

# Sarah Brightman, Another Suitcase In Another Hall

I don't expect my love affairs to last for long  
Never fool myself that my dreams will come true  
Being used to trouble I anticipate it  
But all the same I hate it -- wouldn't you?

So what happens now?  
Another suitcase in another hall  
So what happens now?  
Take your picture off another wall  
Where am I going to?  
You'll get by, you always have before  
Where am I going to?

Time and time again I've said that I don't care  
That I'm immune to gloom, that I'm hard through and through  
But every time it matters all my words desert me  
So anyone can hurt me -- and they do

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Call in three months time and I'll be fine I know  
Well maybe not that fine, but I'll survive anyhow  
I won't recall the names and places of this sad occasion  
But that's no consolation -- here and now

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You'll get by, you always have before  
Where am I going to?  
Don't ask anymore