

(Bill Leen, Robin Wilson)

This night never happened  
If it's all right with you  
Not a word of our weakness  
So much as a clue  
There's a place outside  
I'm glad to play no part  
The fairest arms can tally up the faintest stars  
Wash away my weekend  
Shatter my sight  
C'mon sweet amnesia  
You're needed here tonight  
Take a seat in the shadows  
Forget it as it goes  
Dissipate in the morning air  
All you know  
If you find out  
You'll find every lie you might  
I was nowhere near last night  
Whitewash everything in sight  
These suspicions have been long drained dry  
Our persistence holds them here  
A maze of bars and rented rooms remain  
Enough to make you almost look away  
This night never happened  
If it's all right with you  
Another for the collection of things we didn't do  
That private party is over  
Thank God we get new starts  
The fairest arms still tally up the faintest stars  
When it comes down  
In a clear and certain light  
I was nowhere near last night  
I was nowhere near last night  
Whitewash everything in sight...