

Deacon Blue, Long Window To Love

You're taking down the signs
Now the time has come and the cleansing's coming
You're turning down the lights
In this cruel light symbols mean nothing

You're taking down the signs
Turning round your eyes
From dreams that seem so bright
Flying hope like kites
Hold loved ones tight
And turning to the light of that long window to love

And you forget about the years
About the planting and the dying and the growing
And you forget about your cares
But you remember that they've been forgotten
By the people sent to London

They're taking down your cares
Drinking off your tears
Gambling on your fears
For things that cost so dear
And won't be paid for years
Hoping you won't stare down that long window to love

They'd burgle all your sanity if it would let them hold you under
They'd knock on your door so hard the frame would crack under the strain
Its just the same ,just the same, Its just the same ,just the same

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