

Joan As Police Woman, We Don't Own It

We don't own it

You will know by the way
That he cuts his eyes
Looks away from the door
That walked in you
You will know it will go
Down in history
How sweet he was to you
And all the others

So hand it over
Cause we don't own it
It's in the mystery
Our silent fantasy
Cause i
Nor you
Could ever
Know what it's like
To have the night fall
And be felled by the night
No, we don't own it

All you know is the way
That he made you feel
He made you feel safe enough
To feel at all
It's all there in the moment
You understood
That he's not going on
And you're still going on

So hand it over
Cause we don't own it
It's in the mystery
Our silent fantasy
Cause I
Nor you
Could ever
Know what it's like
To have the night fall
And be felled by the night
No, we don't own it

It's his story
Our subtle jealousy
Cause i
Nor you
Could ever
Know what it's like
To have the night fall
And be felled by the night
No, we don't own it