

# Not A Through Street

[Anya Marina](#)

I don't remember much of anything  
Of those years,  
Kind of strange and kind of sad  
Considering all the laughs  
And all the tears.  
Could it be this quiet cul-de-sac  
Or the cynical moon?  
Could it be the neighbor's cat watching  
Me from the living room?

Either way, these days I feel so strange.  
I remember you, so strange.  
Do you remember me secretly?

So I comb the depths of the ocean floor  
Of my memory, grasping onto some  
Shell, some piece some evidence  
Of you and me,  
Sunlight streams in morning  
Your head in the sheets  
Dancing naked in the living room  
(I still practice secretly).

I remember you secretly.  
Do you remember me secretly?  
I remember you secretly.  
Do you remember me secretly?

You're a mile away  
On your island, so close  
Doing who knows what  
With who-knows-who  
Haphazard lovers don't  
Seem to drown out your tune  
It goes for me anyway  
I don't know about you.

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