

The Church, She Never Said

I'm not exact but I'm not insane
I clutched at someone in the dark again
It's so hard to remember her name she never said

It was in a story that I wanted to write
The details weren't important, the plot was slight
No-one asked what happened that night she never said

Get out of bed, pull on a shoe
I've got a notion what we ought to do
Here's a number you can try to ring
I'm still thinking about all the things she never said

I parked my car by some memories
And told my story to the laughing trees
They don't know what's wrong with me, she never said

All the letters had the wrong address
Did you notice who cleared up the mess
What the date was is anybody's guess she never said