

## Lloyd Cole "Past Imperfect"

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Excuse me, could I use your pen  
I have mislaid my own  
Somewhere out here in space and time  
Between this place and home  
Maybe she lies on the subway platform  
Forsaken and forlorn  
All of this and more and that's not all  
I can't recall

What was on my mind in Amsterdam  
In 1984?  
And what did I want from the pouring rain  
Was it phonographic score?  
And why was my head in the unmade bed  
With a girl who's name I lost?  
I can't unwrite the tune  
Or discount the cost  
I can't recall

I met a bartender at 3 of Clubs  
Which is somewhere in LA  
I thought, maybe, he was a friend of mine  
I almost knew his face

Reluctantly impressionist  
No star to chart my course  
Ships pass in the night and take on board  
More than I recall

Excuse me, could I use your pen  
I have mislaid my own  
Somewhere out here in all this space and time  
Between this place and home  
Maybe she lies on the check out station  
Forsaken and forlorn  
I've half a mind to find myself  
And half...

I can't recall  
Precise Coordinates  
I can't recall  
Entire relationships

I can't recall  
The colour of her eyes  
Or the feeling of her skin  
Pressing against mine  
I can't recall

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