

# Sorry About Dresden, One Version Of Events

I can't read the map you drew for me.  
It's dark, the lines are blurred and hard to read.  
This is when we expect our history to save us from the facts.

Shaky memories give way to the unshakable dates assigned to celebrate.  
You sacrifice precision for convenience of indecision.

This breathless August night  
Can no longer hide us from the sight  
Of some shameless mantra we decide  
Is the way to get around the problem  
And I'll never go back to sleep tonight  
I'll never go back to sleep tonight  
I want to go back to sleep tonight  
I'll never go back to sleep tonight

You went away for just a week or two  
It's so unfashionable to be alone with you  
I crave a simple silence unfettered by non-compliance

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