

# Del Amitri, It's Never Too Late To Be Alone

Summer here is over in a million different ways  
You look like a dream sometimes, but I don't dream these days  
Yesterday the snow fell, by four o'clock it thawed  
And last night making love to you, well honey, it was such a fraud  
'Cos you can find yourself a lover  
You can find yourself a home  
You can want no other ever  
But it's never too late to be alone  
So everything is settled or so we do pretend  
From a beautiful beginning babe to a muted kind of end  
And our separate possessions are shuffled up on shelves  
Like our fingers lock together when we talk about ourselves  
You can find yourself one day staring into space  
With a suitcase waiting by the door  
You can think you've got it made 'til it hits you in the face  
That these are not the people you want to be before  
Summer here is over, you can feel it in the air  
From the down-town shells to the upland hills  
The chill is everywhere