

How insensitive I must have seemed
when he told me that he loved me.
How unmoved and cold I must have seemed
when he told me so sincerely.

Why, he must have asked, did I just
turn and stare in icy silence?
What was I to say? What can you say
when a love affair is over?

Now he's gone away, but I'm alone
with the memory of his last look.
Vague and drawn and sad, I see it still,
all his heartbreak in that last look.

Why, he must have asked, did I just
turn and stare in icy silence?
What was I to do? What can one do?
When a love affair is over.