

# The Proclaimers, You Meant It Then

My fingers hold an old love letter  
written in your hand  
sent to myself, sent to myself  
I read it now and I feel better and when I can stand  
I'll drink to your health, drink to your health  
you say that it's a scrap of paper dated way back when  
but you meant it then, you meant it then

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I meant it too cause it was true  
tell me I'm wrong, tell me I'm wrong  
tell me I'm wrong, tell me I'm wrong  
tell me I'm wrong, tell me I'm wrong

My memory holds another letter, written in my hand  
sent to yourself, this was sent to yourself  
you tore it to a hundred pieces and I understand  
cause I was bad for your health, bad for your health  
I'll never write another letter, I won't get hurt again  
But I meant it then, I meant it then