

Nothing Cures That

Deacon Blue

I had the dream once
Of all I would have been
If I'd been loved first
Just only might have been
I'd have been so generous
And so much less mean
About your chosen one
It might have been me

But

All the mail left in the hallway
All the photographs you never took
All the gifts you never wanted
Nothing cures that
All the ways you showed forgiving
All the times I'd wished'd been me
All this hero's love I've wasted
Nothing cures that

To the memory
Of love
I write this letter down
Remember me
You should see me
The way I see myself
There's so much there to love
You'd not know me....

But

All the games I've played around you
All the tiny tests I've set
All the secrets that I've shown too easily
Nothing cures that
All the songs for which I couldn't care less
All the nights I should have said no
All the the things I should have hidden
Nothing cures that,..

Is there a last one
One last night with all the sad songs
On repeat
Just the sad ones.