

New Amsterdams, Every Double Life

These are models of my own design,
Two circles never meeting.
One in '92 and '95,
And it's all been up to me.

I may not listen to my own advice,
It can be so overwhelming.
There are strains on every double life,
But you won't hear me complain.

Yes, it's true,
You knew,
You believed it.
You should just turn and walk away.

Took a compliment and photograph
And committed it to memory.
A model of how not to act,
At least not imitate.

And wouldn't it have been ideal
If it all fell down from heaven?
And how am I supposed to feel
When I know what you did wrong?

Yes, it's true,
You knew,
You believed it.
You should just turn and walk away.

Yes it's true,
You knew
I was leaving.
We're under the same skyline today.