

Memento

Duncan Sheik

Threading through the evening
It's later than I thought
A friend of mine is waiting
For cigarettes I brought

She smiles, she seems so tired
So nothing is required

I reach into my pocket
Some things she left behind
Nothing really happens
In ways I can't define

Loose talk of hearts and heads
Of sleep in other beds
It's better left unsaid

She says that she is cold
I wish that I could hold

But no, how can you hold a soul?
You cannot hold a soul
That shines like gold
She shines like gold

I will, I won't, I would
I've said more than I should

She leaves, she goes uptown
She may not come back down
She may not come back down
She may not turn around
She may not make a sound
She may not come back down