The Things We Never Said

Thea Gilmore

Could you say that again babe
I've not heard that one before
You're looking four years older
You're looking for the door
I lipsticked "Fuck You" on the mirror
As a mark of my respect
And wandered out into the street
Well what the hell did you expect
And the old laundrette is hissing our song
Like it, it doesn't give a damn
And the cars are all french kissing
In some lonely traffic jam
And I've been talking to the radio
Cos it doesn't answer back telling it
How they showed our love in monochrome
Before it all turned blackThere's the sand, there's the spade
That dug the trenches that we made
Babe, our foundations were built on all the things we never said.I dressed myself up in tin plate armour
But you got me in the end
Yeah you really sunk your teeth in
Spitting all that sweet pretence
But I'm pretty good at curtain calls
In fact I've been practising my swan song
And you keep trying to tell me that
You'd been trying to tell me all alongThere's the sand, there's the spade
That dug the trenches that we made
Babe, our foundations were built on all the things we never said.Here's hoping you and her are happy
A little fairy tale to be
Hope you stay together and don't pollute
Any more fish in the sea
And the next time I bump into you
Put your hands where I can see them
So that I can strip-search your eyes
To check for any hidden feeling.There's the sand, there's the spade
That dug the trenches that we made
Babe, our foundations were built on all the things we never said.
We never said
That you never said

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