

Goodbye

Morning broke quietly as a memory
Blew on a branch in Regents Park
Amongst the café by the roses
The smell of petals on the bench

Or city evening covered roadside
From Liverpool Street down to Bank
Enveloped by a breeze of autumn
A kiss beside the Cutty Sark

Or nightclub covered Camden High Street
A world of green becoming mine
Two times the first to say I love you
The second time goodbye

When sleep gave up I saw her touch me
I'd not been touched in quite a while
Well you get used to being lonely
But your dreams don't help you forget