

# Pulsedriver, Cambodia

Well

he was Thailand based  
she was an airforce-wife.  
He used to fly weekends  
it was the easy life.  
But then it turned around and he began to change.  
She didn't wonder then  
she didn't think it strange.  
But then he got a call  
he had to leave that night.  
He couldn't say too much  
but it would be all right.  
He didn't need to pack - they'd meet the next night.  
He had a job to do  
flying to Cambodia.

And as the nights passed by she tried to trace the past.  
The way he used to look  
the way he used to laugh.  
I guess she'll never know what got inside his soul.  
She couldn't make it out  
just couldn't take it all.  
He had the saddest eyes that you have ever seen.  
He used to cry some nights as though he lived a dream.  
And as she held him close he used to search her face  
As though she knew the truth - lost inside Cambodia.

But then a call came through  
they said he'd soon be home.  
She had to pack a case and they would make a rendezvous.  
But now a year has passed and not a single word  
And all the love she knew  
Has disappeared out in the haze.  
And now the years have passed with not a single word  
But there is only one thing left  
I know for sure  
she won't see his face again.