

The Way We Met

Morphine

No there's nothing too romantic about the way we met
That's not to say, it doesn't make a certain sense
Maybe it's just the kind of people that we are
That's not to say whether it's right or wrong
It's not right or wrong, it's not right or wrong

There's no cute story that we tell together
Laughing and finishing each other's sentences so charmingly
Truth is it was all an accident
Just like it is for everybody else
But then again it was all an accident
Just like the way it is for everybody else

Later we had toast, took turns sitting on the windowsill
Like two fields of wheat
We'll send signals cross the kitchen sharp and sweet

There's no cute story about the way we met
We just woke up one day in bed
Shouted out for alarm clocks
Where's the remote control?
Put the blankets and the chairs against the windows and doors
And stayed close together, trying to stay warm, oh

Now there's nothing too romantic about the way we met
That's not to say it doesn't make a certain sense
Maybe it's just the kind of people that we are
It's gone too far to be right or wrong
Now, now, now, now