

Memphis

"The Second Summer"

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Half a mile from where we used to meet
Fourteenth and Hollow Tree--the dead end of the street
Five minutes late and wondering if you're there
Three grams deep and wondering if you care
About me

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday
I'm stuck on Sunday

The days drift by just like you said they would
The drugs are clean, the conversation's good
Outside on the lawn I hear you say
"I suddenly realize that I've forgotten everything,
everything, everything"

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday
I'm stuck on Sunday

I tried, yes I tried
I almost left myself for dead
I almost cried, or could it be
That you really want what's good for me
Do you really want what's good for me?
Do you really want what's good for me?
Do you really?
Do you really?

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