

# Don't Say That

The Autumn Film

The car is up on blocks The engine will not turn The rain comes through the roof

The wind has called in sick The anchor will not drop As the ship drifts towards the rocks

The trees have all gone bad Their trunks have turned to stone The workers have moved on

The door is rusted shut The windows boarded up The street lamps have burned out

Don't say that

The grow of the machine A steady beeping pulse Measure out the long nights by your side

The paleness of your skin The stillness of your hands Unfamiliar in fluorescent light

I wash my face Wait for you to wave And ask me if I'm ready to go home But you don't say that (4x)