

David Fonseca

"A Long Time Ago"

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Clouds on the moon,
It was a hollywood sky,
I sat on the wall, 'til your parents drove by,
And i walked to you door,
And remember how you smiled,
Well that was a long time ago.

Your fault or mine,
It's such a tough one to call,
Do you one day look up to see your innocence fall,
From a twelve storey window, to the concrete below,
It was all such a long time ago.

Now your path and mine,
They never seem to converge,
And now sat here in god-knows-where with a mouthful
of words,
Well they just sound like noises,
If you say them enough,
It was all such a long time ago.

Now was it though?

In some underground saloon,
Where you can always get a drink,
There's a girl by the cigarette machine,
And i think i'll strike up a conversation,
But i wouldn't know how,
Doesn't seem such a good idea now...

With the clouds on the moon,
Another hollywood sky,
It's time i dragged myself home and to wonder just
why,
I still think of you know,
Only as you were then,

It was all such a long time ago.

Now was it though?

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