

Kirsty McGee, India

india my dear, you're almost out of luck
that slender chain of pearls you wear
around your slender neck
is fallen to the floor - why don't you pick it up?
india my dear

it's not that i don't love you
but the world's moved on
and the colours in your eyes
don't mix with mine
it's not that i don't trust you
but there's nothing more to say
india, my dear

india my dear, you're nothing but kindness
and i don't expect you'd say the same of me
we did all of our crying in a lay-by by the road side
and i can see so clearly now i can no longer see

did you know when i first saw you
i felt i was falling into grace:
to see your bright hair burning
around your smiling face?
but i see the colours fading from you
like you're too much in the light
and i hate to watch you fading, india

india my dear - we're almost out of time
i can't sit and watch you crumble like a child
there's colours out there in the rain
that i first saw in your eyes
india my dear

it's not that i don't love you
but there's nothing more to say
and the colours in your eyes
don't mix with mine
it's not that i don't trust you
but the world's moved on
india my love