

The Psychedelic Furs, Valentine

with all her talk of all the others
when it shadows everything
and i can't think
about her silence and her rings
i see no place to pin my thought
and where's what's true between the lines
and in her eyes
i see nothing not a sign
and i'm untied
i can't unwind
your valentines
and i'm untied
i can't unwind
your valentines
sunday morning comes too soon
to leave me standing in my light
and there's no time
to set it straight or take a side
and i'm untied
i can't unwind
your valentines
and i'm untied
i can't unwind
your valentines
i see no place to pin my thoughts
and where's what's true between the lines
and in her eyes
i see nothing not a sign
and i'm untied
i can't unwind
your valentines
and i'm untied

i can't unwind
your valentines