

Go Sailor, Last Year

the smell of january makes me think of
this time last year when we were still so in love

the same flowers are growing
in the same place
at the same time
in the same way
as last year
last year, when you were mine

my old calendar is marked on this day
the special day that I have now put to hate

the same flowers are growing
in the same place
at the same time
in the same way
as last year
last year, when you were mine

if we had never met, then I would never know
this empty longing for a time so long ago
I'm glad you're gone but sometimes I don't think it's fair
that this time every year my mind will be somewhere away

I go down all the streets that we once walked on
thinking of things I haven't thought for so long

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