

Sorry or Please

Kings of Convenience

Five weeks in a prison,
I made no friends.
There's more time to be done, but
I've got a week to spend.
I didn't pay much attention first time around,
but now you're hard not to notice,
right here in my town.
Where the stage of my old life
meets the cast of the new.
Tonights actors... me and you.

Each day is taking us closer,
while drawing the curtains to close.
This far, or further, I need to know.
Your increasingly long embraces,
are they saying sorry or please?
I don't know what's happening,
help me.

Through the streets,
on the corners,
there's a scent in the air.
I ask you out and I lead you.
I know my way around here.
There's a bench I remember,
and on the way there I find that the movements you're making,
are mirrored in mine.
And your hand is held open,
intentionally, or just what I want to see?

Your increasingly long embraces,
are they saying sorry or please?
I don't know what's happening, help me.
I don't normally beg for assistance,
I rely on my own eyes to see,
but right now they make no sense to me,
right now you make no sense to me.