

# 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