

Haste "Aspartame"

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Can we get back to the time when everything was simple then? "The truth is," she said. "I thought we'd won." Each night we lay in desperation. Always think of the right words when our conversation is through. Your words on that day, I remember them so well. Don't say it if it isn't worth it. The needle hasn't reached the forties since you've stopped coming 'round. I feel sick and I don't feel anything. The bottom is the best company I've found. Steady hands. Can you remember losing out but who has won? A two-year winter and moving on. Since you stopped coming 'round. Can we get back to the time when everything was simple then? Can we get back to the time? "The truth is," she said.

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