

# A Conversation

Ben Whishaw

We haven't spoken in so long, dear"

This year has gone by in a blur  
Today seems everything's gone wrong here  
I'm looking for the way things were  
I know you'd laugh and call me tragic  
For everything's in disarray  
These rooms were always full of magic  
That's vanished, since you went away

This house is crowded now with questions  
And John's a walking questionnaire  
And I could surely use a few suggestions  
On how to brush our daughter's hair  
When Georgie needed explanations  
You always knew just what to say  
And I miss our family conversations  
It's silent, since you went away

Winter has gone  
But not from this room  
Snow's left the lane  
But the cherry trees forgot to bloom

I'll carry on the way you told me  
I say that like I have a choice  
And though you are not here to hold me  
In the echoes I can hear your voice  
But still one question fills my day dear  
The answer I most longed to know  
Each moment since you went away dear  
My question, Kate, is

"Where'd you go?"