Mother Sunday

No Address

There are places that I've been to
Places part of me
Places that I've left
And I don't remember them
There are things I want to tell you
Secrets that I keep
Things I've got to tell you
But they're better left unsaid
People that I talk to
Think they're wasting time
Think that they are trapped
But I know that's just a lie
Pull your candle in closer
Put your hand above the flame
Smash your glass on the table

Now talk about love
Well, there's love I can remember
Love not far away
Lovers I remember
But there's nothing left to say
Pictures I've forgotten
Pictures part of me
Pictures on the wall
All get put away
Let's stop all of this talking
Just sit and take it in
Stop or I am walking
And all we got is wasted

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