

# That Day

## Villagers

Can you hear me now  
Lying in this bed  
Embedded in this written story?

Can you hear me now  
Calling from this bed?  
I'm spitting words but there's no meaning, no

(Now he's taking his time)  
He's got nothing to lose  
(But the first thing he sees)  
Is the last thing he choose

(And when the moment arrived)  
He just found he had nothing to say  
That day

Can you hear me now  
Sky is turning red  
The streets are all gone  
Am I dreaming, no

Can you hear me now  
Falling from this bed?  
Nudist that bears gifts  
But when will it show me

(Now she's taking her time)  
She's got nothing to lose  
(But the first thing she sees)  
Is the last thing she choose

(And when the moment arrived)  
She just found she had nothing to say  
That day

He lies awake in his bed every night  
Devising ways to conceal the strain  
She never tells of her midnight fears  
Or admits that she does the same

They never meet, never touch  
Never speak and for one tired old refrain

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I'm spitting words but there's no meaning