

# 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