

morphine, The Way We Met

No there's nothing too romantic about the way we met.
That's not to say it doesn't make a certain sense.
Maybe it's just the kind of people that we are.
That's not to say whether it's right or wrong.
It's not right or wrong. It's not right or wrong.

There's no cute story that we tell together.
Laughing and finishing each other's sentences so charmingly.
Truth is it was all an accident.
Just like it is for everybody else.
But then again it was all and accident.
Just like the way it is for everybody else.

Later we had toast, took turns sitting on the windowsill.
Like two fields of wheat, sent signals cross the kitchen sharp and sweet.

There's no cute story about the way we met.
We just woke up one day in bed.

Shouted out for alarm clocks. Where's the remote control?
Put the blankets and the chairs against the windows and doors.
And stayed close together, trying to stay warm, oh.

Now there's nothing too romantic about the way we met.
That's not to say it doesn't make a certain sense.
Maybe it's just the kind of people that we are.
It's gone to far to be right or wrong. Now, now, now, now.