

Peter Hammill, All Said And Done

All the words in the world
wouldn't make you stay this evening;
though I scrabble around for any I can say,
so hard to take our leave,
so hard to stop believing.

I guess we know this silence well enough,
and you'll be going by and by;
I'm scared that anything I offer
might be taken for a lie.

All said and done,
and there's no way to make it any different.
I hold my tongue as you're walking away.
So goodbye comes
oh, I don't want to make it difficult
but nothing's easy when there's nothing left to say.

Now we only talk as though time were heavy weather
with a storm-cloud brewing on each hasty phrase...
all the words in the world wouldn't put us back together.

Maybe we had our opportunities...
most of those chances passed us by;
I'm scared that anything I offer
might be taken as a bribe.

All said and done,
and there's no way to make it any different.
I hold my tongue as you're walking away.
So goodbye comes
oh, I don't want to make it difficult
but nothing's easy when there's nothing left to say.