

## J Church "You May Never"

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Every night the table's set,  
She pours his beer into a glass,  
Pork chops and apple sauce,  
They gorge themselves in the silence,  
Not a word [... ?],  
Like pork chops and apple sauce

None of your memories are (lost... ?),  
None of your memories are (lost... ?)

She says she's going to bed,  
Away from the TV,  
Seems so irrelevant

It's late and you lie awake in bed,  
Thinking your bedroom miles away,  
Wonder if she too can't sleep,  
When you hear the gentle sobbing,  
You know she knows and you hate yourself,  
Sad and gentle sobbing

None of your memories are (lost... ?),  
None of your memories are (lost... ?)

You may never touch her again,  
But maybe on this day,  
It seems so irrelevant

Stifled sobbing next to you and there is nothing you  
can do,  
Your dinner gives you heartburn, what if you walked  
away,  
Another woman sleeping sound,  
Well does she dream of you? You can't be sure,  
Does she know what it means to really be sure?

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