

What You Are

Deacon Blue

You`re in a car
A pale blue car
Under some sky
Some northern sky
The radio`s on
Some music`s playing
Fingers are moving
And your lips are singing
I`m a fool
I`m a fool
For even thinking
That`s what you are

Still on the road
That`s where I see you
Stop at a lay by
And lightly sleeping
The music`s playing
So far away now
Your hands aren`t moving
So what are they saying
I`m a fool
I`m a fool
For even thinking
That`s what you are

You`re moving out now
And talking to strangers
They`re telling stories
Your eyes say it`s easy
They`re giving you reasons
To keep on going
Wheels keep on turning
Things keep on selling

And here`s your jacket
And here`s your cuff links
And here`s some letters
And a hundred worthless things
You kept them unhidden
Maybe hoped we`d find them
They lie unopened
For no one to own them

I`m a fool
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For even thinking
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For even thinking
For even thinking
That`s what you are