

"So we meet again!" and I offer my hand
All dry and English slow
And you look at me and I understand
Yeah it's a look I used to know
"Three long years... and your favourite man...
Is that any way to say hello?"
And you hold me... like you'll never let me go

"Oh c'mon and have a drink with me
Sit down and talk a while..."
"Oh I wish I could... and I will!
But now I just don't have the time..."
And over my shoulder as I walk away
I see you give that look goodbye...
I still see that look in your eye...
So dizzy Mr. Busy - Too much rush to talk to Billy
All the silly frilly things have to first get done
In a minute - sometime soon - maybe next time - make it June
Until later... doesn't always come

It's so hard to think "It ends sometime
And this could be the last
I should really hear you sing again
And I should really watch you dance"
Because it's hard to think
"I'll never get another chance
To hold you... to hold you... "

But chilly Mr. Dilly - Too much rush to talk to Billy
All the tizzy fizzy idiot things must get done
In a second - just hang on - all in good time - wont be long
Until later...
I should've stopped to think - I should've made the time
I could've had that drink - I could've talked a while
I would've done it right - I would've moved us on
But I didn't - now it's all too late
It's over... over
And you're gone..

I miss you I miss you I miss you
I miss you I miss you I miss you so much

But how many times can I walk away and wish "If only..."
But how many times can I talk this way and wish "If only..."
Keep on making the same mistake
Keep on aching the same heartbreak
I wish "If only..."

But "If only...."
Is a wish too late...