

Time And Good Fortune

Duncan Sheik

Drifter, what about her conversation?
Drifter, how about an explanation?
Where you go when you receive?
And why you never let her feed?
On all that truth you hold so dear
But never let another near

No one around
My, don't we love?
No one around

No, to the quiet gazes
No, to the muttered phrases
No, to the utter waste of
Time and good fortune

Taster of the poetry
Of Pater, Proust and Socrates
What are you to do but sleep
When are you to stop and weep?
For all your inability
To mate with your own memory

No one around
My, don't we love?
No one around

No, to the mindless gazes
No, to the splintered phrases
No, to the utter waste of
Time and good fortune

Singer, will the singing say it?
Singer, would such saying change it?
A whole long life spent tuning strings
And will it now mean anything?
But empty chords that only bring
An endless, voiceless sorrowing

No one around
My, don't we love?
No one around

No, to the frightened gazes
No, to the stuttered phrases
No, to the utter waste of
Time and good fortune

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