

Excuses

Bibio

How was I supposed to know?
You didn't tell me they were gold
I didn't smell the coming snow
And now they're ruined by the cold

How was I supposed to share?
You didn't tell me they were fair
I didn't see them going spare
And now they're buried over there

How was I supposed to see?
You didn't tell me they were free
I didn't hear the falling leaves
And now they're rotting underneath

How was I to have a clue?
You didn't tell me they were new, no
I didn't kneel upon the pew
And now it's hard to tell the truth

A fragment of time
Which is not recorded
There is a moment of darkness