

David Gilmour, All Lovers Are Deranged

(P.Townshend - Gilmour)

It takes a fool to phone a fool
When both have said it all
We make the rule, bemoan the rule
That neither one should call
But love that was
Is love that is
Demands to always be unchanged
But then all lovers are deranged.

We walk away with memories
And clutch them to our hearts
We're disembodied entities
We move in fits and starts
For burning wine
Intoxicates,
And takes all caution in its flames
All lovers are deranged.

You know that you don't really fall in love
Unless you're seventeen
The break of day will make your spirits fly
But you can't know what it means
Unless you're seventeen.

It takes a fight to start a fight
And differences remain
We have the right to think we're right
We're addicts feigning shame
For love recalled
Is love reborn
We're determined to relive the pain
But then lovers are deranged.