

## Regrets

Anthony Phillips

Regrets, yes I have many,  
But none so great as spurning your love.  
For how sweet, how sweet your love would be  
As fierce as fire, as tender as dew.  
So let the rain fall  
Crashing on me  
And blind my eyes  
For the love I can't feel.  
Take a sound, don't you wait, don't be hurried  
Make a sign, don't be late, don't you worry now.  
Sometimes, I would have you close to me  
And take the path that leads to the sea.  
In the dark our eyes would meet at last  
And on your lips, the words I must flee.  
So let the rain fall  
Crashing on me  
And blind my eyes  
For the love I can't feel.  
Take a sound, don't you wait, don't be hurried  
Make a sign, don't be late, don't you worry now.  
So let the rain fall  
Crashing on me  
And blind my eyes  
For the love I can't feel.  
Pulling out while the doubts loom above me  
Shouting out in the dark for you to love me  
Cutting life from the hopes of an outstretched hand  
Regrets, our secret cemeteries,  
Where loves and loss are silently lain,  
The dream is fading faster now,  
And soon you'll skip beyond my recall.