

# My Last Two Weeks

Peter Murphy

When I returned, you buried my last two weeks  
My last two weeks of my new times, so it didn't seem like  
A wasted mouthful, a wasted mouthful  
Because of a trip that was trapped inside of you I was trapped inside you and always imagined that I could  
I always imagined, imagined I would  
Conjure you up, conjure you up  
So it didn't seem like, it didn't seem like I was conditioned, I was conditioned about that  
So it didn't seem like, a wasted mouthful  
Am I untruthful? Am I untruthful?  
As a result of being, maybe, maybe it was too soon The red rose, I liken it to the flicker of the pure  
Fleeting moments, precede our actions  
Light that's not burning, light that's not burning  
No more lost sinking feeling, tethered to your shoe, tethered to you

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