

SAYONARA

Sayonara, Rosalyn, you lit a flame under my heart,
maybe one day I'll come back as the wind chasing the rain
around your yard or those Moroccan beads you made that
necklace from, or shall I be the seconds ticking by
as the days pass, dawn and die or the wine you sip,
I'll trickle over your tongue? 'Cos we had times

Sayonara, Rosalyn, this heavy rain's left me blurry-eyed.
smile me something one last time, just to see me
through the night. I may not have been your type,
but oh, God knows I tried. The bloom is off my rose, I know,
but come back twenty-five years ago, you're made of love
from head to toe. And, baby, we had times

I've been drifting around the house all night,
I pour me a slug of fresh dawn light,
I breakfast on cold pie and a clotted sky.
'Cos baby we had times

Sayonara, Rosalyn, me and my tough guy pride
The game is up, I guess, you're on to me and all my jive.
Ma belle dame sans merci with the lovely violet eyes
As the needle drops on another year,
maybe we could arrange to meet back here,
retrace our steps while the trail is still warm?
'Cos baby we had times

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