

Chris Rea, Standing In Your Doorway

There'll be no moon tonight
And the stars won't light the sky
There are women on the streets
But there's no loving in their eyes
Feeling weary, tired and wishing
I was standing in your doorway now

There'll be dancing flames
Something better cooking slow, perfume heavy
And all the lanterns turned down slow
Oh that lucky, oh that lucky man
Who's standing in your doorway now

I'm a wandering man, you'll never tie me down
Lifelong sailor, but how I wish I was homeward bound
At this moment, tired and wishing
I was standing at your doorway now