

Time

The Departure

All that I can smell is your perfume
On a coat hanging behind the door
Stimulating senses
I can't touch for fear I want more
More of the same in large amounts
Looking through a camera lens
The eye of a machine
Is more honest than mine

Time is on your side
To take time is not a cry
In the words of a simple man
To be one of a special kind

You can't be mine
You can't be mine
You can't be mine
Or be touched again

Let me take a picture of you
Let me close my eyes for a time
All that I can smell is your perfume
And it gets me quite uneasy

As empty words fall
On an empty facade
There empty words are falling
You could almost be a mannequin
You could almost be

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To take time is not a cry
In the words of a simple man
To be one of a special kind

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