

Jeffrey Foskett

"You Only Move Twice"

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Indistinct years of you.
The one thing I ever saw:

A scrap of paper I've kept,
You wrote as much for yourself as for me.

First out of a few,
Conversations, we've ever had.

These indistinct years of you,
You were never around when I was.

I can't even remember your lines,
Oh these indistinct years of you.

How time goes slower than it used to do.
When, where and how come did it break?

Were they just one or two,
them indistinct years of you.

Will the third be shorter?
Will the third be shorter?

If we leave it like this,
To pick it up when I come home?
Leave it like it is.

If we leave it like this,
To pick it up when I come home.
Leave it like it is.

If we leave it like this,
To pick it up when I come home.

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