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Nothing Really Happened

Reference number PT0241

He asked me over to his house.
I wore Suzanne's embroidered blouse.
I still remember that night,
And nothing really even happened.

We talked some truth,
We told some lies.
He pushed the hair away from my eyes.
It felt so dangerous then,
And nothing really even happened.

Funny, the things you think about.
Funny, the things you don't.
Funny, the things that fade away.
Funny, the things that won't.

The girl I tried so hard to hide.
The woman waking up inside.
The way I pictured his bed.
The scenes I saw in my head.

Wonder if I should write him.
Wonder if I should call.
Wonder if he'd remember at all.
I wonder if he'd remember at all.
A million years ago tonight
the TV glowed in black and white.
And I remember that girl,
That girl alone with that boy.
And I remember that night,
that night when nothing really happened.