

Deacon Blue, Will We Be Lovers

All my worries
All my care
Is held in check
For you not there

Evening comes
And darkness falls
We sit round
And curtain out
The black night

There is a time
Away
From here

Seasons pass
So quickly come
And steal the days
Your work has done

They leave the fields
So bare and grey
I long to hold
You there and say
It won't change

There is a time
Away
From here
There is a time
Away
From here

Will we be lovers
Or will we still be
Will we be lovers
Or will we still be

Will we be lovers
Or will we still be
Still be still be