

I don't ever want to go
Back again to the old folks' home
I don't want to have to stay
Where they don't remember love's adjacent home

But I've seen you
You looked right through me
Those ropes can't keep you away
There's no ropes on Tuesdays

Dreaming on the way to work
Dreaming all the way across the road

Don't you see
In your head you will fall asleep
And then you won't remember me
And then you won't remember me

I'm out of memory
I'm losing shape
After the body's gone
The scent remains
And down the hall
The time's erased
You'll find they're gone
Without a trace