

Pulsedriver, Cambodia

W e l l

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.