

Not Quite

(Richard Lamplough)

But what seemed really weird as the ending neared, I thought perhaps our future hadn't disappeared.
I'm such a fool! But didn't we almost start making plans? We sat in restaurants holding hands,
And at the metro even though it was time to let you go, your words offered up a token; you said: "The doors can still be open."
And then the doors closed.

My head says: "Over", it says, "it's over!" It's best to not fight. My head says: "Over", it says, "it's over!" No matter what right?
My head says: "Over", it says, "it's over!" My heart says: "Not quite."

An hour ago I was stone-cold sober; as cold as frost bite. An hour ago I was stone-cold sober; a state of shock right?
An hour ago I was stone-cold sober, but now I'm not quite.

(It seemed we couldn't make it through the autumn.)
It's been a year and a day since my life was turned on its head and,
(I dreamed we'd find our way through winter snow.)
Although you're not here in a way, I still feel the warmth of your sunshine.
(I'd change, if I knew what needed changing.)
But my songwriting's sugar with spice,
And it so happens this is the sweet bit,
(I just don't know.)
So although the words do seem quite nice,
They're just pulp, and pap, I'm feeling like crap!

Everyone told me I'd found my rainbow, and a pot of gold too.
Everyone told me I'd found my rainbow, and a pot of gold too.
Everyone told me I'd found my rainbow,
But no-one told you.

I'm so alone and I'm so so lonely; don't want this spot light.
I'm so alone and I'm so so lonely; it's simply not right.
You're my own and I'm your one and only,
Or rather not quite.

I'm stopping this song now in case you phone me.