

"So we meet again!" and I offer my hand  
All dry and English slow  
And you look at me and I understand  
Yeah it's a look I used to know  
"Three long years... and your favourite man...  
Is that any way to say hello?"  
And you hold me... like you'll never let me go

"Oh c'mon and have a drink with me  
Sit down and talk a while..."  
"Oh I wish I could... and I will!  
But now I just don't have the time..."  
And over my shoulder as I walk away  
I see you give that look goodbye...  
I still see that look in your eye...  
So dizzy Mr. Busy - Too much rush to talk to Billy  
All the silly frilly things have to first get done  
In a minute - sometime soon - maybe next time - make it June  
Until later... doesn't always come

It's so hard to think "It ends sometime  
And this could be the last  
I should really hear you sing again  
And I should really watch you dance"  
Because it's hard to think  
"I'll never get another chance  
To hold you... to hold you... "

But chilly Mr. Dilly - Too much rush to talk to Billy  
All the tizzy fizzy idiot things must get done  
In a second - just hang on - all in good time - wont be long  
Until later...  
I should've stopped to think - I should've made the time  
I could've had that drink - I could've talked a while  
I would've done it right - I would've moved us on  
But I didn't - now it's all too late  
It's over... over  
And you're gone..

I miss you I miss you I miss you  
I miss you I miss you I miss you so much

But how many times can I walk away and wish "If only..."  
But how many times can I talk this way and wish "If only..."  
Keep on making the same mistake  
Keep on aching the same heartbreak  
I wish "If only..."

But "If only...."  
Is a wish too late...