

Tom McRae, Got A Suitcase, Got Regrets

Change the locks on the door.
Put out the light in the hall.
I do not live here anymore.
Put the world in a box.
Turn the sign to the street.
Aim for where the horizon and blue skies meet.

But all I know is, I'm not ready yet,
for the light to dim.
Got a suitcase, got regrets,
but I'm hopeful yet.

I've been a gifted thief,
stole everything for the cause.
I never had fingers as light as yours.
So wake up pretty girl
see the hope in small things.
Disappointment can wear you thin.

But all I know is, I'm not ready yet,
for the light to dim.
Got a suitcase, got regrets,
but I'm hopeful yet.

And I'll raise this glass of wine,
and I'll say your name.

So let's be killers babe,
make the great escape
from all the bitter words
of every crowded street and empty heart.

It's Christmas day, Brooklyn in the rain,
but I am safe inside a better world of hope and memory.
Drunk on velvet wine, the Southern Cross for light,
deal your cards and hope that I can play a better hand this time.