

Tom Mcrae "Got A Suitcase, Got Regrets"

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Change the locks on the door
Put out the light in the hall
I do not live anymore

Put the world in a box
Turn the sign to the street
Aim for where the 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
But 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

So 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
From every crowded street
And empty bar

It's Christmas Day
Brooklyn in the rain
But I am safe inside

An a better world
Of hope and memory

Drunk on velvet wine
Deal your cards and hope
That I can play
A better hand this time

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