

John Waite, Touch

We've seen a lifetime since we met
Through good and bad
And things we won't forget
Forgotten promises and broken vows
But we always made it through somehow
But the key to you is broken in the lock
And a simple band of gold is all we've got

It's in the things that I can't say
That tear us both apart
But if you keep listening
You'll hear inside my heart of hearts

Darling, the simple things are hard to say
And darling the words get in the way
The poet sees the world through rhymes
But only says so much
See darling, the words are in my touch
the meaning's in my touch

And maybe there's something I should say
To make everything that's wrong Ok
A simple phrase, a sonnet from a play
But a man can only say so much these days
And we're drifting to the deep end of the lake
Trying to make good on our past mistakes

And I know you're tired
But heaven's here and now
I've got no explanation
Words are worthless to me now

Darling... etc