

# 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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