Lloyd Cole, Past Imperfect

Excuse me, could I use your pen
I have mislaid my own
Somewhere out here in space and time
Between this place and home
Maybe she lies on the subway platform
Forsaken and forlorn
All of this and more and that's not all
I can't recall

What was on my mind in Amsterdam In 1984?
And what did I want from the pouring rain Was it phonographic score?
And why was my head in the unmade bed With a girl who's name I lost?
I can't unwrite the tune
Or discount the cost
I can't recall

I met a bartender at 3 of Clubs Which is somewhere in LA I thought, maybe, he was a friend of mine I almost knew his face Reluctantly impressionist No star to chart my course Ships pass in the night and take on board More than I recall

Excuse me, could I use your pen
I have mislaid my own
Somewhere out here in all this space and time
Between this place and home
Maybe she lies on the check out station
Forsaken and forlorn
I've half a mind to find myself
And half...

I can't recall
Precise Coordinates
I can't recall
Entire relationships
I can't recall
The colour of her eyes
Or the feeling of her skin
Pressing against mine
I can't recall