

Deacon Blue, Gentle Teardrops

There was ice and broken pavements on the hill tower
And the light was falling from the infirmary
And the last of the dogs was barking
At the steps from gentle teardrops and me

And I asked about her sister and her mother
And her uncle Tom serving on the sea
And her grampa's gammy leg that kept him in his bed
And kept out gentle teardrops and me

And its a long way to keep up conversation
When your broken up over fish 'n' chips and peas
And the grease is on your arm
Like a girl you've never worn
Walking home gentle teardrops and me

It's a cold cold night..Its a cold cold night
And I wont forget september is your birthday
And the prisons been paid up for fifteen weeks
And I'll send it through to ease
You can take it as you please
With love the gentle teardrops from me
With love the gentle teardropsfrom...me

yes we're rolling home...Ahh we're rolling home
With gentle teardrops...Ahh we're rolling home
With gentle teardrops