

# FOUR

## Meurtre Mes Souvenirs

She wakes up lonely  
She wakes up lonely  
She hangs a picture by the phone  
She hangs a picture by the phone  
Yeah, she doesn't think we're gonna make it  
But when I'm home we're sleeping naked  
And we pretend that we're in love  
She wakes up lonely  
And she telephones me  
To ask me if I'm coming home  
She says "Will you be coming home?"  
Yeah, she doesn't think we're gonna make it  
But when I'm home we're sleeping naked  
And we pretend that we're in love  
It was different when we thought  
That we wanted the same thing  
Everything was figured out  
And now it doesn't make much sense  
Yeah, it's just another thing she can't get  
She doesn't think we're gonna make it  
But when I'm home we're sleeping naked  
And we pretend that we're in love yeah  
She likes to think we're in love  
She like to think that we're in love

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