

'till You Come Back To Me

Linda Eder

The moon is afraid to come out tonight
There'll be no dinners by candlelight,
There is an aura of doom in the air,
And a storm out at sea

Every Picasso tonight is in blue.
The currency's plummeting down in Peru.
And it won't come back
Till you come back to me.

The world's gone mad,
Since we have parted.
And mother nature doesn't like
What she can see.
She's feeling sad, and brokenhearted.
But she'll be feeling better
If you come back to me.

Tonight all the winners have learned
How to lose
Even Tchaikovsky is playin' the blues
And the hole in the sky makes the winter
A balmy one hundred and three.

The papers are sayin' that love is passe
The poets are striking, but not for the pay
And they won't write, till you come
Back to me

It's clear to see, we were mistaken
Shakespeare himself
Could not create such tragedy
Don't you agree- fist steps must be taken
But we can fix this mess
When you come back to me

Tonight every song is a bit out of tune
The cow tried to jump
But crashed into the moon
You have to admit it cannot be too soon
Till we're in harmony

For what really matters we never can learn.
Spring will arrive so the birds can return
But they won't come back till you come back
To me
They won't come back till you come back
They're stayin' put till you come back to me

Till you come back to me
Nothing makes sense at all
Till you come back to me

I'm running into walls
Till you come back to me

Till you come back to me

Till you come back to me
I haven't got a clue
Till yo