

Chris De Burgh, Separate Tables

At separate tables we sit down to eat,
In separate bedrooms we go to sleep at night,
I only wish you knew how much,
You've been on my mind;

I think about you when the morning comes,
I think about you when all my day is done,
Wondering what you are doing now,
Are you lonely too?

Because I - I miss you here tonight,
And I wish you were by my side,
And I don't want to let go;

At separate tables we sit down to write,
The separate letters that never see the light,
If only we could just agree,
To read between the lines;

I want to see you and I know what I will say,
We must be crazy to throw it all away,
Never knowing what is lost,
Before it's all too late;

And I - I miss you here tonight,
And I wish you were by my side,
And I don't want to let go;

Yes I - I miss you here tonight,
And when I hold you by my side,
Well I'm not going to let go.