

Andy Bell

"The Rest Of Our Lives"

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Falling down in tears of sorrow
On your window frame
Close your eyes until tomorrow
Sheltered from the rain
Don't worry your mind about it
Poor little thing
I'm not about to let you go
Just your feelings running wild
Away in your dreams

You've such a vivid imagination
Playing tricks with your head
Picture fields of diamond roses
Blowing in your bed
I'll be right beside you

'Til the break of morning light
And I'll be there to hold your hand
When you're feeling sad and lonely
In the God-forsaken land

Wrap your loving arms around me
I sing a happy tune
Come to bed don't make a sound
And we'll climb upon the moon
I'm not about to wish you free
'Cos your staying here beside me
'Til the day that I die
I'm not about to wish you free
'Cos your staying beside me
For the rest of my life

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