Nathan Jones (Psycho Mix)

Bananarama

You packed your bags as I recall
And you walked slowly down the hall
You said you had to get away to ease your mind
And all you needed was a just little of timeOh winter's passed, spring and fall
You never wrote me, you never called
Nathan Jones you've been gone too long
Gone too long...If a woman could die of tears
Nathan Jones, well, I wouldn't be here
The key that you're holding won't fit my door
And there's no room in my heart for you no more
'Cause, winter's passed, spring and fall
you never wrote me, you never called
Nathan Jones you've been gone too long
Gone too longNathan Jones, Nathan Jones...
Nathan Jones, ooh.Winter's passed, spring and fall
You never wrote me, you never called
Nathan Jones you've been gone too long
Gone too long
Nathan Jones you've been gone too long
...gone too long
Nathan Jones you've been gone too long
...gone too long
Nathan jones you've been gonne too long
... gone too long...

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