't we love
No one around
No, to the mindless gazes
No, to the splintered phrases
No, to the utter waste of
Time and good fortune
Singer, will the singing say it?
Singer, would such saying change it?
A whole long life spent tuning strings
And will it now mean anything
But empty chords that only bring
An endless, voiceless sorrowing
No one around
My, don't we love
No one around
No, to the frightened gazes
No, to the stuttered phrases
No, to the utter waste of
Time and good fortune
Time and good fortune