

# The Cure, Cut Here

"So we meet again!" and I offer my hand  
All dry and English slow  
And you look at me and I understand  
Yeah it's the look I used to know  
"Three long years... and your favorite man...  
Is that anyway to say hello?"  
And you hold me...  
Like you'll never let me go

"Oh c'mon and have a drink with me  
Sit down and talk a while..."  
"Oh I wish I could... and I will!  
But now I just don't have the time..."  
And over my shoulder as I walk away  
I see you give that look goodbye...  
I still see that look in your eyes...

So dizzy Mr. Busy too much rush to talk to Billy  
All the silly frilly things have to first get done  
In a minute - Sometime soon - Maybe next time - Make it June  
Until laterDoesn't always come

It's so hard to think "It ends sometime  
And this could be the last  
I should really hear you sing again  
And I should really watch you dance"  
Because it's hard to think  
"I'll never get another chance to hold you...  
To hold you..."

But chilly Mr. Dilly- too much rush To talk to Billy  
All the tizzy fizzy idiot thing's must get done  
In a second - Just Hang On - All in good time - Won't be long  
Until later...

I should've stop to think - I should've made the time  
I could've had that drink - I could've talked a while  
I would've done it right - I would've moved us on  
But I didn't - now it's all too late it's over... over...  
And you're gone...

I miss you I miss you I miss you I miss you  
I miss you I miss you so much

But how many times can I walk away  
And wish "if only..."  
How many times can I talk this way  
And wish "if only..."

Keep on making the same mistake  
Keep on aching the same heartbreak  
I wish "if only..."  
But "if only..."  
Is a wish too late...