

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