

Close Encounters

Clouseau

Don't cry now
You know it happens to the best of us
Goodbye now
And don't forget about the rest of us
I'm staying
You never know if they can use me here
I'm praying
I won't be looking when you disappear
And everybody's looking out
For close encounters of another kind
And it won't help me if I shout
But I'm getting pretty close this time
You're on my mind

Don't worry
I should have told you to beware of me
Don't hurry
Come back to see whatever's left of me
I've cried some
But I suppose I'm getting colder now
You've died some
But even you are getting older now
And everybody's looking out
For close encounters of another kind
And it won't help me if I shout
But I'm getting pretty close this time
You're on my mind, all of the time

Don't cry now
Don't cry now