

# Scott Walker, Two Weeks Since You've Gone

Two weeks since you&#039;ve gone  
And I feel like the tramp  
Picking outbins in the alley.  
He looks up as I pass  
Clutching rags from a city&#039;s restless night

I could read all my sadness  
In faces I knew  
Down at Kelly&#039;s bar last Friday  
And I haven&#039;t been back since I mistook  
Somebody for a friend

And if I walk these streets long enough  
Will you happen to me again?  
With whom are you sharing  
The sweet taste of summer?  
My memories pursue you  
Like puddles of rain  
The river inside me still flow  
To the sea of your hands

And if I close my eyes for a while  
Will you happen to me again?