

Deacon Blue, Love And Regret

cold dawn won't comfort you
cold coffee won't see you through
cold sheets won't heal your heart
your frozen fingers of your name so tarred

i know so rarely that things come your way
your ways are tender and your paths are straight
your mind's not lived in the way ours are set
your heart is open to love and regret

rings and letters they pass you by
you wish them well and seldom cry
for stones and promises and wedding sighs
you've known the times that you've lived and died

these sailors come by and spend time ashore
their thoughts are hoarded as yours have been stored
your mind's not lived in the way ours are set
your heart is open to love and regret

outside in the morning air
i hear the soundtrack of the blues-harp player
it touches feelings that you don't arouse
knocks me back to that shuttered house
take me back when they're all out
take me back to that shuttered house

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love and regret