

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