

I Remember Moonlight

The Crookes

Love, I can't forget your name
or your naked frame (so skinny).
In moonlight you bathed
You know memories last
with those photographs
That you know I still have

God knows that I am falling apart; no it's not healthy
no good for my sanity.

The trouble with time is
it moves too fast when i'm in bliss.
The trouble with time is
it lingers on a rain-swept kiss.
The trouble with time is
it takes too long to let this go.
The trouble with time is
it moves too fast, it moves too slow.

Love, I remember moonlight
like the pale white of your skin beneath those coloured tights.
And love, I remember your breath warm against my neck.
And the taste of your lips as they pressed.
God knows that I am falling apart. Oh why should I care when there's
nothing real there?

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