

Wedding Present, The "Always The Quiet One"

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When I held back the doors and accidentally my hand
touched yours - you smiled
But if my voice sounded unsteady it's because by then
I was already beguiled
And I knew as the rain beat down outside
There was nowhere else to hide
You were going to have to speak to me
And as we sheltered there together and talked inanely
about the weather - I thought
How it would be obligatory to ask for your number if
this was a story - but it's not
And so, I watch you walk away
And then waste my whole day
Imagining the things you'd do
Like how you're bound to love quiet men
And if we meet again, how I'd actually still not speak to
you
Here's the funny part, I wouldn't know where to start
That's cos I'm always the quiet one, you've already
gone

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