

Not Just Words

The Black Heart Procession

Days peel off and pass away
Like souvenirs from a distant place
Postcards from your memories

Just like an old love line
Or dividing wall that fell
This'll never be forgotten
These are not just words

Do you remember
The things we said?
Do you remember
The things we said?

The smoke and script changed through the years
The stories blend and lies were fed
I know some things can't be explained

Just like an old scar
Or this thorn in my side
This'll never be forgotten
These are not just words

Do you remember
The things we said?
Do you remember
The things we said?

I'll try to remember
The things we said
I'll try to remember
The things we said

Of all these things we have forgotten
There are no "just words"