

Madeleine Peyroux, To Love You All Over Again

A quiet room is what you get, an empty glass, an unmade bed,
A picture window with a view, and all I think about is you
To feel so bad, to feel so good, to let it be misunderstood,
Now I long to lose my senses to love you all over again.
The shouted words, the tired sighs, the traded kiss of sad goodbyes,
The living off of our desires, then putting out a thousand fires:
To feel so bad, to feel so good, to let it be misunderstood,
Now I'd tear down my defenses to love you all over again.
To know a place without regret, you make believe you paid your debt
But in that clean and quiet room you can't believe it's over yet.
Out on a lark, at home asleep, the endings play, the bands retreat
But in that dumb luck of the few, the consolation comes to you:
To feel so bad, to feel so good, the verdict's in ? it's understood
I will be tried for my offenses and love you all over again.