

Richard Thompson, I'll Regret It All In The Morning

(Richard Thompson)

Whisky helps to clear my head
Bring it with you into bed
If I beat you nearly dead
I'll regret it all in the morning

I'm so drunk I couldn't care
If that's a wig or your own hair
Here's my ticket, take me there
I'll regret it all in the morning

I'll regret it all in the morning
When I see your smiling face
I'd rather be in any place but here

The years have left their mark
Your skin feels smooth as bark
As we shiver in the dark
I'll regret it in the morning

As you gaze around in fright
With your knuckles turning white
You're a lonely, lonely sight
To wake up to in the morning

This is no way to exist
With some girl who keeps a list
Naming all the boys she's missed
And she's longed for in the morning

I'll regret it all in the morning
When I see your smiling face
I'd rather be in any place but here

Now the room is spinning fast
And it fades away at last
When this empty night is passed
I'll regret it all in the morning