

## SHE TOO II

Sometimes we just lay in bed all day and some days we just argued.  
Yet to spend my time with her seemed to be  
the best thing I could do.  
Loss of control and of connection to what's been.  
Colours differ from the picture I have seen.

Refrain:

So why is it that again it's been the same.  
Tying someone down, thinking she wants the same?  
Holding someone close while thinking you can't breathe?

Whenever she looked in this face of mine it seemed as if she read me.  
Turning pages of my soul, thinking about how it could have been.  
Loss of control and of connection to what's been.  
Colours differ from the picture I have seen.

Refrain

Bridge:

Sometimes I felt sad, turned inside - out,  
She put her gently lips right on my mouth  
and then she made a joke to make me laugh,  
my sorrows drifted away.

*1993  
(April)*