

We Used to Talk

Deaf Havana

My dear, how did you come to lose your way?

You spent the best part of the last two years living out your hardest days.

The clothes you wear don't impress him, that's the bruises on your face, and you were always one for coordination but it's not the time or place.

Now slowly you walk through the house, shutting off the lights that haven't been turned out, and no-one's even there to say goodnight.

You'll lie awake in your empty bed, with no chest to lay your weary head, forgetting how it felt to be alright.

But you'll find your way, and you'll find a way back home again, back home again.

My dear, I hope when you dreamt as a child,

the needles fade your teenage years, growing old before your time.

Now you look back on all the ways you tried to make the best out of your life, but your choices ain't much to be desired.

I know we all make mistakes, but the learning curve won't mean today.

You better leave because your baby's looking tired.

But you'll find your way, and you'll find a way back home again, back home again.

Try as you might, but just try your hardest won't you?

Try as you might, but your best doesn't always suffice.

You'll find your way back home again.

But you'll find your way, and you'll find a way back home again, back home again.