

# Mike Scott, Killing My Heart

Now he's brought down the rain and the indian summer is through  
You'll be dancing down the country in the morningtime if I know you  
You ain't calling me to join you and I'm spoken for anyway  
but you'll be killing my heart  
when you go away

Shall we gather by the river for to hear the lovely thunder crash ?  
Shall we sail now in your speeding bonnie boat here and gone like a splash ?  
You will see me, small, receding, mouth hung open, words I cannot say  
You'll be killing my heart  
when you go away

Mike Rogers left his whisky and the night is very very young  
I've much to say and more to tell - the words will soon be spilling from my tongue  
I'll rave and I will ramble, I'll do everything but make you stay  
You'll be killing my heart  
when you go away