

# Billy Bragg, Rule Nor Reason

The wind sways the trees and the raindrops on the leaves  
Tumble down, down my neck in the breeze

Yes, it's true I hid out in the shadow of your doubt,  
And this medal that I wear is not for bravery, I'm afraid

And we're both going to have to accept  
That this might be as good as it gets  
As our love for each other respects  
Neither rule nor reason

The Queen on her throne plays Shirley Bassey  
records when she's all on her own  
And she looks out the window  
And cries

What should I do? Scratch off all of my tattoos?  
And forget those girls' names?  
But you're not about to let me do that, are you?

And we're both going to have to accept  
That this might be as bad as it gets  
As our love for each other respects  
Neither rule nor reason

And we're both going to have to accept  
That this might be as big as it gets  
As our love for each other respects  
Neither rule nor reason