

My Last Two Weeks

Peter Murphy

When I returned, you buried my last two weeks
My last two weeks of my new times, so it didn't seem like
A wasted mouthful, a wasted mouthful
Because of a trip that was trapped inside of you

I was trapped inside you and always imagined that I could
I always imagined, imagined I would
Conjure you up, conjure you up
So it didn't seem like, it didn't seem like

I was conditioned, I was conditioned about that
So it didn't seem like, a wasted mouthful
Am I untruthful? Am I untruthful?
As a result of being, maybe, maybe it was too soon

The red rose, I liken it to the flicker of the pure
Fleeting moments, precede our actions
Light that's not burning, light that's not burning
No more lost sinking feeling, tethered to your shoe, tethered to
o you

We ask the controller, he sends us flames, our lying bodies sleep
His whispered word says, ahh, this is how, this is how it looks
From where we weep, tethered to red rose, tethered to your shoe
To the seven of cups, tethered to you