

We sat by ourselves, still looking for company;
there could have been peace, but that eluded me--
all I could think of was what was on your mind.
You tried to be kind,
but I blocked your feelings.
Now, senses still reeling, you sit in your quiet room
and cry.
You tried to make me one,
but I always hide when there's a glimpse of sun.
Running along in sunlight meadows
your eyes were never more than half-closed:
through fluttering lashes, you watched me watching you.
I tried to be true
to the way that you thought I ought to be
but, in spite of all my efforts,
I failed.
I tried to make you see
but your eyes were blind to all but the bad in me.
What do you think I mean
when I say that I need you?
How am I supposed to seem
when we hit another problem and the answers
are all torn from my book?
Our lives are on paths we just can't control;
we can grow closer as we get old....
Can you imagine us as we adjust?
Can you imagine us
getting near eighty;
we live more sedately, still hoping the dream will
come true?
We'll try to be secure....
But I'm of uncertain mind
and how can I be sure?
 how can I be sure?
 how can I be sure?
