

# Dewdrop

Gustaf Spetz

Dry change on a rainy day  
The little things you used to say  
The pop of a cork and a fountain pen  
Reminders of what we had then  
A glance and I missed my stop  
Early morning, sunbeam, dewdrop  
Called in sick and didn't even pretend  
I've got a wound words cannot mend  
You'd better take me back if you care  
You'd better take me back if you care  
And as things got worse  
Kept thinking of fractions and nouns  
It sort of went on from there  
You kept making deafening sounds  
When I heard you through the front door  
With my eyes both red and black  
I kept wishing this was over  
And we were another me another you

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