

Recovery

Curve

The months go by,
And I don't think of you,
The signal is frail,
An imprint of what you do,

So I turn up the sound,
And you are nowhere,
I have learnt this to my cost.

But I maintain,
In the slow lane,
I maintain,
In the slow lane.

The scent goes by,
Still I smell of you,
You say I cry,
At the merest thought of you,

So you let me down,
To laugh at nothing,
I have learnt this for myself.

But I maintain,
In the slow lane,
I maintain,
In the slow lane.

So I turn up the sound,
And you are nowhere,
I have learnt this to my cost.

But I maintain,
In the slow lane,
I maintain,
In the slow lane.

Turn down the sound,
You are nowhere,
You let me down,
To laugh at nothing.

I have learnt this to my cost,
I have learnt this for myself,
I have learnt this to my cost,
I have learnt this for myself.