

Pete Townshend, And I Moved

And I moved
As I saw him looking in through my window
His eyes were silent lies
And I moved
And I saw him standing in the doorway
His figure merely filled the space
And I moved
But I moved toward him

And I moved
And his hands felt like ice exciting
As he laid me back just like an empty dress
And I moved
But a minute after he was weeping
His tears his only truth.
And I moved
But I moved toward him