Crossed Wires

Peter Hammill

I don't know, somehow our wires got crossed: you've been mistaking me for someone who never gave a toss. Life's too short for me to rewrite this page out of pig ignorance into all the useless wisdom of age. Something I said off the cuff, without thinking, has driven us apart. Oh, you took it so much to heart. To get this straight we need to find some common ground, some understanding...but that remains unfound. It's ancient history, feels like it happened so long ago; of insignificance I've forgotten more than you'll ever know. Say what you like, I found the debate absurd; if we settled all our differences we'd never get back where we once were. Let's get it straight without a shadow of a doubt. Sooner or later the naked truth will out – incomprehension is what it's all about. "I was only speaking my mind: over my tongue I tripped. I put my foot in it the moment that the words left my lips. The moment that the words left my lips I knew that language had eluded my grip. I know what I meant but perhaps in the telling the wheels fell off the cart... oh, but you took it so much to heart. "Getting it straight our smiles are just like Cheshire Cats', half of the time we're both talking through our hats... I tell you this I never meant to tell you that I got it straight, I put the whole damn thing to bed. Sooner or later we're going to lose our heads, sooner or later the lines'll all go dead. Getting it straight I don't take back a word I said: sooner or later the lines'll all go dead." Sooner or later the line goes dead.