

Joan Armatrading, Let It Last

I got used to feeling lonely
My spirit always down
The grass was getting greener
But my winter was coming round

I was in a crowd and frightened
Talking to myself
A promise that was empty
I chased it round and round

I was fighting back the anger
I defied the winning smile
I had trouble
I had plenty
Seems I was getting up
To get kicked down

I got no use for you if you're only
Only out to treat me unkind
Hold on to this promise
Tread me good and I'll treat you right

Let it last forever
Until we die
Until we die