

## Recovery

## Curve

The months go by,  
And I don't think of you,  
The signal is frail,  
An imprint of what you do,

So I turn up the sound,  
And you are nowhere,  
I have learnt this to my cost.

But I maintain,  
In the slow lane,  
I maintain,  
In the slow lane.

The scent goes by,  
Still I smell of you,  
You say I cry,  
At the merest thought of you,

So you let me down,  
To laugh at nothing,  
I have learnt this for myself.

But I maintain,  
In the slow lane,  
I maintain,  
In the slow lane.

So I turn up the sound,  
And you are nowhere,  
I have learnt this to my cost.

But I maintain,  
In the slow lane,  
I maintain,  
In the slow lane.

Turn down the sound,  
You are nowhere,  
You let me down,  
To laugh at nothing.

I have learnt this to my cost,  
I have learnt this for myself,  
I have learnt this to my cost,  
I have learnt this for myself.