

Dusty Springfield, If It Don't Work Out

If It Don't Work Out.
(R. Argent)

When he loved me nothing in this world
Could touch his love
And now the light of love is back
Can I return the joys he's dreaming of?
I don't know
I don't know

(But if it don't work out)
The tears that I'm crying baby
Won't bring him home, no, no
I wanna bring him home

Will he still care for me
The way he did he before?
Or, will he turn away
And tell me he don't love me anymore?
I don't know
Oh, I don't know

(But if it don't work out)
The tears that I'm crying, baby
Won't bring him home
I wanna bring him home

But if I could forget
The tears and the crying
That I went through once before, yeah
Maybe my love and I could start
We'd start again, yeah

One day I know we'll find again
The love we had and I
Will know and feel
The joys and pleasures that I'm dreaming of
I don't know
I don't know

(But if it don't work out)
The tears that I'm crying, baby
Ain't gonna bring him home, again
Ain't gonna bring him home

Hey, But if it don't work out
The tears that I'm crying, baby
Hey, ain't gonna bring him home again
I'm gonna cry my heart out waiting for him, yeah
Cry my heart out, yes I will
Cry my heart out, yes I will
Cry my heart