

Susan Werner "St. Mary's Of Regret"

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I'm wearing that dress, I've pulled on those gloves
I put on my veil, we once were in love
We once had it all the entire sky
We threw it away and I wonder why

Passion's always half impossibility
But lovers that we lose we never dare forget
We visit them in mourning in December and in May
In the graveyard of St. Mary's of Regret

The end of the street, the wrought-iron gate
The cobblestone path, the names and the date
The anxious hello, the everyday laugh
The intimate tears, the epitaph

Passion's always half impossibility
But lovers that we lose we never dare forget
We visit them in mourning in December and in May
In the graveyard of St. Mary's of Regret

You're married by now
She's kind I suppose
Does she know what she has?
Does she tell you she knows?

Do you put on the suit?
Do you try on the tie?
Do you walk through that gate?
Do you wonder why?

Passion's always half impossibility
But lovers that we lose we never dare forget
Maybe someday there I'll see you in December or in
May
In the graveyard of St. Mary's of Regret
In the graveyard of St. Mary's of Regret

We never dare forget

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