

Out In The Night

The Mekons

My hand around yours
Fumbling for a minute or two
I don't know what I'm doing anymore
Appalled at my whispered confession
The truth of it slipping away
With every echo of your repetition
My personal ignorance
Is now public knowledge

Some magical ending
that was supposed to happen
Something left out of this story
Absence taking shape before me
I'm always walking into things
Then trying to get away
'Cos I know that if I start
I will never stop

There's a note that rings
Carried by the wind
Out in the night
Please