

Got A Suitcase, Got Regrets

Tom McRae

Change the locks on the door.
Put out the light in the hall.
I do not live here anymore
Put the world in a box.
Turn the sign to the street.
Aim for where horizon and blue skies meet

But all I know is I'm not ready yet
For the light to dim
Got a suitcase, got regrets
But I'm hopeful yet

I've been a gifted thief
Stole everything for the cause
I never had fingers as light as yours
So wake up pretty girl
See the hope in small things
Disappointment can wear you thin

But all I know is I'm not ready yet
For the light to dim
Got a suitcase, got regrets
But I'm hopeful yet
And I'll raise this glass of wine
And I'll say your name

So let's be killers, Babe
Make the great escape
From all the bitter words
Of every crowded street and empty heart
It's Christmas day, Brooklyn in the rain
But I am safe inside a better world of hope and memory
Drunk on velvet wine
The Southern Cross for light
Deal the cards and hope
that I can play a better hand this time