

Kirsty McGee, Never Can Last

i've got blisters on my fingers from playing this thing,
oh darling won't you come home,
and i'm sitting by the telephone wishing it would ring,
oh darling won't you come home,
oh darling, won't you come home...?

and my throat is hoarse from singing this song,
oh darling won't you come home,
and i'm drunk on the hope that it won't be long,
oh darling till you come home,
oh darling, won't you come home...?

i never saw your eyes until your eyes were closed in sleep,
or knew your skin until your skin brushed mine.
i saw you washing in the pale daylight,
and your body in the water became particles of light...

he rounds the corner, what wouldn't i give,
oh darling won't you come home,
for this love not to die, for this love to live,
oh darling won't you come home,
but it's four in the morning and there's something wrong,
oh darling won't you come home,
and my lips are blistered from singing love's song,
oh darling won't you come home...?

never really saw you at all until i saw you vanishing down my hall
sometimes i wish you were a ghost from my past
because love like this
never can last.

one night you'll come to me, speaking your heart's truth,
oh darling won't you come home,
and i swear i won't be too scared to say to you,
darling won't you come home,
darling won't you come home,
darling won't you come home,
it's all water under bridges now,
it's all in the past,
and no matter how you wish it you can't turn the river back.

won't you come home, won't you come home, won't you come home?
won't you come on home?