

Amnesia and Me

Owen

Amnesia's a pretty word to speak aloud or write
So I shall use it as a nickname for the girl I've in my life
She's not the sum of what she owns
And she ain't cavalier with the skin she shows

She has saved me from the questions in my life that have plague
d me
Now I know who I am, a tongue-biting, one-woman man

Amnesia sings songs under her breath, she's too shy to project
She'd prefer say nothing at all than have to endure talk of the
small variety
She don't always make nice with others
In fact, she sometimes makes downright mean with me

But she has saved me from the long nights and the last calls th
at have betrayed me
Now I know who I am, a house-broken, one-woman man

Amnesia and Me, we're sitting in our tree
F-O-R-G-E-T-T-I-N-G everything we once knew