That Day

Villagers

Can you hear me now Lying in this bed Embedded in this written story?

Can you hear me now Calling from this bed? I'm spitting words but there's no meaning, no

(Now he's taking his time)
He's got nothing to lose
(But the first thing he sees)
Is the last thing he choose

(And when the moment arrived) He just found he had nothing to say That day

Can you hear me now Sky is turning red The streets are all gone Am I dreaming, no

Can you hear me now Falling from this bed? Nudist that bears gifts But when will it show me

(Now she's taking her time)
She's got nothing to lose
(But the first thing she sees)
Is the last thing she choose

(And when the moment arrived) She just found she had nothing to say That day

He lies awake in his bed every night Devising ways to conceal the strain She never tells of her midnight fears Or admits that she does the same

They never meet, never touch Never speak and for one tired old refrain

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