

# The Very Thing

Deacon Blue

One day all of us will work  
We'll stand outside this orchard and we'll talk  
When all is said all is done  
We'll still be thinking about home

They say that love might be the very thing  
If only it could be  
And making love is more than anything  
And all these thing like buildings  
And faces  
And memories  
And places  
Don't count for anything

I'll gladly draw the lines of duty  
Watching summer turn to gold  
She's not content with responsibility  
She wants to have and then to hold

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