

Lucksmiths, The

"The Chapter In Your Life Entitled San Francisco"

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Is it April yet?
I forget sometimes how slowly summer passes
You disappeared into Departures
Only half a year ago
It seems like so much more, you know
I went a fortnight without so much as an email
Then a postcard scant of detail
In which you wished me all the best
From the non-specific north west

Should it one day come to pass
That you sit down to your memoirs
Where will this go?
The chapter in your life entitled San Francisco

Are you warm enough?
I remember how the fog comes off the water
And the days are ever shorter
And I worry you'll be cold
Or have you found someone to hold?
I spent the summer with the curtains drawn against it
Counting all the nights you've wasted
Under unfamiliar stars

Should it one day come to pass
That you sit down to your memoirs
Where will this go?
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Are you ever coming clean?
Or will I never know the meaning
Of the lines you scribbled out
So that I couldn't read between?
Are you ever coming home?
Or should I learn to do without you?

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That you sit down to your memoirs
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