

Phillip Thomas**"Regrets"**

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Regrets, yes I have many,
But none so great as spurning your love.
For how sweet, how sweet your love would be
As fierce as fire, as tender as dew.
So let the rain fall
Crashing on me
And blind my eyes
For the love I can't feel.
Take a sound, don't you wait, don't be hurried
Make a sign, don't be late, don't you worry now.
Sometimes, I would have you close to me
And take the path that leads to the sea.
In the dark our eyes would meet at last
And on your lips, the words I must flee.
So let the rain fall
Crashing on me
And blind my eyes
For the love I can't feel.
Take a sound, don't you wait, don't be hurried
Make a sign, don't be late, don't you worry now.
So let the rain fall
Crashing on me
And blind my eyes
For the love I can't feel.
Pulling out while the doubts loom above me
Shouting out in the dark for you to love me
Cutting life from the hopes of an outstretched hand
Regrets, our secret cemeteries,
Where loves and loss are silently lain,
The dream is fading faster now,
And soon you'll skip beyond my recall.

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