

# The Rest of Our Lives

Andy Bell

Falling down in tears of sorrow  
On your window frame  
Close your eyes until tomorrow  
Sheltered from the rain  
Don't worry your mind about it  
Poor little thing  
I'm not about to let you go  
Just your feelings running wild  
Away in your dreams You've such a vivid imagination  
Playing tricks with your head  
Picture fields of diamond roses  
Blowing in your bed  
I'll be right beside you 'Til the break of morning light  
And I'll be there to hold your hand  
When you're feeling sad and lonely  
In the God-forsaken land Wrap your loving arms around me  
I sing a happy tune  
Come to bed don't make a sound  
And we'll climb upon the moon  
I'm not about to wish you free  
'Cos your staying here beside me  
'Til the day that I die  
I'm not about to wish you free  
'Cos your staying beside me  
For the rest of my life

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