

# Peter Murphy, My Last Two Weeks

My Last Two Weeks  
When I returned  
You buried my last two weeks  
My last two weeks  
Of my new times  
So it didn't seem like  
A wasted mouthful  
A wasted mouthful  
Because of a trip  
That was trapped inside you  
I was trapped inside you  
And always imagined  
That I could  
I always imagined  
Imagined I would  
Conjure you up  
Conjure you up  
So it didn't seem like  
It didn't seem like  
I was conditioned  
I was conditioned about that  
So it didn't seem like  
A wasted mouthful  
Am I untruthful  
Am I untruthful  
As a result of being  
Maybe  
Maybe it was too soon  
The red rose  
I liken it to the flicker of the pure  
Fleeting moments  
Precede our actions  
Light that's not burning  
Light that's not burning  
No more lost sinking feeling  
Tethered to your shoe  
Tethered to you  
We ask the controller  
He sends us flames  
Our lying bodies sleep  
His whispered word says  
Ah this is how  
This is how it looks  
From where we weep  
Tethered to red rose  
Tethered to your shoe  
To the seven of cups  
Tethered to you