

Sheila Don't Remember

Jude Cole

I'm the old man at the dance hall
I'm the young man in his grave
I'm the one you're gonna cry for
When you find I've gone awayThere's a phone booth on a corner
A thousand miles from here
With a thousand miles between us
She could whisper in my earBut Sheila don't remember
Our secret little sin
No, Sheila don't remember
Where my hands have beenWell, there's a letter in my pocket
There's a stone inside my shoe
There's a footprint in the yard
Where a man walked on the moonSail on wind, sail on water
Roll on wheels down ancient roads
This heart can only take me
Where the angels fear to goAnd Sheila don't remember
The way she wasted me
Or the lovers who have suffered
Against her memory, yeah, yeahNever knew the peace of understanding
Never knew the joy of no regret
How could you let me do those things to you
And just forgetOh, forget
(Yeah, yeah)
(Yeah, yeah)No, Sheila don't remember
Our secret little sin
No, Sheila don't remember
Where my hands have beenWhere my hands have been
(Yeah, yeah)
Where my hands have been
(Yeah, yeah)
Where my hands have been

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