

# 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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