

30-1000  
something like that

you asked me the other day  
why i didn't call  
is it anything I've done  
anything at all  
we sat together on the couch  
you looked to me unsure  
you queried thrice, what had you done  
do you think our love impure?

We've been together a long time now  
we move like 2 as 1  
though time has mellowed passion's flame  
we still have our fun  
and yet I sense a distance  
and I need to know just why  
do you believe my words of love?  
and she began to cry

well it's something like that i said  
but elusive to pin down  
when we're together you tell me that you're happy  
but what see is your frown  
maybe I'm reading into things  
that perhaps aren't always real  
but words are empty gestures, love  
they can't hide the way we feel

this then is the moment  
that lovers always face  
sadness in relinquishing  
the excitement of the chase  
mysterious the passion  
we feel in a foreign space  
terrified we might regret  
all the time we waste

now we are forced to choose  
what to hold, what to lose  
honesty refuse, confuse  
it's always something like that