

Somewhere there's a soccer game.
I can hear the wild crowd moan.
It's not that life here's distasteful to me
It's just that I'm all alone.
I wanted what took a lifetime to learn.
And that determined then
With no more pause than a sigh
Turn and start again.
It's not that it's such a mystery.
I saw it from miles away.
In time I'll only think of you
When I'm buttering my toast
Or in some other reflexive moment
When I expect the least
Or the most.
It's not the most.
It's not that it's such a mystery
It was practically on display.

We've got "world enough and time"
And "wither youth" comes or goes.
I hope you'll always think of me as "mine"
And not one of those.
It's not that it's such a mystery
This new-found malaise.
It's just that this mystery
Has taken your place.