## New Order, Regret

Maybe I've forgotten the name and the address Of everyone I've ever known It's nothing I regret Save it for another day It's the school exam and the kids have run away

I would like a place I could call my own Have a conversation on the telephone Wake up every day that would be a start I would not complain of my wounded heart

I was upset you see Almost all the time You used to be a stranger Now you are mine

I wouldn't even trust you
I've not got much to give
We're dealing in the limits
And we don't know who with
You may think that I'm out of hand
That I'm naive, I'll understand
On this occasion, it's not true
Look at me, I'm not you

I would like a place I could call my own Have a conversation on the telephone Wake up every day that would be a start I would not complain of my wounded heart

I was a short fuse Burning all the time You were a complete stranger Now you are mine

I would like a place I could call my own Have a conversation on the telephone Wake up every day that would be a start I would not complain about my wounded heart

Just wait till tomorrow I guess that's what they all say Just before they fall apart