Headlights

Trembling Blue Stars

I nearly thought that maybe she
Could be the one to set me free.
I went and fell again -
There's just something about her, I guess.I wonder, did she know?
I wonder, did it show?
And now she's gone again,
Seems we're not meant to be friends.
And now she's gone again.
And now she's gone again.Watching headlights far away,Aching at the close of the day,
Walking and wishing she
Were sharing the evening with me.And I recall silently not sleeping.
And I recall her wet hair in the morning.
And I recall the distance I was keeping.
And I recall a birthday kiss she gave me,
Two journeys to her flat when it was just me,
And, in her car, to the radio her singing.
I recall the attention I was paying.I wanted friendship, wanted closeness -
Around her I was hopeless.
I'd catch myself and feel a fool -
It's such a different world in which she moves.I wonder, did she know?
I wonder, did it show?
I wonder, did it show?
And now she's gone again,
Seems we're not meant to be friends,
And memories like these, they're what I have left -
Memories that, stupidly, I never will forget.
Memories like these: a birthday card somewhere;
I could tell she was awake,
She wanted, too, to break the silence -
If we'd have talked into the night,
Would that have made a difference?

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