

April is the cruellest month of all.  
All that hope  
Breathing itself into everything.  
Making you think something's coming.  
Well you lose yourself more than you want to win  
And your ship ain't coming in.  
But one day it will, one day it will.  
So until, remember...

Ooh, blessed are those who love and lose it all.  
Ooh, blessed are those who give and get nothing back at all.  
Ooh, blessed are those who love and lose it all.  
Ooh, blessed are those who love and lose it all.

And I don't know if there's a God above.  
If he's watching us.  
If he's keeping a score while we barter some more:  
Bargaining for a just a few seconds more.  
Suffer the weak, suffer the little ones.  
Tell me, what have they done?  
But I have to believe there's reason to be;  
Reason to keep holding on.

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