

Valentine

The Psychedelic Furs

With all her talk of all the others
When it shadows everything
And I can't think
About her silence and her rings

I see no place to pin my thought
And where's what's true between the lines
And in her eyes
I see nothing not a sign

And I'm untied
I can't unwind
Your valentines
And I'm untied

I can't unwind
Your valentines

Sunday morning comes too soon
To leave me standing in my light
And there's no time
To set it straight or take a side

And I'm untied
I can't unwind
Your valentines
And I'm untied

I can't unwind
Your valentines

I see no place to pin my thoughts
And where's what's true between the lines
And in her eyes
I see nothing not a sign

And I'm untied
I can't unwind
Your valentines
And I'm untied

I can't unwind
Your valentines