

# 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