Hitchcock Robyn, She Doesnt Exist

I used to ring you and put down the phone,
once wore a hole in your dress.
Even tried Voodoo outside your home,
but these days I couldn't care less.
She doesn't exist any more,
She doesn't exist any more.
I let her go like the fool that I was,
thought I'd get over her soon.
I smell her perfume when my eyes are closed,
and I see her face in the moon.
She doesn't exist any more,
She doesn't exist any more.
I tell myself it would be different now,
I wouldn't treat her that way.
I wouldn't be me if she wasn't her,
and it's far too late, anyway.
'Cos she doesn't exist any more,
She doesn't exist any more.
Only inside you the ghost of the love,
that is wordless and painful and old.
There's no one else in the whole outside world,
that matches to her in your soul.
But she doesn't exist any more,
She doesn't exist any more.