Gentlemen

PROFF

We never met, you and I. We were always inside, we were somewhere inside one another. And I'll live without you, Love, but what good is one glove, without the other?

Still you only ask about my leaving, oh but honey I had no choice, and I call (and when you hear that heavy breathing) for the sound of your voice.

But you sit there silent, folded arms, and look down as I walk by. My face has changed, you know it's me. You know by the stillness in my eyes. Come and whisper in my ear, "You're very pretty, dear" and..and, "It'll be alright." You're lying!
But I don't mind tonight.

So I wander and I wander. Your absence beating inside my chest. And I try, but I can't remember the color of your eyes - JUST THE SHAPE OF YOUR DRESS!

And through a garden overgrown, nah, it's a long walk home. I said I'd not come back, well I'm coming back- and you'd better be alone

You sit there silent, folded arms, and you smile as I walk by. My face has shamed, but you know it's me, YOU KNOW ITS ME! Come and whisper in my ear, "my dear! my dear!"
"it'll be alright...
it'll be alright...
it'll be alright...
it'll be alright...
it'll be alright...
it'll be alright...
it'll be al- No! NO!"

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