

Julia Fordham, Honeymoon

The honeymoon is over
I look to see what's left
A pocketful of good reasons
A shot at happiness

That old devil is calling
Alarm bell light is on
Standby in my busy head
In case I might be wrong

And I'm here, I'm here, I'm here aren't I?
I'm here, I'm here, I'm here aren't I?

I pinch myself I'm dreaming
Too good to be true
That I'm the girl with everything
And everything to lose

And I'm here, I'm here, I'm here aren't I?
I'm here, I'm here, I'm here aren't I?

I'm looking out for something
I might have missed
Who knows what it is?
The honeymoon, the honeymoon
The honeymoon is over

I heed the voice of reason
Like you're supposed to do
And looking down on everything
I still came back to you

And I'm here, I'm here, I'm here aren't I?
I'm here, I'm here, I'm here aren't I?