

The Church, Memories In Future Tense

Last year today seemed a long way away
And ahead of me
A new face and street, people who meet you
Instead of me
They bring you, they take you
They own you, they make you

Last year today you turn and you say
Here's a dream for me
You close your eyes, the moon starts to rise
And you scream for me
I calm you, I'm with you
What did they ever give you

Memories in future tense
Memories don't make much sense

Last year today a radio plays
Such a simple song
The music surreal and you almost could feel
That there's nothing wrong
They bought you, they sold you
And all the things they told you