

# 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