

FROM 'THE NOBODY'

Kay Stodart

Do you remember our late night conversations?
Or early morning, as you put it
I guess you wouldn't, after all, we "weren't really friends"
Weren't really friends, my ass, no acquaintance knew that much about me

Do you remember that day in the rain?
You said I looked like an old Hollywood celebrity that day
It was a frosty November from those days when I looked at you smitten
And yet still, you chose to be there with me

Do you remember those days of careless whisper?
Where we secluded ourselves and talked
You would do that hair tucky thing, the smirken one
And I would let you tell me your life story

Do you remember, actually, you wouldn't.
I'm all but a memory
A past you choose to forget
Because what am I to you, the perfection

