

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