

All Lovers Are Deranged

David Gilmour

It takes a fool to phone a fool
When both have said it all
We make the rule, bemoan the rule
That neither one should call

But love that was
Is love that is
Demands to always be unchanged
But then all lovers are deranged

We walk away with memories
And clutch them to our hearts
We're disembodied entities
We move in fits and starts

For burning wine
Intoxicates
And takes all caution in its flames
But then all lovers are deranged

You know that you don't really fall in love
Unless you're seventeen
The break of day will make your spirits fly
But you can't know what it means
Unless you're seventeen

It takes a fight to start a fight
And the differences remain
We have the right to think we're right
We're addicts feigning shame

For love recalled
Is love reborn
We're determined to relive the pain
But then all lovers are deranged

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