

Where Has It Gone

Clou

A photograph of your silhouette
black shadow framed in perfect light
a final fragment of memory
the parting gift I claimed as mine
when trumpets called the cavalry
you started to draw battle lines
who knew why

Where has the fever gone
you were once soft and warm
skin should not be like stone
tell me where I went wrong

It's always something I never knew
a question I had carried long
the radio transmitted frequency
to tell the world of what went wrong
I didn't know, I stood in the room
and tried to be strong under fire
I felt like a bird on a wire

I must confess I do not know what happened
I must confess I do not know
where we went wrong

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