

## Memento

Duncan Sheik

Threading through the evening  
It's later than I thought  
A friend of mine is waiting  
For cigarettes I brought

She smiles, she seems so tired  
So nothing is required

I reach into my pocket  
Some things she left behind  
Nothing really happens  
In ways I can't define

Loose talk of hearts and heads  
Of sleep in other beds  
It's better left unsaid

She says that she is cold  
I wish that I could hold

But no, how can you hold a soul?  
You cannot hold a soul  
That shines like gold  
She shines like gold

I will, I won't, I would  
I've said more than I should

She leaves, she goes uptown  
She may not come back down  
She may not come back down  
She may not turn around  
She may not make a sound  
She may not come back down