

# Regret (Fire Island Mix)

## New Order

Maybe I've forgotten  
The name and the address  
Of everyone I've ever known,  
It's nothing I regret  
Save it for another day, cause  
The school is and the  
Kids have run away I would like a place I can call my own  
Have a conversation on my telephone  
Wake up everyday, that would be a start  
I would not complain by my wounded heart I was upset, you see  
Almost all the time  
You used to be a stranger  
Now you are mine I wouldn't even trust you  
I've not that much to give  
We're dealing in the limits, and  
We don't know who with  
You may think that I'm out of hand  
That I'm naive, I'll understand  
On this occasion, it's not true  
Look at me, I'm not you I would like a place I can call my own  
Have a conversation on the telephone  
Wake up everyday, that would be a start  
I would not complain with my wounded heart I was a short fuse  
Burning all the time  
You were a complete stranger  
Now you are mine I would like a place I can call my own  
Have a conversation on the telephone  
Wake up everyday, that would be a start  
I would not complain with my wounded heart Just wait 'till tomorrow  
I guess that's what they all say  
Just before they fall apart...

Songwriters

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