

Deacon Blue "The Very Thing"

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One day all of us will work
We'll stand outside this orchard and we'll talk
When all is said, all is done
We'll still be thinking about home

They say that love might be the very thing
If only it could be
And making love is more than anything
All these things like buildings
And places, and memories, and faces
Don't count for anything

I'll gladly draw the lines of duty
Watching summer turn to gold
She's not content with responsibility
She wants to have and then to hold

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If only it could be
And making love is more than anything
And all these things like buildings
And places, memories, and faces
Don't count for anything

They say that love might be the very thing
If only it could be
And making love is more than anything
Yea, all these things they say

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