Past Imperfect

Lloyd Cole

Excuse me, could I use your pen
I have mislaid my own
Somewhere out here in space and time
Between this place and home
Maybe she lies on the subway platform
Forsaken and forlorn
All of this and more and that's not all
I can't recallWhat was on my mind in Amsterdam
In 1984?
And what did I want from the pouring rain
Was it phonographic score?
And why was my head in the unmade bed
With a girl who's name I lost?
I can't unwrite the tune
Or discount the cost
I can't recallI met a bartender at 3 of Clubs
Which is somewhere in LA
I thought, maybe, he was a friend of mine
I almost knew his face
Reluctantly impressionist
No star to chart my course
Ships pass in the night and take on board
More than I recallExcuse me, could I use your pen
I have mislaid my own
Somewhere out here in all this space and time
Between this place and home
Maybe she lies on the check out station
Forsaken and forlorn
I've half a mind to find myself
And half...

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