

Fall, The "Futures And Pasts"

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I was in a sleeping dream
When a policeman brought my mother home
By the window I didn't scream
I was too old for that

I was in a drunken dream
The pubs were closed
It was three o'clock
At the bottom of the street it seemed
There was a policeman lost in the fog

I understand but I don't see it
I understand but I don't see it
I understand but I don't read it
Futures and Pasts

You can cry for your lost childhood
Will you cry for our lost childhoods?
But remember how you hated it
And worse cause you couldn't state it?

And it's time for the note, see it
And it's time for the note, say it
And it's time for the note, read it
Futures and Pasts

Look at the woman of thirty-nine
Look at the man of forty-nine
You can read their lousy lives
You can see their ugly face lines

They understand but they don't see it
They understand but they don't see it
I understand but I don't read it
Futures and Pasts

I understand but I don't see it
I understand but I don't see it
I understand but I don't read it
Futures and Pasts

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